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2 vols. for

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# LETTERS

FROM THE

UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA

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VOL. I.

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LETTERS  
FROM THE  
UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA

BY THE  
HON. AMELIA M. MURRAY



IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. I

LONDON  
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON WEST STRAND  
1856

[The Author reserves the right of Translation]



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1856

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## PREFACE.

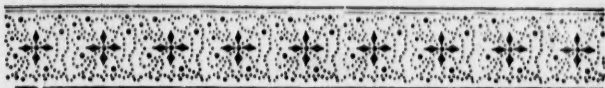
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THE writer of these letters did not cross the Atlantic to make a book. She has no<sup>d</sup> wish to enter into controversy, or to be supposed a partisan; but facts can never injure truth, on whichever side it may lie; and statements made with fidelity and accuracy ought to be welcome. To shrink from their perusal is to exclude (in the present case) one means of knowing the condition and probable future of that race for whom a deep interest is felt by the British Public, as well as by the writer of these pages, however different her convictions may be from the opinions commonly maintained.

Should anything here written excite bitter feelings, or cause individual pain, the error must not be thought intentional.

A. M. M.





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## LETTER I.

### THE VOYAGE TO HALIFAX.

ON BOARD THE CANADA,  
BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND,  
*July 29, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

A week ago, on the 22nd, we left the Mersey at 11 o'clock A.M.; but this is the first moment that head, hands, and eyes have been willing to work together for the purpose of writing. Captain Stone says we may put letters into a bag at Halifax, and that we are likely to arrive there on Monday night or Tuesday morning, so I will try to have this ready.

Good, kind Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone had exhausted every possible thought for my present and future comfort; and Mr. Rathbone crowned all by conveying me to the steamer in the *Jackal* mail tender at the last moment, that I might not spend a single unnecessary hour on board.

The sun shone cheerily, the lively breeze was but just sufficient to give a gay jaunty air to flags



and sails, and no sensation, either sad or nervous, affected me, to mar the pleasant scene. I found my two companions already in the ship, and my case of plants happily established behind the wheel-house, where the steersman sits comfortably sheltered, and almost hidden from view.

I arranged my cushions, cloaks, and books on the deck, so as to make me a back of the mizen-mast, and in the persuasion that I was about to pass a most agreeable and intellectual afternoon, I sat down to enjoy myself, with Mrs. F—— by my side. I had often heard of the Bell buoy, but no very particular idea had ever been suggested by its name. In the reality, however, there was something very solemn and affecting—its deep-measured musical sound booming over the sea. It called up the first saddening thought that had yet crossed my imagination—the thought, that for how many gallant ships that had gone forth, hopeful and cheerful as our own, had it tolled a knell!

The wind freshened, the motion deepened, and in less than an hour my companion was compelled to desert me. I endeavoured to preserve a stout opinion of my own good sailorship, and opened a book, but as that demanded too much attention, I changed it for the *Illustrated London News*, of which I accomplished one column, and then tried a nap. Thus I maintained my position till about

three o'clock, when no resolution would longer avail, and I was forced to call for help. I almost threw myself into the arms of the stewardess, who still asserts that I am an excellent sailor; I am willing to believe her, as I never arrived at the conclusion of most great sufferers, that it would be a mercy to throw me overboard; and on Monday I created quite a sensation among the stewards in the saloon, by appearing ready dressed for breakfast soon after seven o'clock, oblivious of the fact, that eight o'clock soon becomes seven in crossing the Atlantic. However, no harm was done. I sat down, and found myself able to read through the *Illustrated News*, which had become incomprehensible to me at the second page on Saturday; and, though that was the extent of my literary efforts for twenty-four hours, I hailed it as a symptom of convalescence. My friends on board were still *hors de combat*, and did not revive to any enjoyment of existence until two days later. On Tuesday, Hugh Miller's *Schools and Schoolmasters* became a source of great pleasure to me; and to-day I can write as well as read without inconvenience. There are not more than three or four English among our fellow-passengers. Canadians, Germans, French, but chiefly Americans, make up a hundred guests, entertained in the chief saloon by our captain. Not more than twenty of these are women. There are seventy-four second-

class passengers besides. All are kind, sociable, and gentlemanly. Three of the men were formerly known to my friend, Mrs. F——, and I am becoming well acquainted with them. It is very agreeable, as well as useful, to have some gentlemen in the party from whom we can ask and receive kind offices without scruple; and when these are bestowed by men of cultivated minds and Christian courtesy, improvement as well as pleasure must be the result of the voyage.

*Sunday, July 30.*—Such a lovely morning. Air enough, sun enough, sea enough. But I missed seeing three whales, and also a sight of the *Asia* steamer on her way to Liverpool, by my doubts as to the propriety of making my appearance on deck soon after five in the morning, as I did yesterday. Captain Stone, however, promised to send a messenger to my cabin-door on future occasions of the same kind.

We have had two magnificent sunsets on the passage—one last night and one on Thursday. I had never till now beheld the sun go down without a cloud, or a speck of land in sight. It was very striking. A young silvery moon stood just above us, and the scene reminded me of Turner's picture, 'The Old Téméraire.'

It seems we passed Newfoundland early in the morning, and I would have 'turned out' to see it, had

I known in time. Yesterday we were on the Banks, and saw one schooner drawing up cod-fish out of the water. Some fog attended our passage over these Banks, which are so called because soundings can be made over them, while the main sea is unfathomable.

Health is now restored to the passengers. A cheerful tone of feeling pervades the saloon, where we all resort to read, write, play at chess, or whist; converse in groups or pairs, or take a sound nap in the midst of noise and bustle.

In our whole society I do not find one person acquainted with the vegetable world, except as regards the edible individuals belonging to it. One poor lady was distressed yesterday at the apparent failure of her endeavour to cultivate, and revive, a little plant of *Mimulus moschatus*, by sending it to the ice-house! I rescued the poor thing from the frozen regions, cut off its perished shoots, and begged its owner to give it a sunny berth with a tumbler placed over it to save the yet surviving roots from the sea-spray; but life was too far gone to recover it.

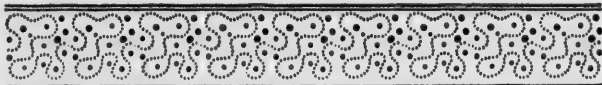
I was fortunate before leaving England, accidentally entering a bookseller's shop in Leamington, to find two interesting new publications, Hugh Miller's *Schools and Schoolmasters*, and Murchison's *Siluria*. They not only interest me deeply, but afford pleasant reading to my associates.

July 31.—The sun set in a bank of clouds, and

we have had some wind and rain in the night ; finding my berth close, I was on deck very early. The captain of an American merchant ship showed me a Mother Cary's chicken, which was flying just above the water near us. He gave a decided opinion that the best manner of combating sea-sickness is by determined exertion, and by getting up as soon as possible after the first attack. He says the first effort is equally great whether it is made the second day or the twentieth : he has known people keep their bed eighteen days, and suffer just as much at the end of that time in their attempts to sit upright as they could have done seventeen days sooner ; so that the earlier the battle is begun the sooner it is over. This morning there is more sea than we have yet had, and I bear it well. It is expected that we may reach Halifax late this afternoon, perhaps not till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. I shall be sorry if the hour will not allow us to land ; but I am told that it is a custom among the inhabitants to light up their houses when the arrival of the steamer is known, and that will be a pretty sight. In case I should not be able to add to this letter, I will conclude it now.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.



## LETTER II.

BOSTON.

ON BOARD THE CANADA,  
*August 1, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

My letter was put into the ship bag before we arrived in the fine Bay of Halifax, about nine o'clock last evening. An hour earlier we could have seen the town and distant country to greater advantage; but it would have been ungrateful indeed to require more, when we were already blessed by so much. An off-shore wind, soft and balmy; the sea like an inland lake, reflecting, as in a golden mirror, each little boat; brilliant paths of light, derived from moon or lighthouse, or shore lamp; a full round red sun had sunk behind the town and bay, but he left behind him an hour's twilight of crimson and gold, which had also vanished before our ship touched the Nova Scotian shore. We made a party for walking about Halifax by moonlight. The streets appear to consist of rather irregular, low houses, built chiefly of

long thin boards, called 'clap-boards,' with shingle roofs. I am told these houses are painted bright colours, but it was too dark to see this. We stumbled along the dimly lighted streets, and at last took our way up a steep one, which led to the Battery Hill. From thence we had a fine moonlight view of the town and bay. We also saw the supports of the electric telegraph, and passed by two chapels, and some trees of a kind there was not sufficient light to recognise, but my companions thought they were the Button wood (*Platanus*). There was music in some of the houses—universally Scotch airs—'Johnny Cope,' 'Annie Laurie,' &c., &c. As a Scotchwoman, I felt sure of a welcome, if I had wished to intrude upon the performers. We returned to the *Canada* before she fired her guns to announce our approaching departure. The echo of these guns was the loudest and finest I ever heard, reverberating like thunderclaps all down the coast. We steamed forth about eleven o'clock, Jupiter in the east, and the whole sky bright with the brightest stars, and meteors could be seen frequently striking across the heavens. About twelve we were asleep in our berths, and I slept late; but it is a beautiful morning, so that we can walk the deck and admire the still sea and the coming shore. Our last dinner was all conviviality and merriment, everybody complimented everybody, and particularly the

captain; and most of us agree it will be useless to go to bed again, certainly not to sleep, so impatient are we for the first sight of Boston, which is expected to be visible at sunrise.

*August 3.*—I think the Bay of Boston must be as wide as that extending from the island of Portland to the Start, in England. Nearing the harbour, I expected to see trees, but the low downs and numerous islands which surround it, though green, are bare of anything but houses. It is the finest harbour I have yet seen, and I should imagine might be made as impregnable as Cronstadt, if as many batteries were planted upon its numerous islands—one only, defends the entrance. I now feel as if everything round me belonged to some of the Leicester-square life-like Panoramas; my voyage seems a dream, and facts *unreal*. Once in the harbour, if blinded and turned twice round, it would be difficult to say at which point we became embayed and surrounded by the islands and capes—vessels sailing about, or at anchor, in every direction. Owing to our quick voyage, the *Niagara*, (sister of *Canada*,) which leaves at twelve to-day, for Liverpool, had not vacated her berth; therefore our captain was obliged to lay-to, and await her departure. We arrived about nine o'clock, and the Custom-house appeared to ignore our presence for some time; in fact, I suppose they would rather not have us upon their



hands till they get rid of the other two Cunard steamers, the *Niagara* and the *Alps*; and it was an hour or two before a Tug came to take luggage and passengers ashore. This was not objectionable to me, because it gave me time enough to look about; but it was trying to Mrs. F——, who had brothers and sisters waiting to receive her, after five years' absence. The first thing which charmed me on landing was the cleanliness of the wharves, and the complete absence of sea or harbour odours. No sensation reminded one of departed miseries; in this, Boston has a great advantage over Dover and Folkestone, where one is made sensible (in some degree at all times, and specially at low tide), of a commingling of mud, gas, and sewers which is certainly not consoling for the past, or promising for the future. The Custom-house officers were civil and obliging, bothering us as little as possible; but the large number of passengers coming and going, and an avalanche of boxes and packages, made it impossible, even for Americans, to 'go a-head;' and so we had to wait for three mortal hours in the chairs they set for us, under a tolerably cool shed.

Mrs. F——'s brother, Mr. C——, then procured a carriage, and cart for our baggage, and I was taken to the Tremont Hotel, in their way to his house in Chesnut-street. I found a pleasant drawing-room for the occupation of ladies, and bed-rooms for self

and maid, and a kind fellow-passenger to take charge of me at the table-d'hôte. I found excellent cucumbers, boiled maize, undressed tomatos, baked fish, and lobsters—pleasant cool diet to a person suddenly plunged into a heat beyond our most extreme dog-days. The first luxury I welcomed with gratitude was the abundance of ice—a jug of iced water placed even in my bedroom—on the table of the ladies' saloon, and everywhere at meals. After dinner, Mr. D—— was so obliging as to procure tickets for a garden, five or six miles off, belonging to Mr. Cushing, and also for Auburn Cemetery. Mr. Cushing's flower-garden and houses are considered the finest in New England; but they were not beyond a third-rate or fifth-rate in our old country. The fruit-houses seemed in good order—the flower-houses not more than tolerable; I saw no plants that were not old acquaintances of mine in most of our gardens, with the exception of one, a creeping annual or biennial, which had been allowed to ramble over the flower-beds; the gardener (a young Irishman) could not tell the name of it. Its foliage and buds looked like a soft woolly convolvulus, the flowers double, each separate one, when plucked, in size and form like a flaccid pink Soapwort. The gardener told me of two pretty wild plants which had particularly struck him in the neighbourhood; from his description one might be a *Saracenia*, the other some

species of *Ornithogalon*. I asked Captain Stone's hospitality for my precious Ward's case of plants on board the *Canada* till I can make the acquaintance of Dr. Gray, to whom I wish to consign them. They have flourished since their emigration, as all plants in hermetically sealed cases do flourish.

My American friend, after our visit to the garden, conveyed me to Mount Auburn Cemetery, that last resting-place for humanity, an example of what I hope, some day to see copied in the neighbourhood of London. In feeling and taste it is really perfect. No crowding up in disgusting heaps like our own churchyards. Shade, elegance, and that stillness so soothing to the grief, the recollections, and the hearts of surviving friends—a place interesting to strangers, and not disagreeable even to the young and gay. The burying-ground of each family is as nearly as possible alike in size, all fenced off by strong but neat and pretty iron railings, with small gates; over the front of every entrance, simple surnames and Christian names belonging to first purchasers, with dates, all in iron; each family is permitted to place monuments and tombs within its own enclosure. I do not know if there is any check which may stop the exercise of atrociously bad taste; but by some means or other this must be effected, for all the tombs are simple and inoffensive, and some of the monuments beautiful. I was surprised

to see that a few were protected by glass, particularly one pretty recumbent statue of a child. Nearly all the erections are pure white marble; generally low obelisks or slabs. I saw not one objectionable in feeling or in taste, and no pompous fulsome epitaphs. '*Implora Pace*' might have been inscribed over the entrance of this cemetery, without causing any revulsion of sentiment within its precincts; in this matter, certainly, the mother land may well take some hints from her child's example. As we drove away a man offered a bunch of water-lilies for sale (or rather buds which are to open to-morrow). My companion gave me three. He tells me they have long-shaped, sweet white blossoms; and the stems are very long. I saw no leaves; but it is certainly not our Thames white water-lily; this one is *Nymphaea odorata*. Last night the closed buds looked too firmly shut for me to see them soon open, but even before sunshine has touched them, at eight o'clock this morning, they are wide awake. I see no difference between them and ours, except that the petals are longer and more pointed, but they have a much more pleasant scent. Our drive was through a thickly-inhabited suburb, going by Brookline and returning by Cambridge and Harvard College; one country house and villa succeeding another. The architecture and elevations, and green external blinds, make them much resemble houses around Frankfort; but apparently

they have arisen so fast, that there has not been time enough to ornament the gardens with flowers; a rather rough lawn, with a few shrubs, chiefly *Arborvitæ* and *Pinus*, perhaps a tree *Hibiscus* here and there, was most commonly all. The general aspect of Boston, with the exception of a few of the principal houses, says, 'We have been in such a hurry, we must finish by-and-by.' But I don't dislike the appearance of the unhewn grey stone, a granite, of which some of them are built. When of brick, in this neighbourhood, the colour is more pink and less glaring than ours. Soon after my return to the hotel, Miss C—— came, and brought a sister, sister-in-law, and a nephew to see me; and afterwards Mr. D—— introduced Mr. and Mrs. Mills (the latter a daughter of a benevolent agriculturist, Mr. Colman, who died in England); on her return home, she kindly sent me a beautiful nosegay, and this morning Mr. D——, before his departure for New York, left me two more letters of introduction for Nahant, where I think of going this afternoon, as I find Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow are there, and I much wish to see them; besides which, this town is like a bakery, it is so hot. I shall probably visit Mr. and Mrs. B——, at Newport, in a day or two. The cholera is said to be raging at Montreal and Quebec, so I shall not hurry myself to get there; and I shall wish rather to linger among the valleys and hills of the Connec-

ticut River, after leaving Newport: then I am to visit the White Mountains; and my present idea is to reach Washington by the opening of Congress, in December, and afterwards travel southwards to Virginia, Louisiana, Florida, and perhaps Cuba. If I accomplish this tour successfully, I imagine it would be pleasant to follow the spring of 1855, northwards; chiefly for the sake of botanical researches, and then to return to Boston in June or July, when I may spend my remaining three months either in this town, or its neighbourhood. Of course, my plan may be modified or changed, but it offers a prospect of much interest and amusement. Sir Charles Grey, the late governor of Jamaica, who joined our ship's company at Halifax, and is now in this house, complains of the frigidity of winter, even in the southern parts of the States, and strongly recommends me to take shelter in Florida, where he says I shall find warmth and amusement for a few weeks; but probably, after so many years passed in tropical climes, his constitution is more sensitive to cold than mine.

*Boston, August 4.*—A delightful day yesterday. Too tired to write my letter, and get to breakfast, much before ten o'clock. I was not dressed when Mr. Mills sent up his card. He said he would call later; and while I breakfasted, Mrs. F——'s brother, Mr. C. C——, came to me, both offering services; then came Mr. F——, Miss C——, and F——. I

received a very kind farewell note from a friend (who left Boston for New York at six o'clock), with some letters and notes of introduction. My first immediate object being Dr. Gray and the Botanical Garden at Cambridge, Mr. Dwight (a former acquaintance in London), and Mr. R. C. C—— accompanied me there. My expectations were not at all disappointed : I met with a hearty welcome, and all the information, and enthusiasm for plants, I desired to find. With the intention of returning to dinner here at two o'clock, I found it more than half-past before I thought of leaving the Garden, and I then made an appointment to meet my Ward's case of plants at Dr. Gray's house by nine o'clock this morning. Upon looking over the lists, nearly all the plants I have brought are new to him ; *Weigelia rosea* and *Deutzia scabra* he has, so they will belong to Mrs. F——. I learnt much botanically, and have promises of aid ; the trees in this Garden interested me deeply—so many are quite new to me. One or two of them I am sure would do at Abbotsbury, particularly the beautiful *Virgilia lutea*. I saw such pretty mallows,—in short, I felt as if transported to the Fairyland of Flowers. Newport this week is out of the question, for Dr. Gray has proposed botanizing over part of this country with me ; so we are going to have a walk to-morrow, and we are to go to Nahant, and perhaps I shall stay there a few

days. I am told I shall find good sketching, and Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow and Professor Agassiz are there. We returned to the Tremont Hotel, and afterwards Mr. D—— took me to call at Mr. Eliot's, Mr. Ticknor's, and Mr. Abbot Lawrence's, and then showed me the Athenæum (the finest architectural building in Boston), where there are public reading-rooms, a good library, and some tolerable pictures, particularly two unfinished heads of Washington and his wife, by Stewart. I admire Alston's portraits, but not much his landscapes; perhaps those I have seen were not his best. There is a statue of Washington in the entrance which looks like a French caricature, the head thrown back in a forced ungraceful way; but there is one on the opposite side, of a well-looking man—celebrated here but unknown to me, so I have forgotten his name,—an evidently truthful resemblance; it sits in an easy contemplative attitude, with an expression of countenance so very like the venerable Mrs. Fletcher, of Grasmere, that I could fancy him her father. Our dinner-hour was long past at the Tremont Hotel, but I got something from a long printed bill of fare, which is struck off each day, and some refreshing lemonade. I remember reading somewhere, that English people, who are used to good servants, must make up their minds to be indifferently waited on in America, but at present here I should rather complain of being



too much attended to. The waiters seem innumerable, and at least two are constantly on the look-out to find out the requirements of a guest. I mentioned three times this morning that, having been supplied with tea and rolls, and broiled salmon and broiled mackerel, I required nothing more, but still an attendant was always at my elbow in two minutes after I had civilly dismissed him; and as board, and I believe all payments, must be included in the five dollars a day for self and maid, their attentions are not individual affairs. C. F—— came at seven o'clock to conduct me to his aunt's family tea. I found his mother in the midst of brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces, in a room with a verandah, vine-embowered, and the bunches of grapes hanging thickly above it,—a cheerful, pleasant party of young and old, we remained together till past eleven o'clock, when my host, Mr. E. C——, and his sisters, walked back with me, about half-a-mile, to my hotel. The air was pleasantly warm and balmy; only one individual crossed our path, but I heard the persevering cricket grating away from many an *Althæa frutex*, which forms the principal ornament of the tiny gardens before most of the houses.

*Saturday, August 4.*—Here am I—I don't know where! for I am writing the first thing in the morning, and such was my interest and pre-occupation and delight at the wholly unexpected beauty

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of this place last night, that I did not ask its name. Imagine scenery more like Mount Edgecumbe than anything else I ever saw or heard of in Great Britain; only with few ships on the sea. Pines and cypresses, and shrubs of the (to me) rarest description, growing down to the very margin of the picturesque jagged shore, with grey and red porphyry rocks starting up on all sides, even from the very door of Mr. L——'s charming cottage,—Cherokee-roses and honeysuckles on the verandah; various plants and shrubs, and even blackberries new to me, one with a delicious fruit, something between blackberry, mulberry, and raspberry in flavour (*Rubus villosus*, high blackberry), rambling over the grey boulders, and in front a sea studded by islands. In the evening there was a glowing sunset on the land side, Jupiter, amidst the eastern constellations, shining over the bright calm sea; imagine also the air just freshened by a shower, and you may form some idea of the enjoyments I had in a moonlit walk with Dr. and Mrs. Gray last night. But I must try and give some rational account of how and why I find myself somewhere near Beverley, in the United States, instead of at Nahant. This place is called Glencove, and the one adjoining, where Mr. L——'s son lives, is Burnside. I find it difficult to write, and even to dress, the view from my bed-room window is so attractive. The pleasure-ground below, upon a

rough hill, which descends rapidly to the sea, is sprinkled over by apparently upheaved granitic boulders, interspersed with *Pinus rigida*, Junipers, a large shrubby white-leaved honeysuckle, fine fruiting rubuses, roses, and various kinds of wild flowers new to me; the shore, with occasional dark masses of volcanic strata bursting through the rocks; a bay dotted by islands, some with buildings on them, and one having a tall lighthouse; ships and little boats sailing about in all directions; a long promontory stretching to the south between this place and Nahant; the weather warm enough to have windows wide open all night, and yet not the least oppressive; with all this to distract, you may wonder that I do get dressed soon after seven—the breakfast hour of my hospitable entertainers.

I must go back to the time when R—— and I left Boston yesterday morning. We drove to Dr. Gray's soon after nine o'clock, my purpose being to open the Ward's case of plants with him, and then to proceed to the hotel at Nahant to stay a day or two. I found Mrs. Gray, who was absent yesterday, had kindly come home to meet me. She and her husband, whose acquaintance was my first wish in America, and whose scientific knowledge can only be exceeded by his kindness, had prepared a pleasant surprise for me by arranging with her father and Mrs. L—— for my reception here. They proposed

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my accompanying them, after he had facilitated my trip to Nahant, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, and to make the acquaintance of Mr. D——'s brother and sister-in-law, to whom he had given me a letter of introduction. He drove back to Boston, and I made my first American railway journey for a few miles only, as far as Lynn. I found the long gallery carriages comfortable and airy, the communication from one part of the train to the other complete and easy, and although passing across the streets and roads without tunnels or barriers is rather alarming, yet, as the engines have a large bell, and great boards are placed all across with notices to look out, and not cross while the bell is heard, I suppose that individual caution may avoid a smash; but sad accidents do sometimes happen. Two young ladies driving in an open carriage near this place, last year, being interested in their own conversation, were thrown off their guard, when a train came upon them. One was killed on the spot, and the other never recovered the shock.

I found a gigantic ugly hotel at Nahant marring the beauty of its situation: it is a great boarding-house brimming over with company. I was received by Mrs. C. D——, who engaged Dr. Gray and me to dine with her at the public table, at four o'clock, and directed us to Mr. Longfellow's residence. We had passed the cottage, about a mile off, in our drive from

Lynn ; so we got into the carriage which brought us, and, in pouring rain, retraced our way. We were cordially received by Mr. Longfellow, though Mrs. Longfellow had not received a preparatory note, which had been forwarded, immediately upon our landing at Boston, to their house at Cambridge. After a short stay, he was so kind as to walk with me; and in a heavy rain he held an umbrella over my book, while I made a sketch of the rocks and bay. I thought several times, with alarm, how I should answer to the world if I were the cause of Mr. Longfellow catching his death ! particularly as he would go on in wet clothes to dine with us at the hotel ; but he assured me a brother was there who would let him take measures of prevention, and I was too happy to make a sketch honoured by such company and conversation. So it was done, in spite of rain as heavy as one of our heaviest thunder-showers in England, and I did not lament that my thin muslin dress was fairly soaked. But on reaching the hotel, Mrs. D——'s Welsh nurse (a Glamorganshire woman from near Cowbridge, who knew about all my friends there, and in consequence gave me sea-weeds she had preserved) afforded me the means of becoming tolerably dry before dinner. This is the largest hotel I ever saw. When quite finished it will accommodate five hundred guests. It belongs to the same proprietor as Tremont House in Boston. I did not inquire the dimensions of the

dinner-saloon, but I imagine that three of the size of the Kursaal dining-room at Homburg might be contained in it. I sat between Mrs. C. D—— and a gentleman, to whom she introduced me : Mr. Longfellow joined us after dinner. I was happy to see his coat was changed, a fact which, in some measure, relieved my mind of the fear that I might be answerable for his death. If Dr. Gray had not so obligingly prepared the way for my escape to a residence more accordant with my tastes and pursuits, I doubt whether even the vicinity of friends could have reconciled me to a stay of more than one night at Nahant, though Mr. and Mrs. R. W—— (he an old acquaintance in England) sent me a kind offer of the use of their sitting-room and carriage ; but a few hours was enough just to glimpse at the humours of the place, where I suppose a large number of the busy and the industrious come to enjoy relaxation and idleness. I ought to add that I was introduced to Chowder, a most praiseworthy preparation, enabling you to eat soup and fish at one time.

The rain had now subsided into a thick fog. Dr. Gray and I got into the Carry-all I had kept waiting to take us back to the railway station ; and in half an hour we arrived at a picturesque valley, surrounded by rich woods and tumbled-about sienitic rocks. Here Mrs. L——'s carriage (driven by a man who

had lived with the late Lord Camden) met us, and in a few minutes we reached Glencove. Its rare beauty was an unexpected surprise, for Dr. Gray had only promised me a quiet botanizing nook. His father and mother-in-law, with Mrs. Gray, received me with great kindness. Mr. L—— is in the legal profession. A few years ago, when seeking repose and rest from over work, he accidentally stumbled upon this place, purchased it from the farmer to whom it belonged, and built his comfortable cottage, and one adjoining it for his eldest son, who is at present travelling in Europe with an invalid brother, having left a wife and three nice children at home. Mrs. Gray is staying with her, as well as a lady, who promises to induce her husband, a sculptor and an artist, in Boston, to come here. Besides a little boy and girl in this house, Mr. L—— has a large family of grandchildren, belonging to another married daughter, near at hand. Another of my acquaintances at home, Mr. F—— D——, lives within a short walk. After my arrival here, the weather was so obliging as to clear up, and I had a delightful scramble to the Eagle rock, where I yesterday made a sketch, for I am now filling up my letter on the 7th. Saturday, was a day of enjoyment. We breakfasted soon after seven o'clock. Perfect weather; not too hot; so that after wandering about the grounds, Dr. and Mrs. Gray, and

Mrs. L——, took me a drive to see two lakes (or ponds as they call them here). Essex Pond is an almost exact counterpart of the lake at Longleat, only surrounded by more extensive forests, and with others, larger, in its neighbourhood. I sketched it, and afterwards Hamilton Lake from a distance, for we spent so much time in botanical researches, that we could not attempt to go farther. I gathered about forty plants quite new to me, and was particularly pleased to find the *Pontederia cordata*, which we prize so much in the fountain at Abbotsbury, and the *Rhexia virginica* growing at the edge of the water, with quantities of the pretty little rare English plant *Eriocaulon septangulare*;—it is such a pleasure and advantage to have the company of a botanist like Dr. Gray to give me at once the names of plants new to me, instead of spending perhaps hours in seeking them out. Among the most beautiful of these new acquaintances was *Spirea tomentosa*, a pink shrub, *Osmunda spectabilis*, and *Leucocarpus conyzoides*, and I was much pleased with a sweet Gale, larger and handsomer than ours, and quite as odoriferous. But I must add a list of plants to this letter, for those who care about them—though certain friends of mine will only be bored by their long names. We got back just in time to go and dine at Burnside with Mrs. W. L——. The view from her verandah and windows, looking across the



bay towards Marblehead and Salem, and over Mr. L——'s garden, with a rocky cove below and the islands scattered about, was lovely beyond description. I have made a sketch which does not do it justice. Yesterday we went to church, about three miles' distance. The service was well conducted; the congregation large; no signs of poverty; the people looking well-to-do, and even rich in appearance. The edifice very plain: all grey inside; behind the reading-desk and pulpit a large globe, painted in fresco, with clouds around, appearing as if being dispersed by the sun rising behind—emblematic, of course, and pleasingly executed: the roof went up into a large kind of open tower, finished at the top by a simple large white flower; blinds upon each window outside; a good organ; the singing well conducted; the hymns pretty. The minister preached, not extemporarily, from the text, 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.'

After dinner, Dr. Gray and Mrs. L—— took me to walk in a wild wood, chiefly of hemlock spruce and Weymouth pines; both are more beautiful here than they are in England; and the bold massy sienitic rocks, many of them covered by various-coloured lichens, among which were *Tripe de Roche* and *Umbellicaria vellea*, with its graceful black wreaths; the ground was tinted by

Reindeer moss, with its soft bluish grey; which with the bright scarlet berries of *Comus Canadensis*, dark-leaved *Pyrolas*, *Gaultherias*, *Linnae borealis*, twining in amongst them with white pipes of *Monotropa uniflora* peeping up from under rare ferns, and elegant *Vaccineas*, formed a foreground which, for softness and variety of colouring, exceeded aught I ever saw even in Scotland. In the forest we met a son-in-law of Mr. L——'s, Mr. J——, botanizing with three boys, the youngest not more than seven, yet all appeared to take an eager and intelligent interest in the pursuit, and each was loaded with a splendid bouquet, from which they showed me a pretty new *Asclepias (incarnata)*. Having now three strong arms to carry us through difficulties, Mrs. L—— and I got down a steep descent in the wood, and in a little opening below, we gathered *Onoclea sensibilis*, *Osmunda spectabilis*, and *Veronica scutellata*. I must finish this abruptly, as Mr. L—— tells us our letters must go now, to be ready for to-morrow's post to England. Mrs. B——'s communication of August 3rd, that she would send to meet me on Saturday last, has only just arrived. I now propose to go to her at Newport on Thursday. Lord Elgin also writes that the accounts of the prevalence of cholera are exaggerated, and proposes to receive me at Spencer Wood, near Quebec. I think of going from

Newport, through the Valley of the Connecticut, to the White Mountains, and thence by Lake Champlain to Montreal; but I shall probably send off another letter from Newport.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

The sketching here is very interesting.

*August 9.*

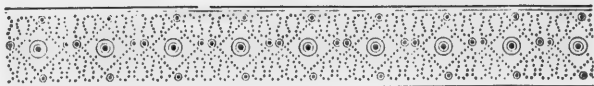


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### LETTER III.

#### NEIGHBOURHOOD OF WENHAM LAKE.

GLENCOVE, *August 10.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I am rather tormented by what are here called mosquitoes, but they are not a bit worse than our gnats and midges and harvest-bugs; indeed, I doubt whether I could have frequented woods and bogs in England for as long together as the time I have passed these last few days in the forest, and by the sea and lakes here, without being more devoured; and as to really venomous reptiles, I have not stumbled upon one: indeed, I have seen nothing disagreeable belonging to the animal world, and only one little dead snake, not much larger than our slow-worm, and, I am told, harmless. I hear of humming-birds occasionally on the honeysuckles, but it has not been my good fortune to see one; indeed, I have observed very few birds. There were two or three yellow linnets, like canary birds, in the Botanic

Garden, and I heard one little warbler in the morning from my window, but he sings very sparingly. The railroad is audible at times. I can hardly believe we are so near to the business side of life, from the quiet tranquillity immediately around; though we can see towns on the distant shore, and vessels of all kinds on the sea.

Soon after breakfast this morning, Mr. L—— took up Mrs. W. L—— and me, driven by Mr. E——, to see Wenham Lake (or pond). It is a fine sheet of water, clear, and pure looking, about four miles round the banks; easy of access, and at each end are a number of wooden ice-houses; a railroad has been brought close up, for the purpose of easy transportation. Upon the pebbles at the edge of the water, we found two little opaque-looking, oblong eggs, supposed to belong to a small turtle. I sketched the lake, but found few flowers, though, on our way home, we gathered *Solidago Canadensis*. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. L—— took me to call upon their daughter, Mrs. J——, and upon Mr. and Mrs. D——, who have houses about a mile on the shore towards Beverley, but I think not quite so prettily situated as this cottage. In the evening, I wrote letters. We breakfasted at seven o'clock, as Mr. L—— went early into Boston. Sketched out of doors, after paying a visit to Mrs. W. L——, who accompanied me with her cousins, Mrs.

G—— and Mrs. L——; and Dr. Gray returned to dinner: afterwards, Mrs. L—— drove with me to Mr. M——'s, to see Mrs. F—— and Miss C——. Quite a surprise to me to find them so near. It is such a clear night, with a bright moon lighting up the islands. Three lighthouses are visible from these windows—Baker's Island, Boston, and Marblehead; the last only a revolving light.

I forgot to mention that Mr. S. C—— gave me a very curious animal production, a kind of elegant little vase, about two or three inches across, the colour and substance of fine grey cloth, edged in scalloped plaits, which were very gracefully formed out of sand and an adhesive substance. It is supposed to be the work of some kind of cockle by the sea-shore, for the purpose of catching and confining its usual food. Much care will be necessary to carry this fragile curiosity safely to England; and I am doubtful how to preserve my two little turtle's eggs; they are too solid to be blown, and I propose to varnish them, which, perhaps, will prevent their destruction. Mr. Forbes (the gentleman who so nobly distinguished himself during our Irish famine, by undertaking to freight a ship with provisions and carry her across the Atlantic) dined here. He considers himself to have some descent from or connexion with our Murrays in Scotland, and we are quite ready to acknowledge the relationship.

*Thursday, August 10.*—Mr. L—— provided two Carry-alls to convey a pic-nic party to see Eagle Head, a fine porphyry bluff about seven miles distant. Mrs. W. L—— took out her fine good-humoured baby girl, not seven months old, and she seemed to enjoy the expedition as much as any of us. In our way we passed through a bright, white, and clean-looking upholstery manufacturing town, called Manchester, the strongest contrast to our black, dirty-looking Manchester possible. The factory young men looked like smart London tradespeople, and the women were equally well dressed. I have only seen one ragged-looking body in these parts, and that was in Boston. He was supposed to be a recently-imported Irishman. This part of the country looks rather sterile and unproductive, in an agricultural point of view; more thickly sown with picturesque rocks than corn, and therefore at first it seems a miracle how the population can make themselves so comfortable, and their general appearance be that of people well-to-do in the world; but they have plenty of employment in various handicrafts. Between this place and Beverley, and towards Wenham, there are numberless tidy-looking small shoe-workshops—many shoes are made all through the neighbourhood; these workshops are distinct from the residences of the shoemakers, who reside in houses all made of wood, but of a comfortable size. One sees no very small cottages. I

have met two or three people who say they have come over from England to make a little money and mean to return there.

The views all round Eagle Head are fine ; numerous indentations and islands on this coast make it so picturesque. We lunched on water-melon and cakes ; and, after spending two or three hours very pleasantly, returned home. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. W. L——, Dr. and Mrs. Gray, Mrs. G——, Mrs. L——'s brother, Mr. E——, two young girls, and the baby. Mr. L—— was taken away by the unexpected arrival of a party of workmen for the construction of a ram, which he was obliged to superintend. After dinner, Mr. W. L—— proposed a row on the sea by moonlight ; all the ladies except myself were afraid of the undertaking. The tide being low, we were obliged to be drawn into the water by a horse upon a low truck, and the difficulty of sticking to it when the horse made his first effort to drag the machine out of the deep sand was considerable. We returned safely, however, without paying any other penalty for the experiment than getting rather wet.

*Friday, 10th.*—After breakfast, Mr. L—— walked with me to Sunny Bank. I sketched, before leaving this pretty place. Mr. L—— showed me the difference between common maize and sweet corn. The latter appears to be only more delicate than



the former. It is very good, when the corn is young, served up simply boiled, to be eaten with butter and salt. By the four o'clock train I left Glencove with Mrs. G——, Mr. and Mrs. L—— seeing us off. It was more like parting from old friends than from the acquaintances of a week. I had found myself so pleasantly at home among them. We reached Boston about six o'clock, when I was introduced to Mr. G——, who met us at the station; and Mrs. G—— took me home with her to Ashburton Place; I found a nice house, belonging to her mother, with every comfort; and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. G—— took me to call on Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, where we passed a pleasant hour, talking over English matters. Next morning early, I went with R—— to Tremont House, to unpack my baggage and arrange it for future use. From ignorance of hotel customs in this country, I had left my trunks with the hotel authorities; and they charged me during my absence as if my boxes had eaten and drank, so that my bill was more than forty dollars, though I had remained so short a time in the house, and only had two small bedrooms there; but payments are made for rooms, not for board or attendance; and whether an individual person, or an individual box, eats or not, the same money is paid. Mr. G—— took me to his studio, to see an interesting design for sculpture. The subject was

a shepherd boy : he is supposed to have carried off a young eaglet, and to be attacked by the mother bird. She has alighted upon the shoulder of the lad, who, borne down in a stooping posture, seizing one wing of his assailant, grasps in his right hand a knife, with which he is prepared to defend himself. This idea is expressed with great force. I did not admire Chantry's statue of Washington at the State House ; it is wanting in character. The one at the Athenæum is better ; but neither of them satisfy the imagination as much as Stewart's unfinished heads of Washington and his wife in the Picture Gallery. Among the sculpture there are several busts by native artists, which would, I think, be considered fine in Europe. There was a bas-relief by an elder brother of Mr. Greenough, now dead, a sketch of which I fancy to have seen somewhere in England. At the house of his sister I saw another work by the same artist : two children—the one as an angel leading the awakened soul of the other, with an inscription below ; very pretty.

Mr. B—— had advised me to start by the four o'clock train for Providence to take the Newport steamer ; I was agreeably surprised by the pleasure of Mr. G——'s escort and company the whole way : he was so obliging as to make the discovery that he too had some friends to visit, and this added much to the ease and the interest of my journey, which was

longer than I expected—three or four hours by rail, and at least twenty-five miles up an arm of the sea to Rhode Island. It was dark before we reached Newport, but I found Mrs. B——'s eldest son and Mr. B—— awaiting our arrival: they conveyed me in a carriage about two miles to their villa, which, as it has no name, I shall call Ocean Cliff. The sea view has only some small islands to break the expanse of waters; so, if it were possible, one might see as far as the South Pole. The high ground between this place and Newport is studded by villas; fine rocks, which look like limestone, edge the points and bays of the shore, and just below, black coal-looking bluffs crop out into the waves: last evening I walked to look at them, but I understand there is no fear that the smoking chimneys of steam-engines, or the black produce of the earth, will ever mar the beauties of this shore. The next morning after my arrival, young Mr. B—— drove me out in what is here called a wagon, a four-wheeled kind of dog-cart, with very high light wheels (wheels very general round this country, but such as I have only seen attached to velocipedes in England), drawn by a spirited little horse, having the same good quality which I also observed in the larger one belonging to Mr. L——, that of standing patiently when left to himself; in this respect horses are better trained here than with us. When we were wandering about

for an hour or two, the carriage could be safely left, with the reins only slightly attached to some gate or paling, and the horse, though powerful and spirited, never seemed to have an idea of walking off. I asked the English groom how this was taught, but received no other explanation than that they were trained to it; and a great convenience it is. One sees butchers' carts in London standing unguarded at houses, but I never found that carriages could be safely left—particularly with the temptations of green fields and trees in every direction. We drove by Newport to the bathing sands, where gentlemen take charge of ladies in the surf: it was to me a very singular and amusing scene—numerous carriages, drawn up before a semicircle of small bathing-houses, containing gaily dressed occupants, who had taken their marine walk, or were waiting for the ladies, young and old, still frolicking about among the waves, children dancing in and out, gentlemen handing about their pretty partners as if they were dancing water quadrilles, and heads, young and old, with streaming hair dipping in and out: it was very droll, very lively, and I daresay very amusing to all engaged. No accident has ever occurred here, for the bay is protected by capes on each side, and the water is shallow for some distance out. A white flag is raised during the hours appropriated to ladies, and it is succeeded by a red one,

later in the day, when gentlemen take possession of the shore on their own account. The scene resembled that on a racecourse in England. I made a slight sketch from the hill above: it was unique in its way, for I believe there are few places, even in America, where the sea would be safe for such an experiment: and even here the aid of strong arms is at times very necessary to save ladies from being knocked over by the waves. There was considerable surf to-day, but, from the numbers who breasted it, I suppose the courage necessary for the undertaking is not so great as it appears to me. I should look on a long while before I could try this kind of experiment.

*Sunday, August 13.*—I went to the Episcopal Church, which was built during the English occupation here; Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, presented a good organ. The service was well read: our Liturgy, with only an occasional change, which I thought an improvement. The sermon, preached by a Mr. Cook, good in matter and in manner, and ending at the right moment—not spun out so as to weaken its effect: as it was neither commonplace nor dry, I did not think whether it lasted for twenty minutes or for fifty minutes, and I really do not know what its duration may have been. The subject was Christ's command to 'follow him,' and the moral deduced was, that the experiment of obedience, if fairly

tried, will never fail to convince the sceptic, and to strengthen the believer. Dinner was at three o'clock; afterwards, Mr. G—— joined us in a walk to the shore. Tea was ready when we returned; a beautiful moonlight starlight night. Mr. Lawrence, an English artist, walked in; his crayon portraits are much liked here, and with good reason; they are true, pleasing, and spirited. I much admired a sketch of Rogers, done just before Mr. Lawrence came from England last spring.

I see nothing like timber upon this island. Mrs. B—— showed me a little bit of primeval forest yesterday; it appeared to consist of hiccory and sassafras, low, thick, and scrubby; but the English are accused of having destroyed nearly all the natural wood during the revolutionary period. The Gulf Stream touches this shore, which makes a mild and genial climate, though I am told that sharp winters here destroy myrtles and pomegranates, which flourish upon our south-western coast, while a warmer summer sun ripens fruits that fail with us. I must, however, try to introduce an excellent vegetable into England, which is called here by the name of Okra. I have not yet seen the flower expanded, but the plant looks like some kind of Hibiscus, with a long green fruit, which makes a delicious ingredient in soups; it is softer and more gelatinous than asparagus, and when young and tender is cut in slices: it

is an annual, and perhaps will not ripen seed with us, but is surely better worth raising in hot-houses than French beans. I will get some good seed by and bye; this and the *Rubus villosus* would both be good introductions; there is a high variety of the latter, which might, I think, be cultivated in our warmer gardens, like raspberries; the fruit is in size and colour between the blackberry and mulberry, and I think much better than the first, and much more certain than the last, though the flavour may not be quite so high as that of a really good mulberry. I am surprised that it has never yet been cultivated in England. At six o'clock this morning, a thick fog, which ended in rain and a fine day.

There are people this side the Atlantic who, as new acquaintances, are very pleasant. This morning I have been introduced to Mrs. and Miss B——; they sympathize about flowers and stones, which is rare in this country; and they are not the least stiff or cold. When people are cultivated and warm-hearted, I soon forget and forgive their habits of making all our vowels double, and even the nasal tone of some among them. There is a genuine characteristic frankness here which is very pleasant. There is no reason why we should treat our fellow-beings that happen to be new acquaintances, with less kindness than dogs or horses. I am afraid this is a fault in our national character. I believe we

are honest and sincere, and that is better than mere surface politeness; but we lose so much time in our cautious civilities, that in some cases life is half expended before we dare exchange mere acquaintance-ship for a warmer feeling. The Americans, who are a go-ahead people in all their concerns, appear to me to carry their hearts in their hands; this is very pleasant to a stranger coming suddenly among them; and it is difficult for me to 'realize' that it is only fourteen days to-morrow since I landed on these shores, so many homes and hearts upon it have already been opened to me. Perhaps I shall find a difference in other places, and I may have been particularly fortunate in my first acquaintances. There is certainly great beauty and refinement of feature among the mass of the people, but it is accompanied by a fragility of look which raises painful feelings. As far as I can judge at present, this is owing partly to hereditary causes, partly to actual habits. The excitement and anxieties of business-life in a new country probably entail constitutional delicacy upon the children of parents so eagerly occupied, and the sedentary city education and pursuits of the young of the last and present generation, unfavourable to out-of-door interests and amusements, do not harden and strengthen the nerves and muscles. I am already tempted to contravert the assertion of American ladies, that their generally delicate health



is to be attributed to climate. They may have severer winters and warmer summers than ours, but these are accompanied by the advantages of less damp, and of brighter sunshine. I have not had an hour too warm for exercise during any part of the day, for though the sun is brighter, it does not always beam so furiously as with us. The climate of Massachusetts seems to me a charming one, and I believe another generation will discover its merits, because I entertain hopes that the children now growing up will acquire more hardy habits. The evil I am speaking of cannot be remedied in a day; and I find American ladies are at this moment so little informed with regard to natural productions, and so unfitted for country pursuits, that their ignorance of these matters is at once the evidence and the cause of their lack of physical strength.

*Newport, August 15.*—I was introduced to about thirty new faces yesterday. Among them the governor of New York. A pleasant acquaintance; he gave me much geological information, and promises to forward my seeing Albany, &c., to advantage. I took a walk on the shore just below this garden, and was much interested, as well as a good deal puzzled. My little geological knowledge is quite at fault; sand and quartz rocks, coal and limestone, and they say granite beyond; this seems to me a jumble. I suppose it will be reduced to order

by and bye. After dinner Mrs. B—— took me a distant drive up the island, to call on Dr. and Mrs. Howe: the doctor's name and benevolent deeds have long been familiar to me. We found also, visiting them, a nephew of the late Dr. Tinkermann, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, descendants of Lord Baltimore. Dr. Howe has bought a cottage in a picturesque valley, about a mile from the sea-shore, and is busy making walks and opening out views; his children will benefit in health and tastes. The sun set before we could tear ourselves away, and so we got home in the dark, and broke an engagement to drink tea out; but Mrs. and Miss B—— came here instead, and we had a pleasant evening. Miss B—— will come soon after eight to-morrow morning, to take me to the rocks; she is the only active young lady I have met with!

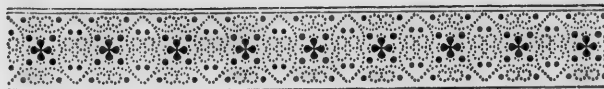
*August 16.*—After an early breakfast, Miss B—— took me to Newport, to get an American trunk to pack parcels; and in coming back we went to see the pretty view from Mrs. B——'s house, and after carrying home our purchase, we drove to Mrs. C——'s villa, which is built close to a shore of fine granite rocks. Several lady visitors were with Mrs. B—— before I came away. Soon after one o'clock I called for Mr. G——, who accompanied me on board the steamer, where I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. and Mrs. Howe. The Doctor went on

with us to Boston. Dr. Gray came to Ashburton Place, and promises to go with me to-morrow, as far as Lake Winnepessiogee, ('Spirit of the Waters,') which I am to see in my way to the White Mountains; from thence, my proposed route to Canada is by Burlington and Lake George. Although so much is said about cholera, Lord Elgin mentions that there is great exaggeration. Rain is prophesied to-night, and it would be better to have wet before my next journey, to lay the dust. There has only been one showery day since my arrival in America, a fortnight to-day: it seems more like two months than two weeks—so many new ideas have been crowded into the time. The *Canada* sails to-morrow. I have had no news from England later than the morning I left Liverpool; and probably my letters have gone to the care of Lord Elgin. No time for more to-night.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER IV.

### SLAVERY QUESTION.

BOSTON,

*Wednesday, August 16.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

My last letter will go by the *Canada* this morning, if possible (as the train by which we travel towards the White Mountains does not start till after noon). I shall try to see Captain Stone before he sails. Mrs. G—— is gone to Sunny Bank, so I miss her here: her sister received me, Mrs. L—— being confined to her room by illness. I am told that after leaving these Northern States, I shall find the country, and the people, and the habits, much less English; here the shade of difference is very slight—certainly not greater than a difference of institutions necessitates. A supply of excellent water is so abundant in Boston (derived, I am told, from Lake Cochituata, forty miles distant), that by six o'clock in the morning I see the servants belonging to houses watering the pavement before the

doors with a long hose, as we should water our gardens; and the housemaids, with those clean, convenient, light-looking Shaker brooms, sweeping away the dust. I do not know any one of our towns (not even Bath) which exceeds this in purity and neatness; and, as there is a great deal of cholera abroad, in coming through the streets the other day, I found them perfumed with hot vinegar. I was told a carriage full of that fumigating liquid had been driven smoking through the streets. There are deaths every day here, and some at Newport; but it is not believed to be contagious at present, only carrying off the profligate and the debilitated. I hear, though, that the deaths at New York last week, among a population of five hundred thousand only, equalled our usual bills of mortality in London. I should particularly dread any epidemic falling upon a people which, as a general rule, look so over-worked, and fragile, and thin as these Northern Americans. Dr. Howe says it is climate; as yet I am incredulous upon this point. My friend, Mr. L——, confessed he was almost in his grave when, eight years ago, he bought his pretty place. Now, with the revivifying influence of his farm and garden (although he does not entirely give up his legal duties), he looks as strong and healthy as any sexagenarian upon our side the Atlantic. I should like to transplant all the sick dyspeptic men and women of New York

and Boston into gardens and fields, before I will admit that this pleasant climate is to blame. I am rather inclined to assert that mental excitement, and money-making, and sedentary employments are the real criminals, and that something is due to the laws of inheritance even in this unentailing country. Till my introduction to the Governor of New York, I did not know that each State has a Governor. Governor Seymour lives at Albany. Some of these Governors are only elected for two years, and this gentleman does credit to popular choice.

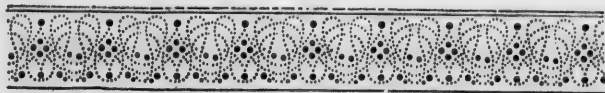
What is likely to be the effect of the Nebraska Bill upon the Slavery question? Some intelligent men appear to think it is as much a political catch as some of those divisions in our House of Commons which are rendered nugatory by after divisions; and that it has roused the feelings of the enlightened and liberals, who consider the question as one merely of time,—a disease requiring only the treatment of wise and not too hasty physicians,—perhaps this apparently retrograde step will ultimately hasten the desired change. One kind person, who is a planter, told me he has no other wish than to see his black children able to use the gift of themselves, which few deny to be their right, if they can use it; but, like our Colonies, they must become men in experience and intelligence before they can take care of themselves, and I am already inclined to hope that

the 'Legrees' are as much exceptional beings, as idle and profligate landholders among ourselves. In saying this, I know you will not think me upholding Slavery; Christianity will and must subdue it—not by teaching us to vilify and persecute those less fortunate of our brethren who have had the curse of human possessions entailed upon them—but by enlightening the darkened, and instructing the ignorant; and even (if that should be necessary) making such property valueless in a commercial point of view. No individual selfishness, and no political intrigues, can prevent the wished-for consummation; and I firmly believe there are few, very few, even in the South, who will not hail with joy the moment of emancipation—a movement at present delayed by doubts and fears. This is my first view of a vexed question; I may alter it—I may change it altogether; but in the meanwhile, such as it is, I give it.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER V.

### THE WHITE MOUNTAINS TOUR.

ALTON BAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

*August 17.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Owing to a mistake about the railroad hour, I am here, instead of at the most frequented end of Lake Winnepessiogee, in what is considered a wild village; but this simple little hotel called Winnepessiogee House is clean and much more comfortable than any out-of-the-way Scotch inns I ever was at; and it is well to see here a specimen of the wonderful industry of this people—railroads down to the very water. I forgot to mention that before we left Boston, Dr. Gray took me to see Fanueil Hall (Huguenot name), built, as a public gift to the town of Boston in old times, by a merchant. It is the place where the first public meeting was held during the Revolution; and there is a large picture of Webster speaking in Congress upon the Nullification question. It is well painted for its purpose,



and the portraits are considered like. I afterwards made a sketch of the oldest house in Boston, now a shop, the date 1683. Rather before two o'clock we left in the railway cars for Winnipessiogee. The line goes through a country much resembling English park scenery; glades and woods and single trees, sugar maples, red maples, hemlock spruce, Weymouth pines, black, white, and red oak, with creeping juniper, and occasionally wild vines, which associate ideas of high cultivation with the landscape in an English mind, from such things not being indigenous in our country. We passed through towns and villages called Charlestown, Somerville, Edgware, Maldon, Melrose, Reading, Andover, Haverill, Newton, Kingston, Exeter, Newmarket, Durham, Dover, Berwick, Portland, Rochester, New Durham, and Alton, and these following, as I have written them, to the utter confusion of English geography. Among them were some Indian names, much more beautiful and appropriate to this country. Swampscot, Cochego, Scournamagowie (how like Scournalapich, in Ross-shire), Agawam, &c. &c. At Dover, after passing the Miramachi river, we changed cars, and entered a branch railroad for Alton Bay. This was very slow, as it stopped at several stations for mercantile purposes; and though we left at five, we did not arrive till after eight o'clock, having been more than three hours going about twenty-five miles; but the

route was pretty: sometimes cut through a drift of sand, containing boulders of granite, with large plates of mica, it occasionally reminded me of the forest of Fontainebleau, but without fine timber, this forest being all young; no trees looked older than thirty or forty years. We had a hospitable welcome; clean rooms and beds, charges moderate. Here, for the first time, I see hand-lamps in which a mixture of camphine and alcohol is used; it burns clearly, and gives a pleasant light. This camphine is chiefly manufactured from turpentine collected in the pine woods of North Carolina.

*August 18.*—Before breakfast, I sketched the lake, &c., from my window. A large quantity of wood lay about in all directions, for the purpose of supplying the car engines and lake steamers with fuel, wood only being used: the railroad carriages are never called by any other name than cars; they are more like movable galleries; in some respects I prefer them to carriages; they are more airy, and the seats, holding two all down each side of the centre, are roomy and comfortable. A cord runs along the middle of the roof, by which the driver may be communicated with; it is out of the reach of children: there is a conductor, who walks backwards and forwards between the long cars, which I imagine convey from sixty to eighty passengers in each; these are occasionally refreshed by an Aquarius,

walking with his little fountain of iced water, distributing it liberally at the cost of the Company. Even this small and not very much frequented place has not only a railroad which takes one down nearly to the landing-place, but also a branch off it, to convey wood. Certainly, Americans are very purpose-like and industrious, and I have as yet met with nothing but what has been polite, with the exception of the unintentional rudeness of two or three country people here, who established themselves at the window listening to our conversation, and asking for my sketch-books; but it was in the simplicity of their hearts; they meant no ill, and were only doing as they would be done by. Here I was sorry to part with Dr. Gray, who kindly came so far to put me in the way of American travel; but he first drove me in a 'wagon' about two miles' distance, to see an extensive view of the lake, which must be from seventy to eighty miles round, with deep indentations, and numerous islands thickly clothed by wood; which, not being of a size to pay for transport, is left undisturbed. I did not observe any of them to be inhabited.

I am rather pleased that our mistake about the train from Boston caused us to come here instead of to a place called the Weir; as from hence I shall go the whole length of the lake, instead of only about twelve miles to Centre Harbour, the point from which I am to visit the White Mountains. In

going up the hill I saw a fine paper birch. Those trees are numerous here, and Dr. Gray took off some sheets for me to draw upon: it is prettily shaded, and easily takes either pencil or colour; being both tough and soft, it comes off in layers. I can easily imagine how the Indians make canoes and all sorts of things of it; the tree is handsome, with larger leaves than ours has, and a still whiter stem. I found, too, the high blackberry, a handsome shrub; and a wyitch hazel, different from ours. Upon a beautiful spot overlooking the lake, we came to a house, deserted by its inhabitants about a year ago. The doors and windows were still perfectly good, and of a size far beyond a cottager's abode in England. In a week I could have made it comfortable enough to live in. A boy told us the owners had built one larger, and in a more sheltered situation. The first steamer had departed just as we returned, and it was four o'clock when Dr. Gray entered the train, to return to Boston. R—— and I went on board a very comfortable, clean boat, called the *Dover*. There were not many people on board. One American gentleman, who had been in England, Scotland, Ireland, and apparently all over the world, came and talked to me, and then presented his card before landing at Wolfsborough. At first the lake reminded me of some of ours, but it soon widened out so as to be on a grander scale; and, with its numerous islands and mountain background, I

thought it exceedingly beautiful. It was twilight before we landed at Centre Harbour, the sun having made a glorious setting. We found a very comfortable hotel here.

*August 19.*—Early this morning, I went with Mr. and Mrs. T—— and a party, in a kind of *char-à-banc*, which held nine, to Red Hill, so called from the brilliant colour of the foliage late in the year. I refused to drive up the ascent, and therefore paused at a small farm to draw. The family consisted of a grandmother and several sons, with a married daughter and children. The old woman was very obliging; she let me taste a cheese she was making, and gave me a seat at the door, where there was a beautiful view. The daughter soon came down stairs; she looked delicate, as almost all American women do; and I was amused at the simplicity with which she informed me that she should like to take the pattern of my gown, as it was exactly what she wanted; so I gave her leave to get her paper and scissors for the purpose, and she accepted my permission quite as a matter of course. This evening I saw seven or eight cows driven by the owner, who occupied a gig. He was a respectable looking man, with a good horse, which he drove, *ad libitum*, first on one side the road, and then over the turf or into the ditch on the other side!

After considering different routes, I am inclined to

go by Conway to-morrow to the Notch, instead of Plymouth. I got a yellow *Gerardia* to-day, on the Red Hill; it is a beautiful plant; perhaps it is *Gerardia quercifolia*.

*August 20.—Centre Harbour.*—Last night I made acquaintance with the brother and sister of a gentleman who came over in the *Canada*; we determined to go on together by the Conway House route to the White Mountains, in a kind of *char-à-banc* we are to hire for the purpose, instead of proceeding by coach to the Weir (another place on this lake), and there taking the road for Plymouth. We arrived at Conway House before three o'clock, having been long in making the journey of thirty miles, owing to a very hilly road, nearly all the way through deep sand. The drive was hot and dusty, but very beautiful, through woods and by lakes; one called Long Pond, another Six-Mile Pond, &c. I could have supposed myself in Scotland, in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe, or the Garry Lochs, had it not been for the paper birch, sugar maples, &c. &c., and the undergrowth of scrub oak—a very pretty shrub, which I have not before seen. There were no horses to take us on, after our dinner at Horace Fabian's house, therefore we must make up our minds to go very early to-morrow (Sunday), so as to get to Crauford House, at the Notch, White Mountains, by one o'clock.

We left Conway this morning, August 20th, at six o'clock, in a very comfortable open carriage, with three horses; such a beautiful drive! The country resembles Braemar, near Invercauld, but is still finer, as the mountains are higher and the foliage is more varied. We passed the Willow-house, out of which an unfortunate family of nine persons fled, a few years ago, to avoid a slip in the mountains. The house was untouched, and these poor people were buried alive by the falling stones a short distance from it. We arrived at the hotel in good time; I found some acquaintances there, and was induced to accompany them in a *char-à-banc*, drawn by six horses, to the summit of Mount Willard. Having once embarked in the undertaking, I was ashamed to insist upon being let off; but the ascent was really a tremendous one for any vehicle whatever; and how we ever got safely up and down again, is a marvel to me. This house is full of people, but all is comfortably arranged. I like one American plan, of paying for inn accommodation; no bill of items is ever given. The payment is at the rate of three or four dollars a-day, and there is an end of it. This saves much trouble and time. Dining is not cheap at those hotels; but those who keep them for the convenience of travellers must have a certain sum; and what does it signify whether this is charged for wax candles or for bread-and-butter?

*August 21.*—A party went off this morning by eight o'clock to ascend Mount Washington on horse-back, and perhaps to spend the night there; but I resisted all temptation to join it, having quite enough to amuse and occupy me below. Another beautiful day—beautiful for us, but not for the poor farmers, who feel the present drought. Most of the streams and waterfalls are dry; but we are ready to compound for some loss of picturesque effect for the sake of the charming weather. Yesterday, I ate sweet potatoes at dinner; they taste very like chestnuts. Such things are not grown here, but come from the South. I find extreme civility and attention from all the waiters and attendants in the White Mountain hotels. On the whole, my impression of the American people has been hitherto far more agreeable than I expected. One gentleman, at Centre House, held forth upon the backwardness of England, and about her institutions having been stationary for the last two hundred years. I asked him whether he had ever visited the country, and upon his allowing he had not, I advised him to defer making up his opinion until he had had a fair opportunity of judging. I do not think his notions were sympathized with by those who were around us. The everlasting rocking-chairs among the ladies make me quite dizzy, and give me a sea-sick feeling: and the custom raises an idea of want of rational occupation, without even the doubt-



ful satisfaction of a '*dolce far niente*.' The broad English farmer-like pronunciation is also unpleasant to English ears; but good humour and the laws of kindness have prevailed wherever I have yet been, united to a higher general intelligence than among the majority of our population. The difference between us appears to be that our highest classes have more principle, elegance, and refinement; the women more energy and activity, and the men more athletic amusements; while our middle and lower classes are less highly educated, perhaps rather more narrow-minded, and physically, work harder; although, in some respects, I think the Americans wear themselves out sooner, particularly those occupied in manufactures or mercantile affairs. The race and the appearance of horses is an example which runs through everything here. There are none so perfect as our most perfect; but the animals generally go better, and are better fed than second or third-rate horses in England. I had a pleasant walk with Mr. T——, who was very kind in helping me over difficulties, and patient in waiting while I drew, or hunted for plants. I found Trilliums in seed, and the roots of some kind of Epiphyte, and a beautiful little creeping evergreen (*Chiogenes*) on the rotten trunks of trees; many other forms were new to my eyes. The party who went up the mountain have returned, excepting one lady and some gentlemen, who determined to

pass the night in a little hotel there, to see the sun rise. All were much fatigued, and a storm of wind and a foggy morning disappointed those who had adventured an uncomfortable night.

*August 23.*—My acquaintances invited me to join a party of ten in an open *char-à-banc* to go on to the Profile House, about twenty-five miles, at Franconia. We started, as soon as Mrs. P—— came down from Mount Washington, about three o'clock. The drive was beautiful, just our Highlands upon rather a greater scale as to forests and torrents; with mountains about the height of those round Braemar. Smoke rose in all directions from the burning trees. We passed close to one of considerable size, which was on fire at the bottom, with flames creeping up the trunk and peeping out of holes. It was dark before we reached the Profile House, an hotel built, as usual in this country, upon a very large scale: the saloon or drawing-room I should imagine at least thirty-eight feet square, and the dining-room sixty feet long. There are probably eighty travellers accommodated here at this moment. Streams of visitors usually succeed each other for about three months; but during the rest of the year few people come to this mountainous district. After breakfast to-day, our party set off in the *char-à-banc* with four horses, to see the waterfalls and the Valley of the Flume; passing by the mountain Profile and

lake. A legend is attached to the latter, which says, that all who rise early enough may see the old man of the mountain take his bath in the lake. The scenery round the Flume House is so fine, that I mean to remove there, five miles from hence, to-morrow; and I shall join an American acquaintance, Miss F——, who has been much in England, and who likes drawing and rambling as much as I do. I shall be the more willing to exchange my quarters, as the friends I have travelled with from Lake Winnepessiogee return to their homes at Boston to-morrow. This afternoon we rowed upon the Echo Lake, and heard all its reverberations of horns, and cannon, and voices, which are very clear and distinct. It is a 'pond' of no great size, but deep—very deep. Before tea I walked to Profile Lake to finish a sketch, and look for flowers. I found a very sweet and pretty yellow *Utricularia*, quite new to me, growing at the edge of the water; and I also picked a copper-coloured cotton-grass, to-day, near the Flume House, besides a beautiful little creeping plant in the woods. To-night, the forest is on fire upon a mountain just above this house: the sight is grand, but rather terrific. These fires are believed to arise from carelessness, or, perhaps, occasionally from some spirit of wanton mischief. They can only be extinguished by heavy rain; and now the underwood is so very dry, much damage

may be done. I suppose the flames we have been watching may be at two miles' distance; but if the wind should rise and drive them down towards this hotel, I should be alarmed for its safety; being erected entirely of wood, sparks falling upon it would be very dangerous. For some days past we have observed these forest fires in many directions. Sometimes they are intentional, to make clearings, but in general they are regretted; and I feel grieved at the destruction of the beautiful trees and underwood which thirty years' growth cannot replace.

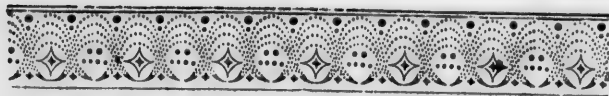
As the weather continues so enjoyable for mountain exercises, I propose to remain at the Flume till Monday next; then, probably, we shall take the railroad, ten miles from thence, and visit Lake George, if I hear that Mr. T—— is there; or else I may go by Montreal to Quebec, putting off the Falls of Niagara until after my return, as I am told that brilliant autumn tints will add to the picturesque effect, and if possible increase the splendour of Niagara. This evening a German gentleman played on the piano in the large room, with the usual taste and musical knowledge of his country, and some young ladies and gentlemen waltzed quietly and gracefully. All the travellers I fall in with are civil and obliging. I have not had as yet the least reason to complain of want of attention from either masters or servants. I am told I may be less

fortunate as we travel further west or south ; but hitherto none of my own little preparations or conveniences against travelling difficulties have been in requisition ; the only thing I miss is good household bread. There seems to be no such article in use ; nothing but new soft rolls and biscuits, and buckwheat cakes, which are so like our pancakes, that I mistook them for something of that kind. So much for eatables. As to drinkables, I have hardly observed any one gentleman or lady take any other beverage than iced water, milk, or tea. It is said that all classes of men make great use of brandy, but I have not seen any of it drunk ; and as to smoking, it is not more general here than in England. It is not made half as disagreeable as in Germany.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

P.S.—This letter will be conveyed to Boston tomorrow morning. I have not any time to read over what I have written, therefore repetitions are probable. I have little chance of hearing from England till I reach Canada, and the month since I left it appears four times as long, from having already seen so many new faces and fresh places. Very little public news has reached me, and I feel anxious about the Baltic fleet, particularly as I hear that cases of cholera have occurred on board the *St. Jean d'Acre*.



## LETTER VI.

### PLEASANT RAMBLES.

FLUME HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS,  
NEW HAMPSHIRE, U.S.

August 25.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I came here yesterday from the Profile House, in one of the usual *char-à-bancs*; some friends went the other way on their return home, but I found all my new *compagnons de voyage* obliging and agreeable. As the distance was only five or six miles, I requested to be left to sketch rocks and a waterfall by the roadside, about half of that distance, where the mountain-torrent has worn the granite into a singular bowl. After trying almost fruitlessly to give some idea of the place, I enjoyed a pleasant walk through the still and tranquil forest, with a sense of the most perfect security. No fear of Indian tomahawk, or wild or uncivil or riotous human beings; not a reptile of any kind to prevent me from going into the bush

and bog after flowers; even bears are now hardly ever seen in these woods, though it is said that one has made its way to a patch of corn near this house. I think there is no positive proof that some tamer animal was not the marauder. When I reached this hotel, I found R—— comfortably settled, and my things in a pleasant room with a verandah, looking upon an extensive view on two sides. I have both windows wide open all night, without feeling any draught, though I sleep between them; and yet I have felt no heat so oppressive as that of a warm summer's day in England.

*August 26.*—Yesterday, I much enjoyed the fine scenery. A lady who has passed some time in England went out to draw with me; and after dinner, Dr. — and Mrs. B——, both kind and pleasant people, accompanied us in another ramble. What is called 'the Flume' is very fine; and the waters being so low, there is no difficulty in walking up the bed of the torrent. Enormous tables of granite rock, apparently without a flaw for twenty yards together, bed the stream in an easy ascent to a rocky gorge, where an immense boulder, almost circular, hangs suspended overhead, jammed in between two cliffs. How fine it must be, when the water roars down this chasm! though a drought now enables us to see the channel more completely; and at another point called the Dell,

a steep descent brings one down to a pool of twenty or thirty feet in depth, clear as crystal; here, a rude boat has been established by an old man and his wife, with their son; for this little emerald-coloured mountain 'tarn' is of sufficient size to paddle about in it.

The larger drawing-room in this hotel, is fitted up with every comfort, and there is an excellent piano. The evening party was large, perhaps from forty to fifty; an elephant well manufactured out of two bipeds walked in to amuse the children; one of the house-attendants played quadrilles very fairly on the violin; two sets were made up for dancing: some young ladies also sang in tune and very sweetly together. Attached to both this house and the Notch, there are bowling-alleys under cover, where ladies and gentlemen can take exercise and amusement in wet weather. On the whole, I doubt whether in England as large and heterogeneous a society accidentally gathered together, would conduct itself with so much good humour and propriety as that which I find here. All converse without introduction, yet I have seen nothing like forwardness or vulgarity of manner: though there is a *degree* of restraint and stiffness, I find myself much more at home than I should be in any hotel, either on the Continent of Europe or in the British Isles—it is more like the freedom of a very large



country-house in England. This peculiarity of American manners I have never heard mentioned—and it is certainly a striking one. I hear the gong going its rounds to awaken the sleeping, as we breakfast at seven o'clock, and at as early as six a gong is sounded; the same custom prevailed at the Profile House, which belongs to the person who has this hotel also. I go to bed at nine or soon after, and get up with the light.

*August 26.*—We had rain yesterday, the first which has fallen in this mountain region for three months; and it gave me an opportunity of seeing how a wet day is got through here. After breakfast, there was a great deal of agreeable music, to which the whole company listened with enjoyment; two or three young ladies and one gentleman sang duets and trios and lively songs very well. Afterwards, a large party adjourned to the house appropriated to bowling: there are three alleys, and slides for the return of balls; the game was played with sides: it is a good exercise. After joining in one game, I left them, the weather having rather improved, and went out with my umbrella and sketch-book,—as I was anxious to see a view overlooking the house. I got drenched, but succeeded in my wishes, and after dressing, I went down stairs to a comfortable wood-fire in one of the smaller parlours. Before tea there was some needlework

going on, a whist-table (but no one plays for money here), and a young lady played nursery songs at the piano, six little children belonging to different visitors joining their voices in the choruses, one as young as four, but all were in tune, and seemed to enjoy it much. After tea, there was again music and dancing, and I played a rubber of whist with two gentlemen and a lady till bedtime. One of the gentlemen had lent me a Boston paper containing the last news from Europe, by which it appears that the Island of Aland and the Crimea are both under attack. Some of the people here are South-erns, and two families have black nurses.

These mountains attract visitors from all parts of the Union, and I have no doubt the summer meetings—either here, at Newport, Nahant, Saratoga, or the Virginia Springs—tend much to promote acquaintanceship and good feeling among the different States, which vary so much in their internal laws and regulations. Bigamy is severely punished in nearly all, while polygamy has been hitherto not only permitted but encouraged among the Mormons. Yet I am told that the Mormon delegate to Congress is thought a sensible and intelligent man, though he has seven wives! but it seems to be hoped that much time will not elapse before the immorality and absurdities introduced by Smith and Young, and hitherto enforced upon their deluded followers, will be

cast off. At present their polity is a kind of spiritual despotism; yet it is generally admitted that their community is orderly and very industrious; though as no man can leave his property to his children or relations, it falls to the church upon his death, and the accumulation of such riches must strengthen the power of the priestly Mormons, and enable them to keep their people in subjection for a considerable time to come. I do not yet understand how this accumulation of property is to be applied.

*August 27.*—There is a chapel here, which is used if any clergyman who is travelling can do duty; but that not being the case to-day, service was not read. No church is within an accessible number of miles. After dinner, two or three families, consisting of seventeen individuals, went away for the purpose of sleeping to-night at Plymouth, twenty-five miles distant, to catch a railroad there early to-morrow, or, as it is here expressed, 'to meet the cars.' Nearly all the travellers and inmates gathered at the door to see the party off, and to wish them good-bye, although many had met here for the first time in their lives. Greater cordiality and kindness of feeling was evinced on this occasion than I ever saw before among people so new to each other. But I am told that in hotels in and near great

towns, there is little of that frankness and cordiality which have so pleasingly impressed me at the White Mountains.

The weather was again fine to-day, and in the afternoon I walked alone up the Flume. It is the bed of a torrent which comes down a very picturesque defile: now, while the water is low, one can walk along the wide, smooth, granite tabular rocks, which during the winter are covered by the foaming waters. I never saw such huge masses of granite before: it is very white and large grained; and as I saw no mica, I suppose it may be sienite. When I returned home, some of the people had got what they called a hedgehog, just caught in the woods; I did not see it very near, but as it was the size of a small pig, I conclude it must have been some species of porcupine.

*August 28.*—This morning Miss F—— and I got to the top of Pemmewhasset, a mountain above this house, from which there is a charming view up and down the valley of the Saco. The ascent was gradual and easy, but we did not reach the Hotel again till long after dinner-time; and though we met a party going up on horseback, we did not regret having trusted to our own feet, which is much pleasanter than riding, and enables one to look after plants, besides which, I feel more safe, and by sitting down frequently to rest, the fatigue is not very much

greater than on horseback. After our return, the weather cleared sufficiently for me to see an extensive view of the valley from my window, which has hitherto been hid by smoke and clouds ; and I made a sketch from the verandah. The coach brought many more visitors, among them a Mr. and Mrs. C——, from the South, who will go on with me to-morrow as far as Plymouth, and I am by and bye to try if I can visit them at Apalachicola, in Florida.

*August 29.*—I proceed this morning after breakfast, at eight o'clock, for Burlington, going round by Plymouth instead of Lyttleton, to avoid returning ten miles by the same route which brought me here ; and I thus see the Saco valley, which I am told is beautiful.

*August 30.*—*Wells River, New Hampshire.*—This is so pretty a place, that I determined to stop here at three o'clock yesterday, and go on to-morrow by the eleven o'clock cars, which will reach Burlington by five. I have a letter to the Bishop of Vermont, who lives within a mile or two of that place ; it is on Lake Champlain. The weather is again perfect. I spent all yesterday evening walking about and sketching. The people here vie with one another in kindness and civility, yet I have been troubled with nothing unpleasantly obtrusive. From the Flume House we came hither in a coach, with

six active horses well driven in hand. It carried eighteen passengers, nine inside and nine outside. The road, through deep sand, runs nearly the whole way by the River Saco, the same we passed at Conway. I am told it flows into the sea somewhere near Portland, and that this valley is not that of Mirimak, but Saco. The Mirimak river is the outpouring of Lake Winnepesiogee. We had observed it flowing by Dover, &c. as we came from Boston; it is a handsome river. Mr. and Mrs. C——, from the South, and six other ladies, all agreeable people, were my companions in the coach to Plymouth. We dined there; they took the cars for Boston, and R—— and I for this place. A smaller and a larger river unite here; the Indian name of one is Amanonuset. I hope I may find out the translation of it, for these Indian names have always some beautiful meaning. The two railroad stations are almost close together: one is called Woodsville, and another Wells River *dépôt*—the word used in America. The hills around, well wooded, but with openings and rocks enough to be picturesque, are tossed about in every direction. All this country is called granitic on Marcou's geological map; but we passed through a cutting yesterday which looked more like something Silurian; it might have been a mica schist of some kind. The breakfast hour here is half-past six; and before I start for Burlington by the eleven

o'clock cars, Mr. Wild, the master of this Wells House Hotel (he was born and brought up in the White Mountains, between the Notch and Profile Houses), offers to show me the rapids of the Connecticut River.

*August 31. — Burlington.* — I had a pleasant, though hot and dusty journey here yesterday. Notwithstanding the frequent changing of cars, which occurs sometimes four or five times in a distance of about 120 miles, I prefer the American mode of travelling in long cars, to that upon our railroads. I have as yet seen no great carelessness, except that of crossing the roads with no other warning than large boards overhead, on each side with a notice to 'Look out for the Engine,' in large letters — (about Boston, '*while the bell rings*' is added); and it is the duty of the fireman, or the conductor, before and after passing every crossway, to ring a large bell, which swings above his head; but from Plymouth here, I have heard none of these bells. The long cars, which on an average carry sixty each, are comfortable; you may turn two seats so as to face each other; and though they are intended to accommodate two or three each, R—— and I, by taking possession in time, have always been left to ourselves; and even if you have a dirty or disagreeable neighbour, it is not half so bad at any

time as the Rhine steam-boats—for no smoking is allowed in these cars. They are very airy, and have comfortable seats. There is a sense of security, too, in the greater width and solidity, and the power of ready communication with every part of the train. I may change my opinion, but hitherto I have found travelling in the American cars less fatiguing than in our railroad carriages.

I gained some information from Mr. Wild, in our walk to the rapids before leaving Wells River. R—— and I set off with him about half-past nine o'clock. When we got to the descent through thick forest down to the river, she was obliged to give up the attempt, having got some flowers for me, and too much in her hands for the scrambling necessary. Between the drought and the fir-choppings, it was so slippery that even Mr. Wild fell two or three times in giving me assistance; and I was often obliged to take to my hands and knees, from not being able to keep upon my feet; however, I got down to the edge of the river. The Connecticut widens out here, looking almost like a lake, and then rushes through such a narrow gorge between rocks, that an active hunter might leap his horse from one side to the other. In winter, it must be a fine rush; at present, the river is so low that it can get through the passage quietly enough. I find that three



rivers meet at this point. I thought there were only two. I suppose, therefore, 'Three Rivers,' which I found marked upon a map I have, is the right name of the place.

We returned only just in time for the eleven o'clock train; and as there is no other for Burlington, to have missed this one would have been inconvenient. I never had such a beautiful drive as that through the whole country to Lake Champlain. As far as White River junction, it follows the Connecticut for fifty miles, and then the White River. The scenery may be compared alternately to that of the Tay, the Tweed, and the Tamar, but still finer than all; with gardens, ornamental trees, relieved by maples now getting their scarlet liveries, foregrounds of maize and brilliant orange pumpkins, and every now and then a column of white smoke rising from the forest fires. These Vermont Mountains are not higher than those around Blair and Invercauld, so that they never rise into the gigantic peaks of the Swiss Alps; but they are very lovely.

On reaching Burlington, though nearly dark, the master of the hotel provided me with a safe little carriage to drive out to the Bishop of Vermont's, about two miles' distance. I found him with his family, and received an obliging invitation to spend the next day with them. There is not much to be seen at Burlington. I have heard of its beauty, but,

with the exception of the lake, it seems a sandy, uninteresting place,—the lake itself looking like a sea; and it would take seven or eight hours to steam rapidly down it. I find myself in a comfortable, large hotel, well provided in all respects. At ten o'clock, I walked with R—— out to the Bishop's. I did not see a great many flowers on our way, owing to the vegetation being so burned up; but I found fine trees of the black oak, covered with acorns with large dumpy cups: the 'pigeon grass' (so called here), and a pretty little vetch. I made a sketch of the lake, and of Burlington, from the Bishop's verandah—a fine eagle soaring about as an accessory to the view; and, after an early dinner, we walked down to a beautiful little rocky bathing bay, where the children disport themselves in the water without the least fear or danger. Growing among sand and rocks, a pretty Iris in seed. Whether unknown in England or not, I cannot tell; but in going through a rocky copse, I gathered a fern, and several things new to my eyes; and on the shore I picked up some fresh-water shells. I understand there are rattlesnakes in one or two spots in this neighbourhood, but it seems they have so large a bump of 'locality,' that they remain as constant to particular spots as flowers to their habitats. So that, unless one goes to visit them, there is no danger of making their acquaintance; therefore I

shall always inquire their whereabouts. I did not take my leave till near eight o'clock at night.

*September 2.—Quebec, Spencer Wood.*—As I left Burlington in the steamer, to take the cars at Roches Point, by four o'clock in the morning, arrived at Montreal by eleven, and left for Quebec at seven in the evening, I had no time for writing, yesterday. Dr. L——, the professor and a clergyman, was so obliging as to take me a pleasant drive round the heights, from whence we had a fine view of the St. Lawrence River and the neighbourhood. I visited the Roman Catholic church and the Museum, where I saw some stuffed specimens of the wild beasts which are now becoming extinct in the woods of this part of Canada. I saw also a specimen of a small owl which is peculiar to these parts.

Before seven o'clock we went on board the steamer, which was very full of passengers for Quebec. Among them a party of squaws and Indian boys from some tract bordering upon this great river: they had a large assortment of neat and showy handiworks in beads for sale—gentlemen's travelling caps, bags, slippers, and watch-cases, and seemed to be very shrewd and cautious in carrying on their bargains, though I could not make them understand either French or English. I do not know when they '*absquatulated*' (to use a Far West expression), but as we stopped several times during the night, and I

did not see them afterwards, I suppose they landed somewhere. We did not undress. As some individuals of our large party in the ladies' cabin were talking or moving about at all times during the night, we could only get snatches of sleep in our berths; and I thought this night's voyage so tiresome and tedious, that with the first dawn of light I went on deck; but owing to the great width of the river, and the steamer keeping in mid-channel, we were not close enough to either shore to make her progress interesting. I think the St. Lawrence is nearly as wide as Ullswater is long, and it is difficult to realize that we are traversing a river instead of crossing a lake. I saw very little shipping till we arrived at Quebec—a few lumber schooners at anchor here and there, but nothing sailing; very different this from the liveliness of the sea around Beverley and Salem.

The population of Quebec and Montreal, upon a first inspection, does not look so well-to-do and thriving as that of Boston, and some other American cities: this may be partly owing to the prevalence of Roman Catholics here, just as one finds it in Europe. Where that persuasion has the ascendancy, the people are either stationary or retrograde; and in Quebec there are more churches and more beggars than in any other place I have yet seen on this side the Atlantic. Indeed, I never met a beggar in Boston—not even among the Irish; and ladies have told me they

could not find a poor family on whom to exercise their benevolent feelings. We arrived at this place by breakfast time: it has a thoroughly English appearance, with a splendid view of the St. Lawrence from the windows.

Lord Elgin tells me this is the day for the letters to go, so I must conclude hastily; and, as there is rain, I shall probably do little more to-day than stay indoors and rest myself.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER VII.

QUEBEC.

SPENCER WOOD, QUEBEC,  
*Sept. 2, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I suspect that the end of the letter which I sent off yesterday, just after my arrival, was dated the 3rd instead of the 1st: my notions about days and dates were rather confused, from having been very little in bed since Wednesday night. I find now that my letter written a week ago from Wells River, to fix the day of my coming here, never reached Lord Elgin: the American post-office does not appear to be as exact or as well-regulated as ours. I hope you receive all my packets? I think this will be the fifth or sixth letter I have sent off. I generally write about once a fortnight—but not a line from you yet, or from any one in England, excepting a letter I have got from Mr. S——, dated August 2nd; but despatches from home are expected to-day, and I hope to get something. This

morning, at seven o'clock, it is still thick and rainy—I cannot even see the St. Lawrence from my window ; and all day yesterday we had a large coal fire. September is considered the last of the summer months in Canada ; and with the leaves still green, the weather looks and feels, at present, very like a mild November in England.

This is a large house, with a good conservatory, and handsome reception-rooms, though they are considered low for their size. The fields and turf look as green as in England—the first bit of fresh-looking grass I have seen these three weeks. At Montreal there was not the least appearance of verdure, and very few trees, even immediately about the town, though the villas and the hills are well wooded. I found that place prettier than I expected ; but it must be an uninteresting residence, as there appears to be but one drive around the hill at the back. A bridge on the tubular principle, which will be the largest in the world, is begun ; it is to unite the town with the railroad over the St. Lawrence ; I was told that 1600 workmen are already employed in its construction. It is the undertaking of an English company, and may vie with our Crystal Palace in the enterprise and skill it will call forth.

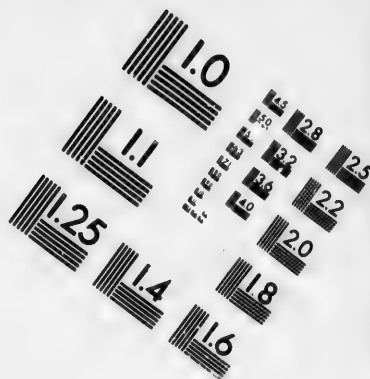
Lord Elgin is much occupied just now by the opening of the new Canadian Parliament, on the 6th ; and of course the party spirit, and agitation, and

jealousy which the reform and enlargement of that body have excited is unbounded. Everyone wants to do and to be everything; and though to an impartial stranger it is a difficult matter to comprehend what these people would be at, yet it is interesting to observe the efforts of a young nation to make use of a newly-acquired power. It resembles the first attempts of an infant to exercise its legs—eager, awkward, and almost alarming, though necessary and salutary to gain habit, future strength, and experience; but as patience and temper are required from a good nurse when her child begins to walk alone; so even the calmness and placability of Lord Elgin is likely to be severely tried by his wayward children here—they may even quarrel with their own bread-and-butter, to begin with.

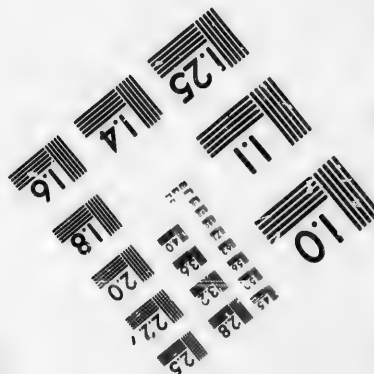
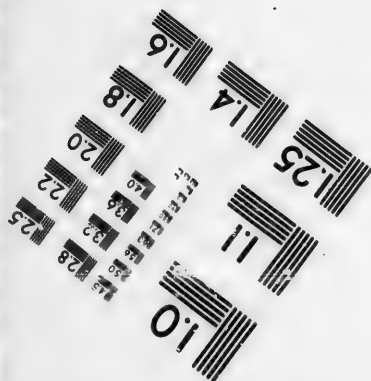
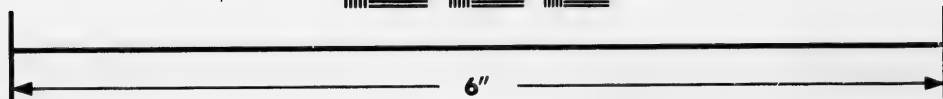
*Sept. 3.—Monday.*—I had a day of repose yesterday. The gentlemen went off early to their official duties, and I was very glad to rest myself, and gather up my thoughts a little. We dined at seven, and I went early to bed. This morning an English mail arrived, and we got letters. Cholera seems worse in England than I had any idea of; that complaint has abated here. In the afternoon, Lord Elgin drove me in his phaeton to the Cathedral at Quebec—a large respectable building, with a good organ, remarkably well played, and the singing led by the pleasing voices of young Quebec







A resolution test chart featuring various patterns of horizontal and vertical lines of increasing frequency. Each pattern is accompanied by a numerical value indicating its resolution. The values include 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, 6.3, 7.1, 8.0, 9.0, 10, 11.2, 12.5, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22.5, 25, 28, 32, 36, 40, 45, 50, 56, 63, 71, 80, 90, 100, 112, 125, 140, 160, 180, 200, 225, 250, 280, 320, 360, 400, 450, 500, 560, 630, 710, 800, 900, 1000, 1120, 1250, 1400, 1600, 1800, 2000, 2250, 2500, 2800, 3200, 3600, 4000, 4500, 5000, 5600, 6300, 7100, 8000, 9000, 10000, 11200, 12500, 14000, 16000, 18000, 20000, 22500, 25000, 28000, 32000, 36000, 40000, 45000, 50000, 56000, 63000, 71000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 112000, 125000, 140000, 160000, 180000, 200000, 225000, 250000, 280000, 320000, 360000, 400000, 450000, 500000, 560000, 630000, 710000, 800000, 900000, 1000000, 1120000, 1250000, 1400000, 1600000, 1800000, 2000000, 2250000, 2500000, 2800000, 3200000, 3600000, 4000000, 4500000, 5000000, 5600000, 6300000, 7100000, 8000000, 9000000, 10000000, 11200000, 12500000, 14000000, 16000000, 18000000, 20000000, 22500000, 25000000, 28000000, 32000000, 36000000, 40000000, 45000000, 50000000, 56000000, 63000000, 71000000, 80000000, 90000000, 100000000, 112000000, 125000000, 140000000, 160000000, 180000000, 200000000, 225000000, 250000000, 280000000, 320000000, 360000000, 400000000, 450000000, 500000000, 560000000, 630000000, 710000000, 800000000, 900000000, 1000000000, 1120000000, 1250000000, 1400000000, 1600000000, 1800000000, 2000000000, 2250000000, 2500000000, 2800000000, 3200000000, 3600000000, 4000000000, 4500000000, 5000000000, 5600000000, 6300000000, 7100000000, 8000000000, 9000000000, 10000000000, 11200000000, 12500000000, 14000000000, 16000000000, 18000000000, 20000000000, 22500000000, 25000000000, 28000000000, 32000000000, 36000000000, 40000000000, 45000000000, 50000000000, 56000000000, 63000000000, 71000000000, 80000000000, 90000000000, 100000000000, 112000000000, 125000000000, 140000000000, 160000000000, 180000000000, 200000000000, 225000000000, 250000000000, 280000000000, 320000000000, 360000000000, 400000000000, 450000000000, 500000000000, 560000000000, 630000000000, 710000000000, 800000000000, 900000000000, 1000000000000, 1120000000000, 1250000000000, 1400000000000, 1600000000000, 1800000000000, 2000000000000, 2250000000000, 2500000000000, 2800000000000, 3200000000000, 3600000000000, 4000000000000, 4500000000000, 5000000000000, 5600000000000, 6300000000000, 7100000000000, 8000000000000, 9000000000000, 10000000000000, 11200000000000, 12500000000000, 14000000000000, 16000000000000, 18000000000000, 20000000000000, 22500000000000, 25000000000000, 28000000000000, 32000000000000, 36000000000000, 40000000000000, 45000000000000, 50000000000000, 56000000000000, 63000000000000, 71000000000000, 80000000000000, 90000000000000, 100000000000000, 112000000000000, 125000000000000, 140000000000000, 160000000000000, 180000000000000, 200000000000000, 225000000000000, 250000000000000, 280000000000000, 320000000000000, 360000000000000, 400000000000000, 450000000000000, 500000000000000, 560000000000000, 630000000000000, 710000000000000, 800000000000000, 900000000000000, 1000000000000000, 1120000000000000, 1250000000000000, 1400000000000000, 1600000000000000, 1800000000000000, 2000000000000000, 2250000000000000, 2500000000000000, 2800000000000000, 3200000000000000, 3600000000000000, 4000000000000000, 4500000000000000, 5000000000000000, 5600000000000000, 6300000000000000, 7100000000000000, 8000000000000000, 9000000000000000, 10000000000000000, 11200000000000000, 12500000000000000, 14000000000000000, 16000000000000000, 18000000000000000, 20000000000000000, 22500000000000000, 25000000000000000, 28000000000000000, 32000000000000000, 36000000000000000, 40000000000000000, 45000000000000000, 50000000000000000, 56000000000000000, 63000000000000000, 71000000000000000, 80000000000000000, 90000000000000000, 100000000000000000, 112000000000000000, 125000000000000000, 140000000000000000, 160000000000000000, 180000000000000000, 200000000000000000, 225000000000000000, 250000000000000000, 280000000000000000, 320000000000000000, 360000000000000000, 400000000000000000,



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ladies and gentlemen. After church, we walked on the platform overlooking the St. Lawrence, where there is an extensive and beautiful view. Before going home, we called to inquire after a sick young lady at Sir H. C——'s, and saw another fine view of Quebec, with its mountains and river; we walked back from thence two miles to Spencer Wood. The Sunday amusement of young men here seems to be driving about little gigs, or wagons as they are called, in the most reckless and furious way possible: it seemed to me as if they would knock down even their Governor-General without the least compunction, if he happened to be in their way!

*September 5.*—I did not write yesterday. In the morning I was absorbed by a file of English newspapers down to the eighteenth of last month. Alas! social questions seem to be still made of secondary importance by the war. Not a word about the erring children, so I conclude nothing has been done to save them from deeper crime. A young man of twenty, at Dartmoor, has made a most furious and savage attempt on the life of one of the keepers. Ten years ago that man was a child—who but the Parent State is to blame that he is now a murderer?

*September 6.*—In the afternoon of yesterday, I spent three hours botanizing. There are some interesting plants in a wood not far distant, par-

ticularly some ferns, worth transplanting into our English gardens. The Governor-General opened the Parliament to-day; but as he leaves them to choose their Speaker, preparatory to his speech being delivered to-morrow, I put off going till then. I went to call upon a lady to whom I had a letter of introduction: she lives for the present (while out of town) at a cottage within a walk of this place, where I found a garden with some interesting plants of this country, and one of the most venerable-looking paper birch trees I have yet seen, for they have generally been straight and of no great size; this has many arms branching to the ground. Mrs. M—— told me that only yesterday a humming-bird came to the creeper near her window. I did not know they were found so far north; and I have not yet been so fortunate as to see one.

A Mr. Sicotte has been elected Speaker, upon the principle (as far as I can understand it) by which the Americans most usually elect their Presidents. Neither party being able to secure the election of their own man, they unite in voting for an individual not popular with either; so that in practice a popular election makes an unpopular choice:—what a paradox! Each individual voter saying to himself, ‘If I am not to have my *own* man, no one else shall have *his* man;’ and so nobody’s man is the man chosen:—is not this an odd practice? A very stormy

night—thunder and lightning, and rain—very cold, too. How lucky we have been that the bad weather has kept off till now, when, in a comfortable house with a bright fire, we can rest; and, enjoying the retrospect of past sunshine, look forward to an Indian summer for Niagara.

*September 7.*—Another cold and gloomy-looking morning, so I wrote letters, hoping for sunshine by three o'clock, when we were to go to Quebec to hear the Governor-General make his speech to the Canadian Parliament. The weather cleared up in the middle of the day; Captain H—— drove me into the town, and Colonel I—— placed me with Mrs. and Miss I—— in the gallery of the concert-room, where the Canadian Parliament has assembled since their own houses were burned. The whole place was crammed, and in the gallery were nearly as many ladies as gentlemen; the assembly showing the most breathless interest. Behind the throne there is a reporters' gallery; before it a table and chairs for the judges, of whom Mr. Bowen is the oldest in the Queen's dominions. On each side were rows of double desks, covered with crimson, two members sitting at each; and as they choose their own seats, and retain them, a man can have his particular friend by him during the session—an advantage, particularly in this country. The ceremony is much like that in England. Guns are fired when the

Governor arrives. He read the speech well and most distinctly, first in English, and then in French, the House of Deputies standing at the Bar. I thought Lord Elgin was well received, an air of great respect pervading, and I heard applause as he went out. His great ability, united as it is with firmness, and the most straightforward character possible, has been of infinite value to this rising country; although party feeling and the tempers of a few disappointed spirits, aided by an ill-written and abusive Press, in some measure dim the brilliancy of his career; or rather misrepresent it at this moment.

*September 8.*—At twelve o'clock last night, I returned from Quebec, after sitting almost nine hours, watching the proceedings of the House of Deputies with so much interest that, for the time, I was neither hungry nor tired. The order of the day—an Address upon the Governor-General's speech; but this was not brought forward at all during my stay, so what happened after twelve o'clock remains to be seen; but it appeared to me the business they had in hand was enough to occupy them during the whole of their first sitting. A *Rouge* member took precedence, by a motion to the effect that a certain Timothy Brodeur, a unanimously returned member for the district of Bagot, having illegally acted as returning officer after his election, and thus returned himself—the said Timothy Brodeur was

illegally seated ; and the motion therefore went on to summon Timothy the returning officer to the Bar of the House, to be questioned as to whether he was Timothy Brodeur, Esq., who was elected member for Bagot, or not. This motion was opposed by the lawyers attached to the Government ; first, because they knew nothing about the case ; secondly, because they affirmed it was an act of tyranny to oblige the said Timothy to give evidence against himself, without any previous notice ; and, thirdly, because Timothy Brodeur the member not being proved legally to be Timothy the returning officer, it would be a breach of Parliamentary privilege to order a member to the Bar without first proving him to be the person required. Both sides of the House, however, admitted there was but one Timothy ; and it seemed to me, upon a simple, unlearned view of the case, that there was a great deal of quibbling and special pleading ; so that I, as an unprejudiced observer, should have voted with the Opposition against the Ministry ; and I imagine Mr. Hincks, the prime minister, was not very well satisfied with the grounds upon which his colleagues were battling, for he kept out of the way as much as possible, and took no part in the long debate which followed. There were several divisions, in all of which the Ministry were beat by a majority of twenty-four or twenty-five ; apparently, the question was not if



Timothy should be questioned at all, but whether he should have time to answer whether he was the real Simon Pure, or not? And the fight seemed to be about the words 'immediately,' or 'to-morrow,' or 'next day.' I imagine that in England the whole affair would have been referred to a Committee of Privileges, and not have been allowed to stand in the way of the Address upon the Queen's Speech; but there appears such a determination in the majority to turn out the present Ministry, that perhaps it prefers to show its strength upon this question (which does not touch upon the Governor-General's speech at all, and who does not even know the circumstances which gave rise to it), than upon the Address itself. But of course this is only my conjecture, founded on the difficulty, that any truly patriotic Canadian could grumble at the speech delivered from the Throne on Wednesday last. It was more than half-past ten o'clock before Timothy was fairly brought to the Bar of the House. First the Serjeant-at-Arms was sent to summon him; but Timothy only shook his head and remained unmoved, (having the whole evening heard the complaints and borne the attacks against himself in the most silent and imperturbable manner.) Then the House felt its dignity insulted, and another motion was carried, to the effect that the Speaker should make out his warrant for the arrest of the contumacious Timothy; and lastly, the

Serjeant-at-Arms, removing the mace from the table, walked up with it to the contumacious member, who then followed quietly to the Bar, and stood there looking simple and innocent as a lamb—a gentle-looking old man, unable, I suspect, to speak English; perhaps he only half understood the business, after all. He admitted that he was Timothy Brodeur, Esq., the member, and also Timothy Brodeur, the returning officer; and that he was to be paid twenty pounds for executing the latter office in his own favour; but he said the money had never been paid to him. After this I came away, leaving Mr. Brodeur in the midst of his questioning; and as the Opposition hinted at two other cases of the same kind they meant to bring forward, it was hardly possible the answer to the Address could be debated this morning, so I hope to hear it still.

The use of the two languages, at the pleasure of the different members alternately and indifferently, had a curious effect to me. Sometimes a member, after speaking in French, was asked to repeat in English what he had said in French, and *vice versa*. It seems that many of the new members understand only one language, and this must complicate affairs considerably. The manner in which divisions are taken is good in a small assembly, but it would occupy too much time in our House of Commons. The Noes stand up, and a clerk calls over their names to be

written down at the table, and then the same process is gone through with the Ayes. This is advantageous for a stranger, as it identifies each member.

*September 9.*—Another cold showery day, and I preferred walking into Quebec to going in a carriage, having had no exercise yesterday. I called on Mrs. Mountain, the wife of the Bishop of Quebec, who sat by me at dinner here on Wednesday; and then Captain H—— took me from Judge Bowen's into the House of Deputies. There was great excitement, for the news had become generally spread that the Ministers had resigned, and that Sir Allan M'Nab was forming a new Government. This was confirmed, immediately after the House met, by Mr. Hincks himself, who moved that the orders of the day should be postponed till Monday, in consequence of the resignation of the Ministers; and then spoke for some time. He gave a sketch of all that had occurred during his tenure of office which bore upon the state of parties; alluded slightly to the numerous measures for the improvement of the people and the prosperity of Canada which had been originated and carried out during the six years he had administered public affairs; spoke feelingly of the base attacks which had been levelled at his character; and of the desertion of some former adherents who had played a base and double-dealing game, differing from the open and honest opposition which had

characterized the conduct of other men whose motives he respected. Mackenzie, that little Celtic-looking deputy who was one of the leaders of the rebellion, had removed from his own seat, and placed himself in an arm-chair so as to be nearly opposite to Mr. Hincks: he took the opportunity of uttering a loud 'Hear, hear,' upon some observation, when the speaker, immediately looking him full in the face, broke forth into a very powerful, animated, and sarcastic exposure of the bitter animosity with which Mackenzie had pursued him, showing that he (Mackenzie) uttered by various means, and through numerous channels, the most false and libellous accusations, and then had ended by becoming his opponent at the election; 'but,' continued Mr. Hincks, 'if I have had personal enemies, they have been more than counterbalanced by devoted friends. I had the satisfaction of polling more than three hundred votes when my adversary could only muster twenty-three; and also of being returned for another place, without having asked for one suffrage from the electors.' It was generally thought that the retiring minister erred only in a too modest appreciation of the services of his administration. He merely said that the statute-book would show what had been effected during the time he had been employed in the service of his country, without even pointing out that he received his office when the people were discontented,

and adverse to the rule of England; and that he gives it up, leaving them rapidly progressing, happy and loyal, with railroads opening and opened in all directions; the most magnificent bridge in the world in progress, to connect the opposite shores of the St. Lawrence; matters which have long been the cause of disunion and irritation permanently and irrevocably put to rest; and the revenues of the two divisions of Canada trebled in amount. Deeds, not words. Mr. Hincks may not have said all he might have said for his own glorification, or even for the reputation of the Governor-General; but he has left his office, having completed and carried out measures for which the Canadians will have reason to bless the rule of Lord Elgin as long as their country has a name; and, before one winter has passed over it, I am inclined to believe they will be sensible of the benefits which their late minister has been instrumental in securing to them, and who, upon looking round their House of Assembly, stands almost as superior to his detractors as Sir R. Peel once rose above those who believed themselves equal to attacking him. The House adjourned till Monday, immediately Mr. Hincks resumed his seat; and then numerous members—even Cochon and others who had been in Opposition—rushed forward to offer their hands: it was quite an interesting scene, and I observed tears on the cheeks of many.

I walked back to Spencer Wood over the Plains of Abraham, passing Wolfe's Hotel, and other memorials of by-gone events. The weather was cold and threatening; we want sunshine much; but I reached home without rain enough to annoy me. Part of the way I walked over boarded paths, which are very common about the towns instead of flagstone pavement. They are much less fatiguing, but more expensive than pavement, as frequent renewal is necessary. I have not yet attempted any sketches here. In the first place, the air has been cold, and the distances too hazy; and then I have also been occupied by the interest of the present state of affairs. I have been very fortunate in arriving just at a crisis which is quite exciting, and of course these circumstances enable me to study and to understand the state of parties and the feelings of the people here, better than I could do under the usual routine. Colonel C——, who was a former Secretary to the Governor, is here. He married a Canadian lady, and lives wholly among the French Canadians. He tells me they are a most amiable people, quite free from bigotry of a proselyting kind; that priests constantly visit at his house, but there never has been the least attempt to disturb his Protestant convictions, or to evince any irritation upon the subject. He has kindly invited me to visit his place of residence, near Montreal, when I leave this;

and I shall like much to profit by what may be my only opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners and habits of Lower Canada, which I believe are in many respects very different from those of the Upper Province.

It seems that poor Monsieur Timothy Brodeur, the cause of all the disputes and excitement in the Parliament the day before yesterday, is a deputy from Mr. C——'s neighbourhood; that his error has been wholly owing to want of knowledge. He was made to come forward rather against his own inclination, and has sacrificed his tastes and his domestic enjoyment to get into this hot water—poor man! Of course he is very much annoyed. It seems that most of the business of his return was conducted by another officer, but he unwittingly signed the paper himself, not being aware of the consequence, and the matter was taken up by another French Canadian, who, being a *Rouge*, wished, I suppose, to spite his quieter countryman; but one thing is certain, that Timothy Brodeur is not likely to attach himself to the Rouges after this business. He is an acquaintance of the new Speaker, Monsieur Sicotte, who was proposed by the Rouge party. By the bye, he seems a gentlemanly, quiet man, who conducts the business pleasantly, and who, I should imagine, will be very generally liked by the members, though he seems to have been a man little

known till he happened to be brought forward on this occasion.

If this day is fine, I shall make interest with the gardener, and get him to accompany me with his spade to a wood near, to dig up some ferns, and then I will pack up the roots and send them straight to England from hence, which I think may give them a better chance of existence than going all round by Boston.

Lord Elgin is going to have a dinner-party this evening, when the twelve retiring ministers will be present. I shall have the luck of seeing the two Cabinets all together upon two different days—the Outs and the Ins. This will be a fine opportunity for speculation. No one yet knows the names of the men likely to be put together by Sir Allan M<sup>c</sup>Nab, who may be considered the Lord Derby of Canada; and he will have a similar difficulty as the one which beset the English Conservatives,—for no minister can stand here who attempts to preserve the Clergy Reserves: whether right or wrong, the people are almost unanimous in condemning them. So, as Lord Derby was obliged to confirm free-trade in opposition to the principles of his life, so Sir Allan M<sup>c</sup>Nab must sacrifice the Clergy Reserves in opposition to his. He must select a mixed Cabinet, as his own party is otherwise too weak to stand, and nobody seems to know whether he will seek for assistance from the Rouges or the Whigs; but, as extremes generally



meet, perhaps he will prefer the ultra Radicals, with whom he has voted to turn out the last Government, rather than ally himself with those who have been more provoking, because their opinions were not so antagonistic to his own as those of the Rouges. So it is in politics as well as in religion. I observe some people are more tolerant of Jews and Mahometans, than they are of Christians who may differ only a shade from themselves—just as family quarrels are the most bitter quarrels of all. One comfort is, the people here have not any ground left now upon which they can fight to any very mischievous degree; and this happy agreement they certainly owe, in a great measure, to Lord Elgin. As well as I can guess, the present change may be attributed to a longing for office in some individuals, and a craving for variety in others. People get tired of the best thing if they have it always, provided there is any possibility of getting something else instead; and this is one of the many advantages of our hereditary monarchy—the complete prevention of change for the sake of change. As to purity of election and national choice, I have already discovered that neither the one nor the other is attained by American institutions, although as a whole, for a new country, they work very well; and I should not imagine that the United States would be more prosperous under any other form of government than the one they

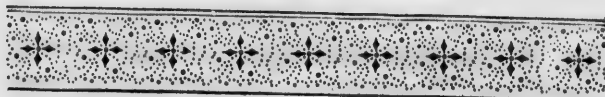
possess ; still, many people assert there is now more positive individual liberty in Canada than among the Americans. Of this I have, as yet, had no fair means of judging. As the post for England goes to-day, I must leave the solution of the ministerial crisis here for the next mail, and let this go as it is.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

The English mail has just arrived, and not one letter for me ! I shall probably stay here ten days longer, and it is best that everything should be directed the same until after the 1st of October, when my friends must address to New York; till then, Lord Elgin will know best where my letters can be sent. The sun has at last appeared, and I am going this afternoon to see the Falls of Montmorenci. I can leave this packet at the office at Quebec in my way. I will number my letters from this time, which will enable you to tell whether they reach England as regularly as I send them.





## LETTER VIII.

QUEBEC.

SPENCER WOOD, QUEBEC,  
*September 11, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

After sending off my last letter on Saturday, Lord Elgin's carriage took me into Quebec; and from thence Capt. H—— drove me to see the Falls of Montmorenci. I once heard a waterfall in the Isle of Man compared to Montmorenci; but if there is any likeness, it is only that of a dwarf to a giant. The river Montmorenci pours down, almost suddenly, more than two hundred feet—a height greater than Niagara. It is received by the magnificent St. Lawrence, and the views ten miles up it, to Quebec, and almost as far down, to Cape Tourmente, are very fine. The drive home was beautiful. Owing to a custom here of roofing churches and houses with tin plates, the city of Quebec looked, in the sunset, as if gemmed with diamonds. We had a bright, frosty-looking sun, with the air as cold as in November, in England. All the ex-ministers dined here

to-day. During the evening I was told of another place, called Three Rivers, between this and Montreal, where some beautiful scenery is accessible. By stopping there one day in my way back, I should break the fatiguing monotony of another night voyage.

*Sunday, Sept. 10.*—We went to morning service at Quebec; very cold drive; a sharp north-easterly wind. In the afternoon we walked to the Protestant Cemetery upon the next point above this place—a beautiful situation. We passed two handsome new churches, almost finished, within a quarter of a mile of each other; one Roman Catholic, the other Protestant. They were Gothic, built of the pleasing coloured grey stone of the country. Though the great mass of the population around and in Quebec are Roman Catholics, one does not hear of religious disputes: since Gavazzi excited an uproar at Montreal, I believe nothing of that kind has occurred.

I went to call upon a Canadian lady, near eighty years of age, who understands the botany of this country better than any one I have met with. In earlier years, during the time of a former Lady Dalhousie, Mrs. M—— acquired this taste from her, and she is quite pleased to have it revived. She took me to Quebec, and at three o'clock, I went to see the Canadian Parliament assemble. Sir Allan M'Nab was announced as the new minister; having formed his Government upon coalition prin-

ciples, he has taken in all the old ministers but three; changing his policy upon the Clergy Reserves, &c. &c., from deference to the general voice of this country. Sir Allan is perfectly aware that no Government can stand which refuses to adjust the Clergy Reserves. It is supposed that there are not now ten votes in the House willing to support them. So it seems the new Government comes in, only to carry out the views of their predecessors; a strong proof that this change is only made for the sake of something fresh. Of course the new ministers could not take part in the debates, as they must be re-elected. Mr. Hincks made a frank and clear statement, in refutation of accusations which have been freely circulated during the last few days to the effect that he had recommended his successor, and sold his party to him. At the same time he expressed his intention of supporting the new administration, as long as they were willing to carry out good measures. I remained in the House till it was time to return to dinner at Spencer Wood; the speeches were generally dull, excepting those of a few, whose disappointment and anger, at the result of the changes, created some excitement. One speaker actually maintained that any attack out of doors upon the character of a prime minister, was sufficient to render him unfit to continue in office, because such

attacks weakened the confidence of the people, and agitated the country ;—so, according to this doctrine, a leader is to be always at the mercy of the mendacious scandal-mongers of a community !—a most extraordinary political axiom. Captain H—— drove me and Mr. C—— home ; it was a cold, frosty night, but not quite so sharp as yesterday, when Dahlias and potatoes were cut down ; but I console myself by hoping this may be all the winter I shall get, if I proceed towards the South in December. It strikes me as singular that the weather should be so cold, while the leaves are still upon the trees, for I see none fallen, and only here and there a branch of foliage turning red and yellow.

*September 12.*—Yesterday, a lady took me to visit at a very pretty place called here Carouge, a corruption of Cap-rouge, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where the river Carouge falls into it. The view from the windows reminded of Colonel Harcourt's, near Ryde. I gathered acorns off two or three oaks there, differing from ours : one with the mid-rib of the leaf red ; and, ultimately, I hope to collect all the American species. In a wood near the house, some Indians had erected a wigwam, oblong in form, and not very picturesque ; it was lined throughout with birch bark. The drive from Spencer Wood to Cap-rouge along the banks of the river is very beautiful ; the villas between the

road and the banks belong principally to merchants engaged in the lumber trade, for the edge of the river all the way to Quebec is covered by rafts of timber, and numerous vessels are ready to convey it to England.

*September 13.*—I spent the morning with my old friend at Ash Cottage. She gave me many specimens of the early-blowing flowers, of which I can now only find the leaves, among them the Mocassin. We afterwards drove along a beautiful river coast road, and went through St. Foy. In the evening there was a ball here, attended by many pretty young Canadian ladies, who were dressed in good taste, and danced well; their general appearance and manners were beyond what is to be commonly met with at country town balls in England. I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Cameron, who lives near Lake Huron, and who promises that his daughters shall introduce me to the plants of that vicinity.

*September 14.*—Lord Elgin took me to the great Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition of Quebec, held in a fine situation overlooking the river. I saw some interesting things: one useful little instrument, not much larger than a hoe, a kind of earth-boring screw, with which you can dig to the depth of two or three feet in as many minutes. There were a few minerals, and some very pure-looking gold, found about sixty miles from hence; but unfortunately

these things were placed so much in the dark, that it was difficult to see them. An address was presented to the Governor-General, which, though unexpected on his part, he replied to, in a speech made with great promptness and facility. An early dinner, with champagne, was prepared by the committee for him and the gentlemen assembled. A farmer from London, Upper Canada, made a very purpose-like and fluent speech, and gave a general invitation to an agricultural show which is to take place in his town on the 26th instant. The sheep were scanty and poor at this exhibition. I did not much admire the pigs, though some were thought good; but there was a fine show of Ayrshire cattle, and very good cart horses; no Durham cattle, which are not thought to suit this country; but the London gentleman said they were popular in his part of the world. I was disappointed in the flower-tent: what they had of flowers and fruits having been almost destroyed the night before last, when a storm of wind blew down the tent upon them. Rain kept off during the show, but a wet evening followed. One amusing part of the scene was the different fire-brigades with their engines, competing for prizes, given according to the height to which they could eject the water. This part of the affair was very entertaining to a large majority of the crowd. A great number of people from various districts were present.



I spent the afternoon at the house of a very pleasant kind family, and went to the House of Deputies before eight o'clock, hoping to hear the conclusion of an adjourned debate upon the Address. I found the members engaged in conversation upon the motion of Mackenzie, the former rebel. He is a singularly wild-looking little man, with red hair, waspish and fractious in manner—one of that kind of people who would not sit down content under the government of an angel. He has evidently talent and energy, but he seems intent only upon picking holes in other men's coats. He spends the money of the colonists with great profusion for one purpose—printing returns from which he hopes to cull something which may damage somebody. He moved last night for the returns of all names of individual shareholders in banks, railroads, or companies of any description! Some members opposed this, as wasteful of the public money, and useless to the public business; only likely to minister to a prying, morbid curiosity about the affairs of private persons, and to be the means of annoying individuals who might not like their investments to be made a topic of gossiping conversation. Mr. Mackenzie ended by adjourning his motion. Upon the order of the day for going on with the debate about the Address, Dr. Rolph got up and made what seemed to me a very pompous and unfounded attack upon the Governor.

General for having, upon his own judgment, selected Sir A. M'Nab to form the new ministry. Dr. Rolph maintained that it was a breach of the Constitution for the Crown to send for any man to organize a new government without the advice of a minister; that if the late Premier did not tender his advice on this occasion, it was his duty to have done so; that if he did not tender his advice, it was the constitutional duty of the Governor-General to have taken that of this person; or that person (and here Dr. Rolph gave the names of several gentlemen, whom he seemed to consider more fit for the Premiership than Sir Allan), and he ended by saying, if none of these would do, 'You, Mr. Speaker, ought to have been sent for.' I thought all this very extraordinary, and contrary to the English modes of procedure; and so it appeared did the assembly. I was surprised to hear afterwards that Dr. Rolph had been considered one of the most gifted, powerful, and dangerous of demagogues, till the Governor-General, by trying him in office, showed how little talent he really possessed. I did not get away till nearly midnight, and the House adjourned directly afterwards.

*September 15.*—I had intended to have crossed over to the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, to see falls called the Chaudière, but the weather looked gloomy and unfavourable, and having other things to do, I put off that expedition: and this was fortunate,

as I should have otherwise missed Mr. F——, whose energetic devotion to the cause of the emigrants from England made me desirous to know him: he came out a steerage passenger in the *Cleopatra*—a sacrifice of comfort he has before made, with the view of ascertaining practically the treatment of emigrants. He is again going west, for information which may assist the cause he has espoused; and if I had not been so fortunate as to see him this morning, he would have left Quebec. I drove in with Lord B—— and Mr. F—— to the Government Office, and introduced the latter to Mr. O——, who gave him an invitation from Lord Elgin to dine at Spencer Wood. The afternoon turned out very fine, and I had a delightful botanical excursion across the river to Point Levi: upon rocks, and along the edge of the water, I found one of the only two *Primulas* of America, the rare *Hedysarum boreale*, *Primula Mistassinica*, *Lobelia Kalmii*, *Gentiana saponaria*, &c. &c., all beautiful plants, and quite new to me. This locality was pointed out to me by Mr. Shepherd, the enthusiastic and intelligent Scotch seedsman of Montreal. Without a hint, I should never have found the *Primula*, as it is, of course, not in flower now. I made two sketches—one of Quebec, which looks well from this place, and another of the Island of Orleans, with Cape Tourmente, and the mountains behind the Falls of Montmorenci; these can only be seen from the

opposite side of the river. Point Levi is a rambling Canadian village, where the inhabitants are all Roman Catholics, and speak little English. The place looks untidy and backward in civilization. The contrast is great between Point Levi and hamlets in the United States: everything looks new and hasty there, but all is at the same time neat, and significant of present and future prosperity. I found an odd-looking conglomerate rock along part of the road here. A clumsy dirty little steamer performs the part of ferry-boat between the opposite shores; it is the worst thing of the kind I have seen this side the Atlantic.

*September 17.*—Yesterday an accident occurred, which might have been attended with more serious consequences: the horse of one of the gentlemen here fell, whilst cantering, and rolled upon him; but, with the exception of an injury to the shoulder, which obliged him to go into barrack, at Quebec, for medical treatment, no bad consequences ensued. I drove Mrs. M—— in Lord Elgin's phaeton into the town. We found the wind not quite so cold. In the evening there was a very large dinner-party, including the whole Legislative Council. A Scotch gentleman from Perth, one of the senators, acquainted with members of our family in former years, invited me to visit him at Bytown, on the

Ottawa River, about one hundred and twenty miles from Montreal, and as I hear much of the beauty of that flood of water, I am going from hence on Thursday, taking advantage of the first day's opening of the new railroad, which will spare me another stupid night voyage down the St. Lawrence. I shall see a new country, too, and do the journey to Montreal in a shorter time, which makes it worth my while to give up Three Rivers and the Falls of the Herwaniack, and also to leave this a day or two sooner than I intended, as the cars will not be available to the public in general till about a week later, and then this expedition will be only for directors, one of whom promises to take us. By the bye, there was a very curious meteoric light on September 13th, the night of the ball here, which attracted the notice of all those who came. It was, I suppose, a kind of Aurora borealis, a broad path of shining white light, extending east and west from each horizon: when I saw it, there was no flickering; it had the appearance of a beautifully defined straight-edged zone, bright as a moonlit cloud, and about as wide as the apparent distance between the two constellations Lyra and Aquila. It remained a long time visible, considerably more than an hour; but I am not sure of its exact duration. I never saw anything like it before, nor had any one else among all who saw it here. It

was not like any Aurora borealis I have before seen, because it appeared so stationary, and its direction was not at all northwards.

*September 18.*—Bishop Mountain preached yesterday; and after church I went with Lord Elgin to visit a Canadian lady of great age. She remembers the Duke of Kent here, and Lord Dorchester, who was four times Governor-General. She looked like one of the old Flemish pictures, with her thick black dress and simple thick white cap, with grey locks escaping at intervals from beneath it; very lively and energetic, though unable to leave her room. She was delighted with the gift of a bouquet from the Governor-General, in honour of her natal day. She spoke entirely in French; expressed the most lively sentiments of loyalty towards the Queen; and looks to me as if she may live to number one hundred years. Her countenance bore the stamp of cleverness and of great originality. Colonel I—— took me to inquire after Captain H——, who is going on well; and I then saw the fine strong citadel, from which there are splendid views of Quebec and the St. Lawrence. Colonel S—— embarks his regiment for England next week, and is so obliging as to take charge of a box of plants and ferns, which I hope may get there in life. Some of them, though indigenous here, I have never seen in our gardens, and being hardy, these will be valuable additions.

I have found seeds of an *Onobrychis*, I think, of which it is probable specimens have not yet been seen in England. It is pretty enough to be a nice addition to our hardy plants, if I should be successful in introducing it. To-day we are going on an expedition to Lake St. Charles, about fifteen miles from Quebec. I am told it is well worth seeing. We left Spencer Wood before noon. The day turned out wet, but it was little more than drizzling rain; and as there is a merry party of young people, no weather damps their enjoyment. I first saw the Falls of Lorette, and upon the rocks there found a beautiful and rare fern (*Allosorus gracilis*): then, while the rest of the party preceded us, Mr. K—— was so obliging as to take me to visit a hamlet of civilized Indians, one of the Huron tribes. We missed seeing the chief, who was at his farm, but his squaw received us in her neat house, as comfortably furnished as any belonging to our best farmers. She told us her husband's mother was of French origin, but that she was pure Indian. Her age must be about seventy. She has decidedly the features of a squaw, but she is extremely intelligent, and speaks good Canadian French. This chief has only one son, but that son has six children. We bought little boxes, baskets, and pincushions, all made out of birch bark by Mrs. Paul and her husband; some of them very prettily embroidered.

The people of this village wear a kind of half Indian costume; the men, generally, very bright scarlet caps. They are Roman Catholics; and a woman showed us their little chapel, which possesses a miraculous wooden Virgin, which was supposed to have escaped burning, when everything round it, in a former locality, was destroyed by fire. This place, better built, and more clean and orderly, than most European villages, at once sets at rest the question, whether Indians can be induced to give up a nomadic life. From Lorette to Lake St. Charles, the road was but indifferent. At the house of a habitant farmer we found our pic-nic party assembled. There was an attempt to embark in canoes upon the lake, which was abandoned because it rained too heavily. The rest of the party returned for shelter, but I made a sketch from under an umbrella, and discovered two or three more plants—another pretty fern, at present quite unknown to me. Upon reaching the house, I found a merry round game going on. We then had an excellent dinner; and afterwards, to avoid a bad road in the dark, we all got into the carriages, and returned as far as Lorette, where there is a small hotel: two fiddlers, both of Indian blood, played quadrilles and waltzes in excellent time; ten or twelve couples were made up, and people were so well content with this amusement, that we did not get back to Quebec much before midnight.



*September 19.*—Rain as heavy as that of the heaviest thunderstorm in England, from six to nine; and, when I set out to walk at noon, expecting a temperature cold as November, I found shawls and wraps quite in the way; it was like a warm June morning; such a rapid change I hardly ever remember, even in our changeable climate. I went to sketch a fine view of Quebec and the St. Lawrence, as far as Cape Tourmente, from the citadel: it was very windy, and even the shelter of one of the great guns was hardly enough to enable me to keep my paper from being blown away. Afterwards I drove to see a pretty place and nice garden belonging to Dr. Douglas, at Beaufort, near Quebec. Mrs. Douglas received me very kindly, but I was sorry to miss the doctor, who went yesterday to the Chaudière. There is a very well conducted and comfortable looking public lunatic asylum, in which Dr. Douglas takes great interest, adjoining his grounds, which are extensive, and laid out with great taste. I returned to dine with Mr. and Mrs. K—— at Quebec, intending to go to the Parliament House to hear the Address discussed; but as the debate appeared likely to linger on during the night, and we had a pleasant party and agreeable house, I remained all the evening where I was.

*September 20.*—A stormy night, and the weather again bitterly cold. I went into Quebec upon

hearing that the Assembly had sat all night, and were still discussing the amendment on the Address, which, after all, was only to substitute the word 'secularization' for 'adjustment.' I was fortunate in getting to the House about half-past two o'clock, before the adjournment; so I was present at the finale, when there was a great majority for the Ministers, and it was agreed, without a division, that the Address should be carried up to-morrow by the whole House, which should adjourn till four o'clock, Thursday.

*September 21.*—Colonel Tulloch, the Government Commissioner for settling and looking after the military pensioners who have had grants of land in Canada, dined here. He has been very successful in improving their condition, and land is not—as it used to be—a misfortune, rather than a blessing, to the pensioned soldier. This improvement is partly owing to Colonel Tulloch's plan of making the grant to consist of three or four acres instead of one hundred, as was formerly the case, when the occupant, unfit to clear and bring into cultivation so large a portion, was ruined by it. Now, the smaller allotments are cultivated garden fashion; and one individual made fifty pounds last year from his three acres, principally by growing vegetables for the Toronto market. In case of the death of an occupant, his widow is left in possession on condition

that she remarries with no one but a soldier ; and no widow has ever yet (Colonel Tulloch declares) remained two months without a husband. Such is the anxiety for a housewife, that men of fifty marry widows fifteen years older than themselves, rather than remain bachelors. What a chance for antiquated spinsters wishing to change their state !

Four of the gentlemen who dined here yesterday sang Negro and Canadian boat songs in the evening, all in good time and tune ; they are very pretty airs. The 71st Regiment embarks for England on Saturday, much regretted here. I think this is the most variable climate I ever visited. Last night it was bitterly cold ; this morning the sun shines, and everything again looks summerish, while yesterday, no wraps could enable me to stand for ten minutes at the citadel to finish my sketch ; but I am told this month is not usually so cold ; there have been many icebergs seen lately near the coast, and that is supposed to be the reason of the unusual frigidity we feel here. I miss the furs which were left behind at Boston, supposed to be useless encumbrances at this time of year ; but it is to be hoped that, after my return to Montreal, I shall find myself again in a warmer climate. There is certainly more difference between the temperature of the two places than the distance would lead one to expect : here, the grass has been extremely ver-

dant this summer, while at Montreal every blade was burnt up ; and I saw nothing green whatever, except the trees. I am afraid my hopes of going back by rail are illusory. Sir Cusack Rowney was here yesterday, and he seems to consider the line wholly impassable at present, and likely to remain so till the 16th of next month ; so, instead of going by cars to-day, I must delay till Saturday, and then reconcile myself to the steam-boat passage down the St. Lawrence ; now, I shall not have time to stop at Three Rivers.

*September 22.*—Yesterday I was present at the Roman Catholic Archbishop's palace, to see the assemblage of the clergy of that persuasion, for the laying the first stone of a college. There were seven bishops, besides the archbishop, all benevolent looking men. There does not seem to be much religious bigotry with that Church here—or at any rate it keeps out of sight—and the present Governor-General does all in his power to maintain peace and charity among the differing Churches. He made a most eloquent and facile speech in French, although wholly unprepared. He alluded to the vast progress in the material world ; to the marvels of electricity and of steam, by the agency of which the inhabitants of remote settlements are brought into connexion, and railroads convey the luxuries of civilization to the backwoods of Canada and the solitary dwellings

of the Far West. He then reminded the assemblage of differing Christians that the spiritual empire of religion and morality could only be made to keed pace with material progress through the cordial union of Protestant and Catholic, in the great work of educating the young, and guiding the mature, by the lights of piety and truth. The observers and listeners of each Church appeared interested and pleased, and I trust something was effected on this occasion towards allaying and appeasing their differences. I went to make my sketch from the citadel, and afterwards returned to the Government House, to get a peep through an open door of the ceremony of taking up an Address by the whole Canadian House of Commons. It was much the same as in England. The Roman Catholic bishops afterwards presented a loyal address to Lord Elgin. I drove Mrs. K—— to her father's house on the St. Foy road, and went to take leave of Mrs. Montazambert, in my way back to Spencer Wood. There was a party of twelve at dinner—several ladies.

*September 23.*—Yesterday I went a long expedition with Col. I——, to see the Falls of the Chaudière. We crossed the ferry at Point Levi, and the drive of about ten miles on the other side of the St. Lawrence, nearly following the line of the new railway to Montreal, is very beautiful: the St. Lawrence on the right, streams and rivers occasion-

ally flowing into it; and rough cliffs, and woods, and hamlets, all along the left hand. The rocks in some places were shaded with soft grey, yellow, and brown; and all was pleasant but the road, which proved difficult, rough, and sometimes dangerous; more than usually so (I was told), owing to the railroad operations; but the old French Canadian, and his little black horse, which drew our *calèche*, did not seem at all put out, by what in England would have been thought impracticable, even though the way was evidently not well known to him, and he took us three or four miles above the Falls to a railroad bridge over the Chaudière, so that we were obliged to retrace our steps; and this, with the intricacy of the place itself, when we got there, wasted some time. The body of water which comes down is more considerable than that of Montmorenci, and the spray was too wetting for us to do more than take a glimpse of the Fall from above. I believe we ought to have been on the other side, but there was not time to remedy this mistake, and the view we did get was fine. We scrambled through a thick forest, and came out, through bog and brake, some way from the place where we had left the carriage; so Col. I—— walked back for it, and I went on to get a sketch of the Chaudière, where it joins the St. Lawrence. The sun was setting before we got to the shore, nearly opposite Spencer Wood, and if we

had again taken the roundabout way, by Point Levi, we might have missed the last ferry, besides incurring the chance of breaking down before getting there; but we were fortunate in finding a hospitable lumber merchant and his wife, who welcomed us to their warm and comfortable fire-side, and sent us at once across the river in their little boat. We landed at a wharf, about two miles from Spencer House, and got home before eight o'clock, so that I had time to get some dinner and rest, before dressing for a ball, given by Lord Elgin, as a farewell to the officers of the departing 71st Regiment, which is to embark to-morrow for England (Sept. 23rd). The dance was very lively and brilliant, and was kept up till past three o'clock this morning. The Canadian ladies certainly amuse themselves more easily and pleasantly than we do; they are more like the French, in their enjoyment of passing moments, and are generally pretty, natural, and well dressed, so that I have found their acquaintance agreeable. The Governor-General went in state to-day, to give his assent to the Reciprocity Bill; and that glorious measure is now all settled, happily for both countries. There was a very large dinner-party here, almost entirely composed of Deputies and their Speaker; and we all went to bed considerably tired with the fatigues of the last week. I had intended to have departed by this afternoon's steamer for

Montreal, but since that arrangement was made, Lord Elgin has decided upon going himself to Upper Canada, on Monday, and the railroad Directors have therefore made a great exertion for the purpose of conveying him along the new line, so I shall benefit by being of his party as far as Montreal; and thus, after all, escape that odious night voyage down the river, besides which, I shall have an agreeable drive through a beautiful country by daylight, and do the journey in eight hours instead of twelve.

I will write again from the next place, which will probably be Major C——'s, St. Heliers, near Montreal. No letters for me again! This is disappointing.

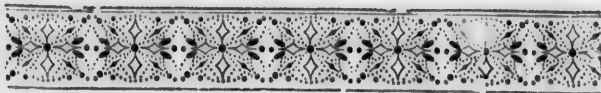
Your affectionate,

A. M. M.

I shall get no letters now for three weeks, as my tour in Upper Canada will take at least that time; and anything which comes here must be forwarded to Albany, care of the Governor of New York.







## LETTER IX.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, *September 27.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

By seven o'clock yesterday morning, Lord Elgin and his suite were ready for embarkation in a rowing boat which was to cross the St. Lawrence from the Cove beneath Spencer Wood. The weather proved favourable, less cold, and, though rather damp, not rainy. Quebec looked fine in the misty atmosphere, the citadel looming above it, and much shipping upon the river below. I felt sorry to leave that beautiful place, but we had an agreeable passage across; and a little boy, the son of Mr. K——, only ten years old, sang Canadian boat songs with great spirit. On the opposite shore we found Sir Cusack and Lady Rowney, and the chief conductors and engineers of the Great Trunk Railroad, waiting with a car. They gave us a plentiful lunch on our way to Richmond, where we joined the original line. That place and Melbourne are on each side of the

St. Francis River, both prettily situated. This single line from Quebec is in so unfinished a state, that as yet there are no fences, and it required some skill and caution to avoid smashing the cattle which had strayed upon the way. We were often suddenly brought-up for this reason; and once the coupling of the engine broke, from the unsettled state of the trams, and we saw the machine running off from us without its followings; however, no harm ensued, we caught our horse again, and it went on so rapidly as to complete our journey in about seven hours. Opposite Montreal we found the *Beaver*, a powerful steam-vessel belonging to the company, awaiting Lord Elgin's arrival. She took us up (in spite of the stream running like a mill race) to the side of the works for the stupendous tubular bridge which is in progress. The Governor-General laid a first stone for the second pier, in the bed of the St. Lawrence. We were then rowed across a rapid to the first, which is already a mass of most beautiful solid masonry, strong enough to resist even the winter ice and floods of this gigantic river. A trowel was given to me, and I was invited to put in the mortar for a corner-stone of twelve tons weight, which we then saw lowered into its place; to remain, as far as human eyes can judge, as long as the world lasts. The material used is a hard black-looking limestone (and I heard of organic remains being sparingly

dispersed in it)—probably Silurian. After much cheering for the Queen and the Governor-General, and the future Victoria Bridge, we steamed up the river again, and landed Lord Elgin at the Lake Champlain railroad station, Albany, being his best route for London, Upper Canada, where he goes to attend an agricultural meeting. My Canadian acquaintance, Mr. K——, brought me here to his sister's house, which I find a pretty villa, rather out of the town, with an extensive garden overlooking Montreal and the St. Lawrence.

*September 28.*—I went yesterday to seek out all my baggage, which came up by the steamer, as it could not readily be carried over chasms in the railway. After visiting Lady R——, and the intelligent seedsman Shepherd, at whose house I saw some very good drawings executed by his daughter (both flowers and figures), I returned to Mrs. J——'s, and after lunch she and Mr. J——, with the other gentlemen, took me a drive to see the cemetery, which is being established upon a finely-wooded hill, about three miles from Montreal. We drove back by the light of a brilliant young moon, which promises well for my three weeks' tour in Upper Canada. This morning I spent in the town of Montreal, making some arrangements and re-packing my baggage, so as to forward everything which I do not require for Upper Canada, to await my arrival at Albany. At three

o'clock, Mr. J—— took me to the Ferry Wharf, where we found Major C——, whose place I had engaged to visit. After crossing the river, we had about twenty-five miles of railroad to his newly-built house, St. Hilaire, on the Richelieu,—a river as wide as the Thames at Battersea. A sweeping curve brought us up to the station, after going over a bridge. We had passed by the farms and holdings of habitans attached to another seigneurie, before reaching that of Major C——; but all these small farms are monotonous, bare-looking strips of land, without a twig of shelter upon them. The forests have been mercilessly extirpated, and these people have left themselves denuded of wood, and with land worn out by their short-sighted policy of squeezing all they can out of it, and giving nothing in return. This valley was once rich and productive. The good example of Major C——, and the advantages of the railroad, may in time induce these inoffensive but ignorant people to cultivate instead of racking their land; at present, I should hardly have supposed they could draw from it even a scanty subsistence. These seigneuries are of great extent in square acres; but the ground having been let on from father to son, at a rent almost nominal (about twopence an acre), any arrangement that will change a system so antiquated as their manner of farming, must be a good one for both landlord and tenant.

Some kind of adjustment like that which was recommended in the speech of the Governor-General, will probably be made by the Legislature this session. Major C—— has built a pretty Elizabethan house, which it is to be hoped will serve as a model for an improved style of architecture in this land of ugly edifices: it is backed by the fine river Richelieu, and about three miles in front are the well wooded and picturesque mountains of Belleisle, which belong to his seigneurie; they stand alone, in the flat district. There is the Mount of St. John, probably of volcanic origin, but looking like a peaked barrow, about seven miles' distance; but otherwise the country is level as far as Montreal: and from the summit of Major C——'s hill the view is most extensive on every side, embracing four rivers and four lakes—the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, Richelieu, and Yamasee rivers; Lake Champlain, that of the Two Mountains, Lake Richelieu, and Lake Chambly.

*September 29.*—Major and Mrs. C—— took me after breakfast to walk about the mountain, and to see the hotel he is building, in a very pretty situation, upon the lower part of it. I found some interesting plants, and made sketches—one of a small lake in the bosom of the mountain, which is believed to fill up an extinct crater. Basaltic and other igneous rocks scattered about are evidences of the

nature of these hills; and one feels grateful to an outbreak which has so beautified the landscape. Excellent apples grow in the numerous orchards at the base of Belleisle, and here the people make a good deal of cider, besides manufacturing maple sugar in quantities during the month of April. I saw no flowers about the plank-houses, and their absence throws an air of desolation over the hamlets; but it must be remembered that their inhabitants have a winter so long and tedious, that during a short summer the time of the men, and of the women also, is so occupied by necessary agricultural and domestic labours, that they have none to bestow upon floriculture. Driving home I saw many little wooden troughs under the trees in the forest; I thought at first that they were for pigs to feed from, but they are receptacles for the maple sugar. Young trees produce the whitest and purest syrup; and a frosty night, followed by a bright sunshiny day, is the only weather which induces a good flow of sap. I do not see why we could not make maple sugar in England, unless it is that the sun is not sufficiently powerful during our spring. I saw a large closet at St. Hilaire, filled with cakes of varying purity; they looked very like a coarse brown soap. In the house, Major C—— has his office for the seigneurie—resembling the magistrate's room of an English country gentleman; and Mrs. C—— has her room

for the reception of the poor who are sick or sorry, where she affords them aid and advice. She is much beloved among them, but never gives money. This place will be very pretty when finished, and as complete and comfortable as the residence of an English Squire. It is brick, with stone ornaments; and the interior is fitted up with carved oak, appropriate to the Gothic style of the building. After spending a pleasant day, I took the cars at three o'clock, and returned to my friend's house at Montreal by eight in the evening.

*Sept. 30.—Silver Heights, Banks of the Ottawa.*

—I left Montreal to embark in a steamer at La Chine, whither we went by the railroad—a beautiful drive. I was surprised to find the Ottawa another lake-like river, extending in both directions, and looking as if the banks of the St. Lawrence could never contain its waters, while there is much greater beauty and variety on its own shores. The first part of our voyage of thirty miles was a splendid one: we reached Carillon about three o'clock; there I found a note from Mr. and Mrs. F——: and Captain W——, with his two daughters, drove me to this place. It is now twenty-five years since he became a settler. At that time the undertaking of building and clearing must have been a fearful one; but they have now a fine farm and an enjoyable home, to which steam and electricity al-

ready add the comforts of society, and afford a rapid communication with the world; but when Captain and Mrs. W., as a young couple, sat down in the bush, what a store of patience and energy must have been required to endure and to conquer the difficulties of their situation! As we proceeded, there were some Indian villages at intervals on the river banks: priests landed occasionally from our boat, and once I saw two comfortably clothed squaws, with long cloaks and baskets of wood at their backs, get into a canoe at the edge of the water; but wigwams and tomahawks seem almost out of date hereabouts.

*October 1.*—We left Silver Heights yesterday; Captain W—— kindly drove me in his wagon to Grenville, that I might be spared ten miles of a rough coach; for the rapids here prevent any navigation of the river between Grenville and Carillon. As we were rather too soon for embarkation, I walked on the banks of the Ottawa, and picked up some curious-looking fossils out of the clay slate. It was about five o'clock when the boat reached Petite Nation. A finely-wooded shore extended all the way, but no striking features in the landscape. As we disembarked from the steamer, I saw a squaw, with her papoose wrapped in her blanket. She did not seem to comprehend a word of French or English, and soon paddled away in a canoe with her husband, who was dressed like the other peasants, and I should



hardly have recognised him as an Indian. People speak of the 'extermination' of the savages; but I should rather say that the race is being amalgamated and absorbed in that of civilized men. It is said here that the priests rule the Roman Catholic Indians with a rod of iron; that they do not permit them to accumulate property, but that the Church keeps a hold over their means; and that, in consequence of the despotic rule of ecclesiastics at Claire Point (an Indian settlement we passed yesterday), the people are fast emigrating to Bytown; but still it appears to me that Roman Catholicism is best adapted for civilizing the Indians. The latter place derives its name from a Captain By, who was the Government Superintendent of the Rideau Canal, which extends from this part of the country to Kingston. The city is in future to be called Ottawa. M. Papineau received me very kindly Petite Nation. It is not more than five or six years since he was his own architect, and built the pretty stone house he now inhabits with his family, after he gave up political life. This has been a wet day; but I am fortunate in being detained in a place where I can benefit by the conversation of an agreeable and well-informed host. Speaking about the proposed arrangement of the seigneuries, M. Papineau fears that the preponderance of Upper Canada in the Legislature may lead to an unjust solution of that question. It is proposed to make the seigneurs sell

their reserved lands, he says. Where a man has purchased a seigneurie at a price which has never been remunerative, expecting one day to make a fair interest for his money, it would be injustice to enforce a sale, just as the approach of civilization is giving value to the purchase; but even if the Canadian representatives are regardless of the rights of individuals, I cannot believe that any English Governor-General, much less the present one, would give his sanction to any act of spoliation.

*October 2.*—A very pleasing and intelligent young curé drank tea here last night. He told me that there is an Indian encampment squatted down on the other side the river, and I shall hope to go and see it.

After breakfast, Monsieur Papineau took R—— and me across the river to visit the Indians and their wigwams, so it seems they are not quite extirpated from this part of the country. These people belong to the tribe of Alloconquins, once so powerful along the shores of the Ottawa. They were designated as the '*great nation*,' and were generally fierce and warlike; but upon the ground now occupied by the seigneurie of M. Papineau, the French, upon their first visit, found a peaceable and gentle settlement of natives, whom they designated as '*La Petite Nation*;' hence the present name of the place. With these inoffensive savages the strangers fraternized,

and in consequence, their fiercer brethren of the Indians raised the war-whoop, poured down in numbers, and with fire and tomahawk destroyed the Petite Nation, and murdered nearly all their white guests. Upon this occurrence, the French Government gave up any attempt to settle on these shores, and refused permission to individuals to do so. It was not till after the English conquest of Canada that the Ottawa river became by degrees the residence of Europeans. There were only a few wigwams at the place where we landed; we spoke to an old woman and her two daughters, who were making boxes of birch bark; and to a young and rather pretty squaw, with her baby and her husband, who was busy preparing the skin of an elk for mocassins. They all spoke French a little; and being acquainted with M. Papineau, they did not shun conversation. The woman was the same who, when I spoke to her on the other side of the river, shook her head, and pretended not to understand me; and this, it seems, is a common habit if they are addressed by strangers. All the Indians I have yet seen are warmly and comfortably clad; a blanket or dark cloak being their outer covering, and they have good strong shoes, and stockings. M. Papineau says, the accusations I heard made against the priests at Point Claire are unjust; that they only use their influence to prevent the savages from destroying themselves by 'Fire-

water ;' and that the evil inclined complain bitterly of this check, and go off elsewhere to indulge those drinking propensities which will be the ultimate ruin of the race. After seeing the encampment, we landed on the small island of Vagit ; there I found interesting plants and river shells, and made a sketch of M. Papineau's pretty Scotch-looking house, with its two towers and high roof. The wind freshened, so that we were soon obliged to hasten to the shore again, and returned in time for the two o'clock family dinner ; after which, Monsieur and Madame Papineau, with the lady's sister and sister-in-law, took me to see a very handsome and well-built family chapel, and mausoleum, in the grounds. The style is solid simple Gothic, with a low belfry, like the Welsh churches. The interior has a beautiful roof, flying timbers ; and one or two stained-glass windows, over the door and over the altar, give all the light that is admitted. Each side is filled up by large plain black slabs of marble, upon one of which will one day be inscribed the names of those who then stood around me. I liked this little burying-place better than anything of the kind I have before seen.

*October 2.*—A very wet day, the wind blowing and the rain raining. When it does rain on this side the Atlantic, the down-pour is more continued and violent than with us ; but then there are very seldom three wet days in succession.

*October 3.*—After breakfast this morning, Madame Papineau took me to walk in the forest, which, like that behind Mr. Loring's house near Beverley, is interspersed with fine rocks of sienite. It is now rather too late for wild-flowers in this part of the country; but I found some beautiful ferns, and the first snake I have seen in America glided away from our path; it was long and slender, black, marked with vivid green, and it was not disagreeably near to us. Pretty little ground squirrels ran about among the rocks; they are less agile than ours, and want the bushy tail, but they are beautifully striped: I also saw a black-and-white species of woodpecker, and a partridge, though birds are generally scarce. The afternoon proved very wet, but M. Papineau kindly accompanied me to the little wharf, to wait for the steamer to Ottawa city. We sat for a considerable time in the parlour of the French Canadian auberge, as bad weather had made the vessel rather later than usual; and we were almost drenched, whilst only walking over the small wooden pier to the boat, where it was not without a feeling of regret that I took leave of my courteous host, who with his family had made me so kindly welcome to his forest-home. The evening soon closed in, and I was vexed to pass up another fine river in the dark. Monsieur Papineau had speeded my

departure in the rain, and Mr. M—— came with his carriage to meet me under the same disagreeable circumstances.

*Wednesday, October 4.*—The moon was hid by clouds, and rain poured down as fast when we left the boat as when we got into it, almost wet through by having waited five minutes on the shore; but the sun shines out this bright frosty morn. Having heard much of the scenery round Ottawa, I was at first disappointed at the bare look of the place itself; for, excepting a small tract of forest left near this house, the axe and saw have cleared away every tree around it; and the buildings straggle on, nearly all the same in form, though of varying material and size; some were built of wood, some of brick, and some of a coarse kind of granite, speckled by garnets. When the intermediate spaces shall be filled, (which is in a fair way of being accomplished, for buildings are rising up in all directions, and one very pretty Elizabethan house is erecting for a son-in-law of Mr. Mackay's, which will set the example of a more picturesque style of architecture)—a large city will stand at the confluence of the rivers Ottawa, Gatineau, and Rideau. The present town will then change its former ugly name for that of the Ottawa, the largest of these three fine rivers; on the banks of which it has sprinkled itself to the extent of about three

miles, reaching to a handsome suspension bridge which crosses the torrent very near the spot where it tumbles down a ledge of rocks packed over one another in tabular masses. These falls are very grand, second only to Niagara. At one place the stream, after tumbling over, enters a large circular hole, and vanishes beneath in a whirlpool. Each side the river, slides of water have been formed, down which the rafts rush so furiously, that, though the men upon them look perfectly cool and unconcerned, I should not much like to be in their company. What a turmoil of waters there must be at other times, since now that they are considered very low, the rush I see is so magnificent! I suppose it is well to visit these falls before Niagara, but it is worth while to cross the Atlantic for these alone. About thirty years ago, the gentleman at whose house I am now staying, was at these rapids late in the evening, with a lady now of my acquaintance, and, upon her expressing a wish to stand on a tabular rock which divides one of the larger falls from the caldron below, he carried her across upon a drift-plank at the edge of the torrent. It was only by the same way that they could return; and Mr. M—— allows that at the moment he repented his daring, for one inch on either side would have been fatal to both. However, the lady preserved her composure, and he

his courage, and so they repassed in safety; but he afterwards confessed to his wife that he shuddered upon looking at the place by daylight—for it was by the light of the moon this feat was performed. Last year, a raft containing nine men was wrecked just above the Falls. Thousands of spectators crowded the banks, and by means of ropes, the poor fellows were rescued; but one was dragged so far through the torrent, that he was brought senseless to the shore.

*Friday, 6th.*—This morning, one of the young Mr. M——'s drove me about eight miles up the shores of the Gatineau, (in some places over a corduroy road, in which the holes were deep enough to have smashed an English carriage,) to see some falls upon that river, which, if not finer than the Chaudière or the Ottawa, are still more strikingly situated: a series of falls and rapids two miles in length, backed by hills of untrodden forest, and as yet unencumbered by saw-mills and water-slides, can be seen from the ascent above. It is certainly the most beautiful view I have visited in this fine country. There is also a lake near; but time was wanting to reach the spot; and I believe few people, except trappers and raftsmen, have as yet penetrated farther up this river. The post this day has brought us news of the successful landing of the army near Sebastopol. I may



possibly hear no more till we get to Niagara. Montreal papers describe Lord Elgin's progress through Upper Canada, where he seems to have been extremely well received; met by loyal addresses at every place, and answering them by impromptu political, social, and agricultural speeches, which read as well as if they had been carefully prepared. I have waited long here, vainly hoping to be overtaken by a missing trunk, in which are all my books, paper for plants, and other things of everyday requirement: it was left behind at Montreal, entirely owing to the intended care which everybody evinces for our interests, so that we find it the most difficult matter possible to take care of ourselves. Parcels are taken from our hands, boxes carried off or retained, baskets and tin cases put aside, and we never know whether the luggage is right or wrong, either in the United States or in Canada, because every gentleman takes it into his charge. American ladies are so accustomed to be watched and waited upon, that an independent Englishwoman is quite in despair at being treated as if she could not take care of her own concerns. I never mislaid and lost so many things in the travels of my whole life, as have been dropped or left behind since R—— and I landed on this side the Atlantic. We never know when our baggage is accompanying us, or when it is lagging behind; but usually everything turns

up again in due time. We must leave this place at seven o'clock to-morrow, by the Rideau Canal for Prescott, or we may not be able to proceed before the middle of the week; and though I give up seeing Lake Huron, ten days will be required to go by Belville, Coburg, Toronto, and Hamilton, before we shall reach Niagara. The season is now getting late, and I much fear the great beauty of the foliage will have passed before I reach the Falls. Some trees have already lost their leaves—a change which has occurred rather earlier than usual, owing to the storms of the first few days of this month. Opposite the window at which I am writing, I now see crimson maples, orange birch, and scarlet oaks, interspersed with dark firs and bright green beech, and silver stems glistening here and there, making this corner of a primeval forest in itself a picture. Some of the charred black stumps, too, are always to be seen here and there standing up; at times they look like black points, or like gigantic figures among the trees. I sympathize now more than ever with poor Mrs. Moodie. 'Life in the bush' must indeed be a hard life for any civilized woman to go through. With all the aid that capital and strong arms can give, clearing is slow work, and one sees land that has been years in cultivation, still covered over at intervals by great black stumps, which look as if they might yet keep possession of the ground for

the next twenty years. It is impossible to grub them up without such an outlay of time and trouble as is out of the question; and they have already been charred and girdled till their durability has been the more confirmed: so between rocks, and bogs, and timber, it takes a weary time before the poor settlers can grow more than a sprinkling of potatoes; and I am now fully convinced of the wisdom of Colonel Tulloch's plan, of giving only very small portions of land to pensioners, that an old soldier may be prevented from attempting a hopeless amount of exertion, which wastes his strength without repaying him in food. Still this country is a fine field for capital and talent. Young engineers make their fortunes rapidly. The overlooker of a mill receives one pound a day; a good foreman or clerk five or six hundred pounds per annum; and any tolerable workman may earn his dollar or two each day—more than some of our naval or military officers receive. With a small capital, and a good recommendation, any active young man must prosper in Canada; but industry and temperance are just as necessary here as elsewhere; and those who fancy they may make money without earning it are worse off in America than in England.

*Sunday Night, October 28—Ottawa.*—I went to an Episcopal church here this morning; there was a large congregation. The service very respectably

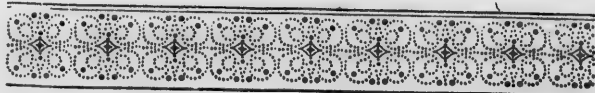
conducted; a small barrel organ accompanied voices in good tune. Protestants and Roman Catholics are about equal in numbers here, and there are chapels of various denominations. One or two convents of Grey Nuns, and some Jesuits, have made this place their head-quarters. It is a healthy situation, and no cholera has made its appearance, though it has prevailed much at Montreal. Hull, on the other side the suspension bridge, was settled before Bytown; it will eventually be a mere suburb belonging to Ottawa city. The population here is a mixture of Scotch, Irish, French Canadians, and Upper Canadians, with a few Germans and Americans. Bytown is in Upper Canada—Hull, in Lower; so the Ottawa divides the two provinces. I will leave this letter to go from hence, as we start by the early steamboat to-morrow for Prescott, and this is probably the best locality from which to ensure the transmission of a packet for England,—so I close in haste.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

OTTAWA CITY, ON THE OTTAWA, UPPER CANADA,  
October 8, 1854.





## LETTER X.

### LAKE ONTARIO.

COBOURG, LAKE ONTARIO,  
*October 12, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I write now from another hospitable villa on the borders of this inland sea. I heard the sound of waves on the shore last night, as on a calm summer evening at Brighton. There has not been one minute in which I could put pen to paper since we left Bytown, now Ottawa city. During this journey I have come to the conclusion, that there is no dependence to be placed upon the hours or the distances named to a traveller in Canada or the United States; you may be informed as to the usual hour for the departure of a steamer, and yet she sets forth half an hour before, or she may arrive at a point whence to start again at five minutes' warning, two hours after she was expected. When we embarked (with all Mr. M——'s experience) we reached the Rideau Canal ten minutes too late for the vessel, which went off sooner than was expected; but as there were four locks to be

passed here (thirty-seven ultimately) we drove off to catch her at some convenient point, but at the distance of two miles she came up to us, having already been left behind. The only misfortune was, that as she could not come close to the shore, we had to reach her by means of a raft, which happened to be moored at the edge of the water; both R—— and I got soused over our ankles. We were all day in wet things, the stove not being powerful enough to dry us. However, the excitement and interest of traveling are so conducive to health, that we caught no cold, though, in addition to wet feet, we had a rainy afternoon, and the vessel was so small and close, that I preferred staying on deck under an umbrella to the shelter of a crowded cabin. It was consoling that the edges of the canal afforded some picturesque views. We passed one fall, and when we got into the wide calm stream of the river itself, its banks were interesting. Here I first saw true swamps—wastes of water, with occasional cedars, stumps, and reeds; blasted or sickly-looking trees and shrubs appearing at intervals above the surface. To my surprise, among the submerged vegetation I saw now and then log-cabins, with the heads of women and children peeping out of the doors or windows—not Indians, but Europeans. What beings can they be who choose to inhabit such places in a country where there is certainly no lack of dry locations! These

spots looked like the personifications of ague and yellow fever; but sometimes the banks of the Rideau are embellished (like all American rivers at this season of the year) with thickets of scarlet and gold, each beautiful form and shape dressed in the most gorgeous colours possible to imagine. I suppose it is the hotter sun and sudden night frosts which tint the foliage with hues of a brilliancy unknown to us, though I suspect we have not exactly the same trees, with the exception of a few in our gardens. The sugar maple, the soft maple, and the scarlet and white oak, are the chief pigments for colouring American forests. I should like, as an experiment, to plant enough of these together in England to see if they would dress themselves as becomingly on our side of the Atlantic: the Virginian creeper does so; and then we could shade them with copper beech, which would make the picture still more beautiful.

The *Prince Albert* steamer is little worthy of its royal designation, for it is the smallest and dirtiest vessel I have seen in Canada, excepting, perhaps, that wretched ferry-boat at Point Levi; but the railroads are superseding canals, and already there is not traffic enough to pay any company for good accommodation. I found on board an agreeable lady from Norfolk, who has settled with a brother in this country, near Ottawa. She regrets I did not visit the pretty place of her relative, about six miles

above the Falls at the suspension bridge. This lady had an excellent English maid, who was made so happy by meeting with mine, that as mistresses and maids suited equally well, we agreed to fall in with each other (if possible) again at Hamilton, in order to visit Niagara together. I disembarked at Brookville, with a host of German emigrants, all of whom being unable to speak either English or French, they were under the guidance of a conductor, who appeared careful of his charge. But there were not carts or carriages enough to convey these poor people, with their great boxes and their bedding; and when we got to the railroad-station at Kemp Town, three miles' distance, the train was delayed more than two hours, until the emigrant party could be brought up; so instead of our reaching Prescott early enough to cross over to the hotel at Ogdensburg, on the American side the St. Lawrence, before sunset, the ferry-boat did not put us and our baggage on shore till dark. Not a carriage or a cart was to be seen upon the landing-place, and we thought ourselves in a desperate fix. However, a good-natured woman, who had also crossed over, and who was acquainted with the locality, set off with R——, while I stayed in charge of the baggage. They returned with an old Irishman, driving his small cart. He was very civil, and succeeded in guiding our little party across a rotten plank bridge, and then took us safely through the



dark and rather difficult streets to a comfortable hotel. Canada, and this bank of the St. Lawrence, will now advance rapidly under happier circumstances; but hitherto it has evidently been kept back and misgoverned, materially as well as morally; and in consequence, everything on each side the water is twenty years behind other American shores—hotels, conveyances, cultivation, habits. During our detention in the railway cars at Kemp Town, I listened with interest to a long political conversation among some Upper Canadian gentlemen. They spoke of Lord Elgin's late visit to this part of the country, and they said that it was a well-merited triumphal progress, for, in their opinion, he had proved himself the most honest and able Governor that had ever ruled them; and that his giving up the reins must be a matter of regret to all reasonable Canadians. But (they remarked) he has so ordered the Government that it must now be our own fault if evils are not rectified, and if our country is otherwise than prosperous; for we have now a truly free and constitutional executive, whilst till within these last ten years our freedom has been a fiction. Only time and patience are now required, that we may learn how to use our power of self-government to the best advantage. They spoke of the probability that the seat of government would eventually be fixed either at Ottawa or Toronto.

There is a proposal now before the Legislature for erecting a Parliament house, and all buildings necessary for the executive, at the former place. But in spite of the rapidity with which everything is done in America, it must require many years to prepare the necessary accommodation at Ottawa, though the growth of Canada, and its central situation, may ultimately point to that place as the best capital of the country. The city has several hills, which would admit of strong fortifications. Three fine rivers afford the advantage of immense water power, and there are railroads in progress, which will be the means of rapid communication in every direction. It has good limestone, excellent clay for brick-making, and virgin forests, extending hundreds of miles towards Hudson's Bay, with an active and energetic population of about sixteen thousand, carrying on thriving woollen manufactories, and gigantic saw-mills. The terminus of the Rideau Canal is surrounded by fine scenery: I can hardly imagine a place more likely to become the site of a great and thriving city.

Neither Quebec, nor Montreal, nor Toronto, offers all these desiderata, though the latter place, in ten years, has increased its population ninety-five per cent. I can imagine a vast empire, embracing New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, having for its capital 'Ottawa,' and with its ports upon the sea-coast and

the St. Lawrence, becoming one day a power equal to the United States; these two great nations, each encouraging a wholesome rivalry in the arts of peace and good government, content to be agreeable and hospitable neighbours, without envying or coveting each other's possessions, but setting an example to Europe of Anglo-Saxon perseverance and industry. This may be no more than a pleasant dream; it may be that nations will never be convinced that there is a more noble game than that of cutting throats and robbing fellow-creatures. Still, I have better hopes from civilization and progress; those who live twenty years longer will, perhaps, be convinced such hopes are not fallacious; in the meanwhile there is no harm in hoping the best. I might have written this, in no very good humour with things as they are, for our journey to Cobourg was the least agreeable of any journey I have yet made, on this side the Atlantic.

Being told we must be ready to meet the *Lord Elgin* steamer at Prescott, by seven o'clock, Wednesday morning, we crossed over exactly at that hour; but it was half-past nine before the boat arrived, so for more than two hours we had to stand waiting on the wharf; luckily the sun shone, and it was not very cold. When the steamer took us on board we passed successfully through the Thousand Islands, and beautiful they are: of every pos-

sible form, and in size from an acre to several miles, they lie glowing and gleaming upon the blue waters, making the most singular labyrinth in the world. Of course we could not see the half of them. Arrived at Kingston, we changed our steamer for that called the *Bay of Quinte*. Upon one of the smallest islands a solitary man has resided in a tiny cabin for years; he seldom looks at, or is seen by, the passing vessels. He raises no flowers; apparently he has not even a potato ground in cultivation. What can he do? I saw nothing like a canoe; and it does not seem that he even visits the opposite shores. A fine moonlit evening succeeded our brilliant morning: about eleven o'clock at night we hove-to to take in wood from an island of considerable extent, belonging to Lord Mount-Cashel, which, I was informed, is in the market: it is extremely fertile, and has a village with a church belonging to it.\* By midnight we reached Belville—another dreary Canadian town, where, if it had not been for the captain's assistance, we should have again been without a vehicle; he was so obliging as to get a small waggon of his own, with a quiet horse, which I was able to drive; and thus we reached a small hotel, from whence we were told a good coach would start at four o'clock in the morning for Cobourg;

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\* Here we had entered in the Bay of Quinte, so called from a Frenchman who first navigated it.

but no beds were to be had : we got a sitting-room, with only a hard sofa, and a few harder chairs, so I was not unwilling to start at the appointed hour. Till near three the house was in an uproar with the noise made by smoking and drinking customers ; it was six before the coach (which turned out the roughest covered waggon I ever travelled in) came to the door ; and then, without any breakfast, except a cup of miserable tea and a few biscuits, procured at a stopping-place by the way, we were jumbled over very bad roads, forty-five instead of thirty-five miles, to Cobourg,\* glad to turn out of our uncomfortable vehicle about five o'clock. We found some difficulty in procuring beds at the hotels, owing to an agricultural meeting that day, and a steepleschase which was ridden yesterday ; but I had letters which procured us the hospitable reception I have found in this house ; and a delightful expedition to the Rice Lake yesterday ; which was a compensation for the unpleasant journey from Belville. Mrs. H—— kindly took a drive of fourteen miles, to show me that charming lake village, which has only been settled about eight years. A half-pay colonel was the first who bought part of the Rice Lake shore, where we visited him. Another pleasing family soon became

\* About twenty miles on the Belville side of Cobourg we first saw Lake Ontario, and almost coasted it to the latter place.

his neighbours, and now there is a thriving village, with its hotel and church, in the most beautiful situation possible. This lake may be about as large as, or larger than, Windermere. Indians still live upon its shores; one of their villages is nearly opposite, and a fine bridge for the Peterborough railway extends three miles over the middle of the lake. We crossed the Trent River, which flows from it, upon a bridge some miles farther, on the Belville road; the country from thence is highly cultivated. We passed fields of turnips, and orchards loaded with apples, between Cobourg and Colburn; but twenty miles from Belville the land looks poor and dreary, and very little cleared from stumps and fallen timber. Cobourg itself is a clean, regularly-built small town, with three pretty good hotels, and many shops well supplied. A steam-boat will take us to Toronto at night; it is about sixty miles' distance on Lake Ontario.

*October 14.*—I slept on board the *Maple-leaf* last night, although we reached Toronto before eleven o'clock; but there were comfortable 'state-rooms,' and I had found so much inconvenience from landing at night in strange places, that I was glad to accede to the captain's proposition for our sleeping in the vessel. He greatly relieved my mind by an assurance that the unhappy *Arctic* was not sunk by collision with the *Cleopatra*, which must have been hundreds of

miles distant, but that it was a French propeller with which she came in contact. It does seem an extraordinary recklessness which causes these dreadful occurrences, when railroad whistles would guard against them. Why are they not attached to every vessel? They are universally used upon the American lakes, and the captains tell me they can be heard at ten miles' distance; yet we submit to the risk of our vessels running one another down, rather than make use of this reasonable precaution, just as we retain our separate railroad carriages, at the risk of being burned, or murdered, or doubled up, rather than travel in long cars, or have a line of communication through the small ones. I heard the other day that one of the public carriages used on this side the Atlantic costs 750*l.*, but as that holds from sixty to eighty passengers, I imagine it is less expensive than our compartments which hold six or eight; and in the larger ones we have the advantage of ready communication, and I think more air with less dust. We left Cobourg about one o'clock, and it was a pleasant voyage along this sea-like lake to Toronto. This large town is so English in habits and appearance, that I can hardly believe myself visiting the capital of Upper Canada. We are in a comfortable hotel, kept by a Mrs. Ellah, who came from Plymouth, and was originally housekeeper to Lord Seaton. She is very happy to see English cus-

tomers, and we feel at home in her house. It was a wet morning when we landed; but in the afternoon I drove to see the cemetery, which in Canada, as in all the towns in America, appears to be placed on one of the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood. That at Toronto is called Bon-vale. A stream runs through the pretty dell which forms part of the enclosure, and this, with the hills above, forms the burying-ground. It is about two miles from the town, and is also named St. James's Cemetery. Here I found (in seed) a smaller Anemone than that which grew at the spot appropriated for the same purpose at Hull, overlooking the great Falls of the Ottawa—the only two localities in which I have found Anemonies.

*October 15.*—Fine early, but like a cold March day in England. The north-westerly wind was high, having much the sharpness of our easterly breezes. This hotel is a large square red-brick building, in what is called Front-street, facing the bay. A railroad runs between it and the water, which here looks like a river not much wider than the St. Lawrence, the indentation from the lake is so deep. I see nothing like a mountain in the neighbourhood, or even at any distance from Toronto; and the forests by which the town is backed are at too great a distance. The country for some miles round is flat, well cleared, and in good cultivation;



but, with the exception of the little dell I visited yesterday, there is no other attraction of scenery than the ocean-like waters of Ontario; but the streets are wide and well laid out. When polished a little, Toronto will be a noble city, though Ottawa may hereafter vie with it as one of the capitals of Canada.

*October 16.*—The cathedral here is a pretty new church, in style, early perpendicular. It was built by a young architect from England, of the name of Cumberland, and is very creditable to his taste. The eastern termination is an apse rather than a chancel. I thought the windows particularly good, and they will be beautiful when a little painted glass is introduced, with a due regard to harmonious colouring; this happily must be done in small compartments, as the glass is already thus arranged: it is almost entirely in patterns formed by triangles, with a small cross in the centre of each circular termination; but these triangular panes are so varied in size and shape (although there are few much larger than the old diamond pane) that a pretty light design is the result of these different combinations; the lead which divides and unites them is very small and light. A service was performed, half-an-hour longer and half-an-hour later than any at Quebec; so that I did not think it so well arranged here as there, where it was conducted with equal attention to the

ordinary routine, but without tedium. Yesterday was bitterly cold, so that I heaped on every wrap in my possession; and if this is only a foretaste of a Canadian winter, I feel happy at the idea of escaping from it; for, though every one tells me about the delights of sleighing in clear, bright, frosty weather, that does not sound tempting to me. This morning I saw the new University, and at the Parliament-house Professor Hincks showed me his commencement of a museum of natural history, already containing some very interesting specimens.

October 17.—I left Toronto at two o'clock yesterday by the *Highlander*. Having been assured that we should reach Hamilton in daylight, I was weak enough to be again deluded by uncertain or false information; but the steamer stopped so often at various towns and settlements (among them Port Credit and a pretty little place called Oakville), that it was quite dark before we arrived; and if it had not been for the kindness of my friend Miss C—— and her nephew, who came down to the wharf with their carriage to take charge of me, I should have put up with any accommodation on board, rather than have run the risk of another landing like those at Ogdensburg and Belville,—not only disagreeable, but, as it appears to me, really dangerous; for on these wharves there is nothing to

protect strangers from walking over the edge into the water; and a few weeks ago, at Cobourg, a poor young woman, carrying her infant (although she had her husband with her) stepped off the side, and was drowned, with the child, before any assistance could be afforded her. I was hospitably received at the house of Mr. B——, and passed an agreeable evening.

*October 18.*—When I came down to breakfast yesterday, I was told the reason of all the bell-ringing and firing I heard last night; having been so accustomed to noise, I went to sleep without any idea that news had arrived, after I went to bed, about a great victory over the Russians, and the taking of Sebastopol. This came by telegraph from New York; and about midnight the Mayor and inhabitants assembled, amid cheers for the Queen and groans for the Czar, to fire a salute of twenty-one guns; and no place in England could evince more joy and loyal feeling than the town of Hamilton, at the west end of Lake Ontario. I understand there were equal rejoicings at Toronto, where a large bonfire was added, to mark the event; but some touch of sorrow for the unhappy victims of the Russian Emperor's ambition among his people, and anxiety about our own gallant friends, makes us rejoice with trembling. It is impossible not to dread the details, while we are thankful for the results.

Yesterday, I was taken a beautiful drive of sixteen miles out to Ancaster, an older settlement than this. We first went up what is here called the mountain—a cliff-like hill, supposed to have once been bounded by a vast sheet of water, which covered this whole country; so that the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, up to Quebec, was then also another limit. In our way back to Hamilton, we came by a fine Macadamized road, descending gradually, in a manner which reminded me of Haldon-hill, in Devonshire; beautiful wooded park-like ground, gullies, and ravines, on our right hand, terminated by a high mountainous ridge, along the side of which the London railroad is carried, passing by the settlement of Dundas, which has already a population of about five thousand, which has located itself in a pretty valley between the hills. Passing along this district, I could imagine myself in a well-cultivated picturesque part of England, if the superabundance of timber and the 'snake fences' (containing more wood upon fifty acres than we should use to fence five hundred in the old country) did not speak plainly of American forests. Before the lapse of ten years, Hamilton, following the promise of most Canadian towns, will be a large city. It has already spread itself out some miles, and building is going on in every direction. This morning Miss C— promises to take a drive of fifty miles with me,

to find out a family (settled at a place called Milton), about whom I am interested.

*October 19.*—I succeeded in discovering the M—— family, and we were fully repaid for a long drive, by the joyous gratitude with which our visit was received. We found Milton to be a thriving small town on the banks of part of the Sixteenth River (why this name, we could not make out). An annual show of cattle and agricultural produce made the place like a fair, and numbers of very respectable-looking farmers were walking and driving about. We found two daughters of Mr. M——; one of them wife of the principal hotel keeper, the other married to a well-informed, gentlemanly young man, the doctor of the place, who has good connexions in England. We dined with them, and afterwards walked three miles with her father, to his own farm. We found Mrs. M—— knitting, seated by a glorious log fire, and everything around told of the comforts and contentment of a good English farm-house. These farms are divided into what are called lots; each lot is one hundred acres. Mr. M—— purchased a lot and a half. These farms are much better cleared from trees and stumps than the land through which we passed from the Rideau canal to Belville; and this part of Canada is altogether much more advanced than the lower division.

We got back to Hamilton by dark, without any

difficulty. Next day, Mr. B—— drove me to the suspension bridge, over the canal, near Dundum Castle, the residence of Sir A. M'Nab; though a pretty situation, it is placed between the lake and a marsh, on which account it is considered very unhealthy. We visited the cemetery enclosing the ground where the British troops were entrenched before the battle of Stony Creek. By the cars which start at three o'clock, Miss C—— and Mr. S—— promise to go with me to Niagara.

*October 20.—Niagara.*—We had a fine afternoon for our journey to this beautiful place, and soon after leaving the railroad cars, I got my first view of the Falls. I had not a feeling of disappointment; they are quite as magnificent as any imagination need desire. I was told the Falls of Montmorenci had the advantage of some feet in height; but it would be as reasonable to compare the Thames with the St. Lawrence, as the Falls of Montmorenci with Niagara! I was up before six this morning, to see the sun rise; it appeared above the horizon, between the village of Niagara and the American Fall, rather behind both: a fine red sun, promising good weather, I settled in my own mind, I would try to make a drawing to-morrow at this same hour, with the salmon-coloured sky in contrast with the white waters. This first day it was impossible to draw; I could only look: for some hours we walked about;

I wandered into the wood behind the Table Rock, or rather where the Table Rock once was; for it has now nearly fallen into the boiling waters beneath. There I gathered two of those beautiful flowers I first found at Point Levi—*Lobelia Kalmii* and *Gentiana Saponaria*; and down close to the brink of the river, above the Falls, Mr. S—— and I picked up three or four kinds of shells; one very small bivalve, differing from any I found in the Rideau. After dinner we took a carriage, and went over that marvellous suspension bridge, below the Falls, connecting the two shores, already open for traffic beneath, but not yet finished for the railroad cars to pass over above. I felt rather glad; it was awful enough now to pass, looking down hundreds of feet upon the racing torrent below. I do not think I could endure being in a carriage upon this bridge, with a railroad train rushing over my head, yet it is constituted for, and believed capable of, supporting all together. The engineer is a German. This is only a little less wonderful than the Montreal tubular construction. Many people still doubt the success of both, and consider it beyond the power of humanity to pass, as proposed, over the chasm of Niagara, or to combat the waters and ice of the St. Lawrence; time will show. My courage was again tried in traversing the wooden bridges which are built over the rapids between Niagara city and Goat Island.

That place also, was quite different from what either my imagination, or drawings, had led me to suppose. I expected to see an uninhabited, rocky, woody, small island, dividing the two grand Falls; but it contains fifty acres, the greater part a grove of fine trees, and upon one side there are houses and gardens, with a productive orchard. Upon the other shore it appears as if island, and trees, and people, must all tumble down the Falls together; indeed between rapids and torrents, it is a marvel that Goat Island exists. I must spend a day in trying to draw here, though without a hope that paper and pencil can give any real idea of the truth. The news to-day is, that the accounts of the fall of Sebastopol are false, and that we have been rejoicing without reason. Terrible fighting is still going on, and already ninety British officers have fallen. Alas!

*October 21.*—I covered myself with wraps, and put a blanket round my feet, so as to be able to endure a sunrise from the veranda long enough to draw yesterday. It rose red and clear, and almost cloudless, and afforded the colouring I wished for. Mr. and Mrs. B—— obligingly called in their carriage, to show us the whirlpool, where the river suddenly turns below the suspension bridge; we went also to the rapids beyond and above the Falls. Everything here is on a larger scale than I expected, though I ought by this time to be prepared



for all. When I looked down upon the whirlpool, and saw the carcase of a wretched horse (which had, we suppose, been accidentally hurried down the Falls) twirling round about, and up and down, in appearance like a small wooden Dutch toy, I was in some degree made sensible of height and distance; a house too, on the rocky, wooded point opposite, was no more than a speck, so that, by comparison, I brought my ideas to something like fact.

The English are accused of being a grasping nation in requiring fees for sights, but nothing I ever met with equals the charges for the contemplation of Nature here. The possessor of Goat's Island makes one thousand pounds a year of those strangers or visitors who land on its shores; but this day we were actually charged one shilling each for only going into the wood, from whence a good view of the whirlpool can be obtained! As ground is becoming of great value in this neighbourhood, it may be necessary to require payment for keeping any part of it free from the desecration of taverns and saw-mills; but a more moderate fee would answer better to the proprietors, and not act as a prohibition to a large class who have not many spare shillings in their pockets; penny postage proves that small charges answer better than large ones. This has been another beautiful day, and I trust we shall be favoured by such weather during our stay

among this most magnificent, most lovely, and most interesting of all scenery. Yesterday was pleasantly warm, and if the sun shines out for a day or two longer, we shall be as fortunate in temperature as possible, for earlier in the year the heat and the mosquitoes are trying; now we have no reason to complain of either, and the great stream of visitors being over, we are here just at the right time for enjoyment, and I must remain some days, for there is no end to the beauties of Niagara—it ought to be visited for weeks instead of days; besides the great variety of views and objects on all sides—the ever changing appearance of the Falls, spray sometimes going up from the centre in columns and graceful curves, now half concealing, now lessening, now enlarging—rainbows starting across, and above and below—waters, snow-like, surge-like—aquamarine, emerald, sapphire, swelling, eddying, foaming! It is certainly worth crossing the Atlantic for Niagara alone. I have come to an end of my paper, and this shall go.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER XI.

### NIAGARA.

NIAGARA, *October 23, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Upon Goat Island yesterday, I parted with the two agreeable friends who have added to my enjoyment here by sharing it. I spent the whole afternoon that side the water, having passed to and fro by the ferry, and mounted by the rail and endless chain, at the very edge of the American Falls. Both these operations are awful, though perfectly safe; and it required some determination upon my part to be reconciled to profit by them, though they put one across the river in half the time required to go round by the suspension bridge. I tried to give some idea of the two cataracts on paper, which, at any rate, will be recollections for myself. I suppose it is not possible to impress their grandeur upon the minds of others by any representations. For the first time, I felt rather angry at the impertinent kind of curiosity evinced by passers-by while I was drawing, because

they did not seem to care the least about disturbing or annoying strangers busily engaged. A well-dressed woman said, in a rude way, 'Pray what are you making there? You are a Canadian, I guess?' I replied, 'I am making nothing; I am trying to draw.' 'Oh, you are—how do you do it?—where do you come from?' I felt provoked, and said, 'I am sure you are an American.' 'Well, how do you know that?' 'Because you ask so many questions; a Canadian would be more civil.' This answer was effectual, and she turned away. Since my stay here, I have observed more of unpleasant manners, as I have read of them in books, than fell in my way during my tour from Boston in August; and, certainly, among the secondary classes, I see little of the marked attention supposed to be shown to ladies in the States. Last night, in the ladies' saloon here, two gentlemen kept possession of the most comfortable arm-chairs all the evening, and when Miss C—— and I entered the room, round which was a circle of strangers from various localities, not one among them rose to offer us seats, so we walked out again up and down a corridor till some of these people *absquatulated*. This might be accidental, but I do not think it could have occurred in the old country. It seems to me that the Americans mistake rudeness for republicanism, and incivility for independence. Nationally, I mean, for of course there is polished society, as I have been

perfectly ready to admit. Yesterday, a lady from one of the Southern States remarked, that we 'English still owed America a grudge for what was past.' I could not help assuring her she was mistaken, for that neither man, woman, nor child in the British Isles now troubled themselves about the war of American Independence, except to think their ancestors unwise for having fought about it. The day before yesterday, I was busy making a little sketch from the verandah, when I felt a hand familiarly laid upon my shoulder. Of course I supposed it was a lady with whom I had some acquaintance, but when a strange voice asked a question I turned round: it was with no small degree of astonishment that I found the liberty was taken by a perfect stranger, a young lady, apparently about twenty, who had been one of the last arrivals. She did not seem the least daunted by the expression of surprise which must have passed over my face, but went on questioning me with the coolest manner imaginable! The Indians and their squaws have the manners of gentlemen and ladies, and it does seem curious that even individuals, among a people who are so anxious to assume the names of gentility, should remain so wholly ignorant of the manners which are supposed to indicate a superior station and a refined education. I do not the least quarrel with the simplicity of the Bush, and the poor woman who took possession of the pattern

of my gown, and the men who claimed a right to my sketch-book, were most welcome ; but the mixture of assumption of high breeding with inattention to the common rules of politeness, not even that natural feeling of regard which a common Anglo-Saxon blood originates, can make one excuse. Indeed I think our relationship makes it more galling, for a parent is always observant of the errors of her children, and it is perhaps in some degree the fault of the mother-country when her descendants are unpolished. She may well be proud of the energy and perseverance of her large American family : it is to be hoped that some day their young people may add graces from the old country to the agility of the new, and that they will not be ashamed of cultivating the virtue of filial affection, which at present they seem to conclude would be a feeling derogatory to their rising dignity. At this juncture it is difficult to believe that parts of the Democratic Union actually sympathize with Despotic Russia rather than with Free England ! I do not believe this to be the case with the flower of the land, or with the really superior and enlightened of her sons ; but I fear many would sympathize in a wish I heard heartily expressed by one of them, 'That the old country might get well sold, and thoroughly whipped during the present war !' No details have yet arrived of the Alma battle, excepting that there has been sad

loss of life. The first news was probably falsehood, spread by the Russians with the view of creating dissatisfaction when the real facts became known; but what must be the weakness of a despot who can resort to such expedients to bolster himself up—conduct more like the futile struggles of a maniac, than the efforts of a powerful Sovereign. Before going to Albany, I intend to visit the neighbourhood of Sandwich, and of Detroit and Cleveland; and to do this, we must again pass through Hamilton and return to Niagara; but, as I shall have no other opportunity, I must take advantage of this last week in October, go from hence to-morrow, and return for one night to this house in my way into the States. It is satisfactory that a good reason exists for seeing Niagara once again.

*October 24.* — A beautiful day, with a bright young moon in the evening. I was out alone from morning till dusk. While sitting sketching on the hill, an old Irishwoman accosted me, but with a very different tone and manner from those people I met with yesterday. ‘Ah, ma’am,’ she said, ‘you are from the ould country; and sure you are making a plan of the glorious waters.’ ‘How do you know I am from the old country?’ ‘An’ sure then, an’ don’t I know English ladies at once; they’re so busy, an’ they don’t dress as fine as our folks.’ I found she had been twenty-five years in Canada; that she

has eight sons and daughters, a good husband, cows and horses, a thriving farm here, and one hundred acres of land at Toronto, and now, she said, she no longer fretted to go back once more to Ireland, because 'Isn't the dear ould father dead at last; and he one hundred and eight years of age, and never had a doctor till the last hour, and was able to keep his church, two miles' distance, till he was laid on his bed a-dying.' She told me she had given her children a good education, and 'that her daughters were not dressy, nor her sons drinkers.' It is singular that these Irish people are so different in their habits away from their own land. There is an electric telegraph in communication with all the lines from this place in the house. Mr. Shears, the master, conducts it; he sent a message to Sandwich for me last night, and one for a military officer to Quebec; and we had both replies in half an hour. This hotel belongs to a company: it is by far the most pleasantly situated at Niagara; those on the other side of the water have no views of the cataract. The vibration caused throughout this building by the falling waters makes every door and window shake; but it is not enough to disturb the rest of a traveller, and one soon gets accustomed to it. Besides the main hotel, there are several small separate houses behind, which can be taken for the summer or for short periods, by



families who prefer a more domestic life. I can hardly imagine pleasanter summer residences.

*October 26.—Detroit, National Hotel.*—Again I had the misfortune of travelling last night for three hours in the dark—thus losing the prettiest of the scenery between this place and Niagara. The first part of the railroad line from Hamilton runs through monotonous forests, only occasionally broken by clearings and rising towns. We passed through the township of Dundas, and by Paris, Prince Town, London, &c., and crossed over the River Thames, which is but a small stream, even comparing it with our Thames; but for America it is little more than a brooklet, at least that part I saw. As far as I could judge by the bright starlight, for about twenty miles from this place the road is carried along a fine terrace overlooking the country towards Lake Erie, and as we approached Detroit, Lakes Erie and St. Clair looked beautiful, with shores dotted by lights from the towns of Windsor and Detroit. They were so numerous that it appeared like an illumination. Our journey was less pleasant than any I have yet made, owing to the crowded state of the railroad cars; though the train was a long one, some passengers were actually obliged to stand the whole distance. This crowd was owing to the numerous emigrants who are coming up the country; and

several little children wailed and fretted all the afternoon, evidently tired and exhausted by continued travelling. However, the people were good-humoured and patient; I heard no cross words, saw no ill-natured scrambling; everyone appeared to make the best of things as they were; and though we were near two hours after our time, there was nothing like a grumble. The station-master was so civil as to take me across the water, as he recommended this hotel as more comfortable than those on the Canada side. We passed over in a few minutes in such a magnificent steamer (where people from the railroad cars found a comfortable meal ready prepared in the saloon) that it was only like walking through a good house. Ormolu lamps, mirrors, and sofas—it was difficult to realize the fact that we have been journeying through the backwoods of Canada. I am surprised to find Detroit already a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and one of the finest I have yet seen on this side of the Atlantic. A large open space in the centre will some of these days be a magnificent square. There are a number of churches, chiefly with spires. The streets are wide, some of them planted with avenues of trees. The town contains two very large hotels, besides many smaller ones. The one I inhabit has a dining-room one hundred and twenty feet in length, capable of containing four rows of tables in the width, a ladies'

saloon, and other rooms in proportion; and I am told the Biddle House is equally commodious. Almost all these places have lanterns in the roof. After breakfast, the master took me up to the one here, from which the view astonished me. I have heard there is no place in the world from which you can see five miles in every direction, except from the top of the highest mountains, but this place belies that assertion: it is a perfect panorama, and as there are no hills in this part of the country, one sees in every direction from ten to twenty, and possibly thirty, miles. On one side Lake St. Clair, with the beautiful River Detroit connecting it and Lake Erie (about twenty miles distant). The town runs along the banks of the river, Windsor and Sandwich, both in Canada, on the other shore. Numbers of vessels are passing and repassing, and there is an uninterrupted water communication through all these fine lakes and rivers, two thousand miles, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. What an empire this will be when all its resources are developed! And they are developing with great rapidity; for of all the towns I saw in passing from Niagara yesterday, not one was in existence twenty years ago.

*October 27.* — Yesterday afternoon Mrs. P—— came to call, and kindly brought me at once to this place, Park Farm, in Sandwich. We crossed the river without moving from the carriage, and arrived

at the house in time to take a walk. Colonel P—— has not gone upon the usual plan in this part of the world—that of rooting up the forest, without any idea of leaving ornamental timber; and his place is beautified by woods, at proper intervals, while the cultivation of the land between them is that of an English farm. The Colonel tells me there is fine shooting all about here—deer, within ten miles. Yesterday, he and his son brought in as many snipes, woodcocks, and a small kind of quail, as they chose to shoot.

*October 28.*—A dreadful accident occurred very early yesterday morning, near Chatham, about fifteen miles from Detroit; upon the same railroad by which we came from Niagara. Some trucks, filled with gravel, were proceeding at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, actually in front of the express train, going at the rate of forty. Of course there was a collision: three or four of the first cars were smashed; and it is believed that sixty or seventy persons are killed; exact particulars have not yet reached us; but this seems one of the most fatal of all the railroad catastrophes, and caused entirely by carelessness. There was a dense fog at the time it occurred, but surely the gravel-trucks had no business in the way of the coming train. I am surprised at the large number of blacks and coloured people hereabouts; nearly all the lowest population

appears to consist of them ; they are idle, and very insolent in manner. I met with an English clergyman on board the Lake Ontario steamer, who was on his way to this country, with the intention of making an effort to civilize and educate the negroes who have settled here. He told me there are at least twenty thousand, chiefly runaway slaves, in Upper Canada. One of the evils consequent upon Southern slavery, is the ignorant and miserable set of coloured people who throw themselves into Canada. Colonel P—— told me yesterday he was brought out home from Windsor, by a black driver, who told him he had ‘run away from his good, kind massa,’ years ago ; and that though he was free and able to get his own livelihood, he had never ceased to repent his folly. The black should be educated for freedom, or he is not the happier. If mere children, sent into the world unfit to guide themselves, negroes suffer more by freedom than by servitude ; and I must regret that the well-meant enthusiasm of the Abolitionists has been without judgment. Dr. Howe, Mr. Dillon, and others devoted to the real welfare of the black race, all are of opinion that in their case, as in many others, ill-judging friends have proved worse than enemies ; and, without having been among the planters, my observation in the States, of the majority of free blacks, already leads me to the same

conclusion. It is not a question between the wickedness of a system of human bondage and the duty of shaking it off, but one as to the wisdom of getting rid of an evil, without making use of common sense in the manner of curing it. Colonel and Mrs. P—— took me a drive yesterday afternoon along the shore of the Detroit (which is rather a strait, twenty miles long, connecting the Lakes St. Clair and Erie, than a river). It looks, in some places, from five to seven miles wide; and there is no more stream than that movement which is occasioned by a slight difference of level between the two waters. Some fishermen were fishing for white fish, and a kind of fresh-water herring. The nets were taken out in boats, as in England; but, when the ends were to be drawn in, the rope was fastened to a windlass, and a horse trotting round and round, soon brought the net on shore—a saving of both time and labour. I saw a curious kind of fish-lizard brought out; it was about two feet in length from the end of the tail to its round cat-like snout; it crawled along the ground on its short legs and tortoise-like feet, and was altogether a disgusting-looking beast. The fishermen said its bite was very poisonous, and it had the yellowish-brown lurid look which seems to appertain to venomous reptiles; but Dr Kirtland says it is perfectly harmless. We induced them to throw it back into the water, where it probably

exercises some virtues not to be guessed when it is seen out of its natural element. I found many little fresh-water shells on the shore, and one mussel, with a wing appendage almost like that of a *rostellaria*. A sunset more lovely than any I have before seen ; it promised fine weather—a happy promise for me, as I find myself again obliged to take part of my voyage to Cleveland by night. No steamer leaves Detroit earlier than four o'clock to-day ; but I shall have daylight for the river, so I must be reconciled to being in darkness on Lake Erie, with the consolation of a moon, now some days old. Such quantities of apples here, rotting on the ground for want of hands to gather them. The negroes will not take that trouble, even for pay ; and, in spite of the great emigration, labour is much wanted : people are in distress for both out-of-door and in-door servants. I walked with Mrs. P—— down to the river ; many black and mulatto children were playing about near some small log-houses, close to a marsh, on its shore ; one clean-looking intelligent girl, about seven, helped to look for shells, and then asked me to visit her mother, who, she said, was sick in a hut, close by. I followed the child, and found her mother in bed, quite alone, with the exception of a tiny black babe, only two hours old, by her side. She received me cordially ; conversed in a cheerful, intelligent manner, and said she was

brought by a lady from Maryland to this place, twenty years ago, when only seventeen years of age; this kind mistress gave her freedom, and she married a husband of her own colour, who works in the boats. I said, 'Are you glad to be free?'— 'Oh, am I not? it is only the ignorant and the lazy ones who do not care to be free; but then they be most so.' She has three girls alive, besides her baby-boy, whose arrival makes her very happy, because she has lost three boys. Everything around this woman spoke of tidy and cleanly habits; a little Bible well bound was on the table close to her bed, and other comforts evinced education and order beyond the usual negro habits.

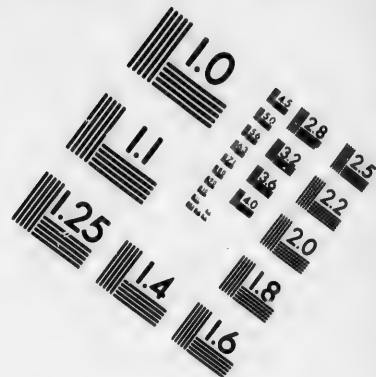
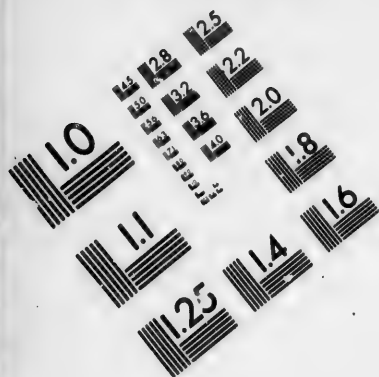
I afterwards visited the hut of an old negro washerwoman, who lived alone, and seemed a kind, industrious old soul. In the other houses of the black people, I was told I should find nothing but dressy, saucy, idle folk. We were in Detroit to meet the steamer at four o'clock; then it was discovered she would not start till night, and after spending many tiresome hours, waiting and expecting, the *Ocean* did not get under way till near midnight; and when on board I found out I might have set off by nine o'clock this beautiful morning, if I had gone by a boat to Sandusky, whence a railroad would have carried me to Cleveland before dusk, and I should have steamed up the Detroit River, with a bright sun



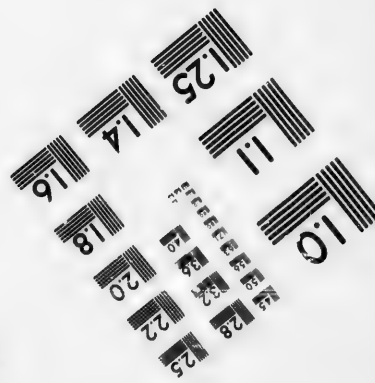
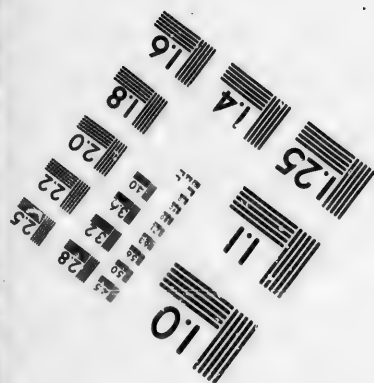
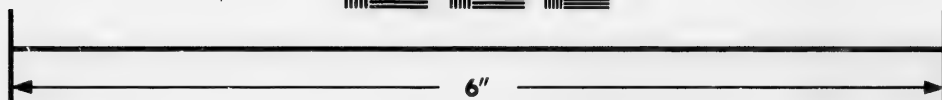
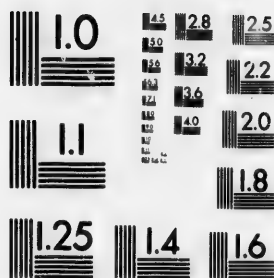
over my head, instead of traversing it when even the early moonlight was over. *En revanche*, I had a fine sunrise on Lake Erie. I have now passed one night on the St. Lawrence, one on Lake Ontario, and the last on Lake Erie, besides two or three landings in the dark; and this obscure mode of travelling is so usual on this side the Atlantic, that it requires some perseverance and energy, really to acquire knowledge about localities in America. Tomorrow I shall set forth by rail to Buffalo—in daylight, I hope; so that only the last part of my journey will be in the dark, and I shall reach Niagara by moonlight. These late slaughtering railroad accidents are enough, I should think, to counteract the American and Canadian predilection for night travelling. But it does appear as if these active people would rather sacrifice their lives than lose an hour of their time while they do live. ‘Dollars and time, time and dollars,’ should be the motto on this side the Atlantic. Cleveland is another pretty place, with streets as wide as those of Detroit, and a growing population of forty thousand. New churches here also starting up in every direction. Religion has certainly her due place in the hearts of the inhabitants, though the worship of Mammon may here, as elsewhere, compete with a better faith.

October 30.—Here I am still at Cleveland, in spite of my resolution to return to Niagara this evening;





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but it was quite impossible to resist the temptations offered by the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Kirtland; and we slept last night at their house, five miles from hence. His garden was the first I have ever seen since that at Cambridge, which offered many objects of interest. Besides other plants new to me, I gathered berries of a singular colour, greenish blue, from an *Ampelopsis*, with briony-like leaves. Dr. Kirtland has paid great attention to the improvement of fruits, particularly cherries, and he is a most scientific naturalist; his birds, stuffed and arranged by himself, excel those of Waterton; and the manner in which his entomological specimens are preserved is quite unique and admirable: they are in frames, with glass behind and before, so that they can be observed on all sides, and when held up to the light, while, being rendered impervious to air and unassailable to insects, they are indestructible. I am promised a specimen case, which will be an invaluable example to collectors and museums in Europe. Dr. Kirtland was also so obliging as to give me numerous shells from the fresh waters of this district, which differ from those I found on the Ottawa and on the shore of Lake Champlain; and this morning he took me a walk through the forest, where I found a great deal of the pretty *Cornus florida*, and seeds of a *Gerardia*, differing from that growing near Lake Winnepesiogee. The oak most

common here, is called the grey oak ; there is another with chesnut-shaped leaves and a long acorn, and one with deeply cut, small shining leaves. The Sassafras and three or four species of poplar also grow in this forest, but no evergreens ; and none are to be seen between a place called Paynesville and Detroit, unless in gardens ; no firs, no cedars, no *Lignum vitæ* (which grows so beautifully on the banks of the Ottawa and the Gatineau, and again at Niagara) ; but the variety of trees and shrubs is greater here than in the neighbourhood of Sandwich, where the forests are principally beech, and the white and scarlet oak, with tamarisks in the swamps. The orchards at this place are very productive : peaches, cherries, and excellent apples. Among the last, the true golden pippin and nonpareil. Dr. Kirtland is famed for his cultivation of fruit.

This evening I have been much interested, having for the first time read the details of the sad, though successful Battle of Alma ; but our heroes have not died in vain—they died as missionaries of truth and civilization. Those English and French soldiers who have fallen side by side at the Battle of Alma, have sealed with their blood a lasting alliance between their respective nations ; and thousands of serfs will go to school in England, and there learn that they are men. I came back to sleep at the Weddell Hotel,

where the accommodation is excellent, and we hope to ascertain exactly the hour when a railroad train starts for Niagara, *vid* Buffalo, to-morrow morning. One comfort is, the time of the cars cannot be so difficult to discover as that of the steamer *Ocean*, at Detroit, where we walked up and down the wharves for more than two hours, without being able to find out from any man, woman, or child, where the great steamer had hid herself! People in these rising cities are all too busy to know anything that does not concern their immediate objects.

*November 1.*—*Niagara.*—To-day we go to Canandaigua, having safely returned last night to this place.

*November 2.*—Owing to the impossibility of getting correct information, I was sent across country, and we were all day on the American shore of the Falls. At half-past seven in the evening the cars did start, but before eight we were brought to a standstill; for the engine and the two first carriages ran off the line, owing to some miscreant having removed a rail. No person was injured, but for six mortal hours we were kept waiting until trains came up each way, so as to allow of an exchange of passengers and luggage; and it was seven in the morning before the cars which received us at the place of stopping reached Canandaigua. The lake there is

not so picturesque as most of those I have seen ; but there is a nice small town, and the house from which I write is the most comfortable and best appointed of any I have yet seen in the United States. Ithaca will be our next halting-place ; it is upon the Cayuga Lake.

*November 5. — Cayuga Lake, Ithaca.*—In our way to this place, yesterday, we came by rail to Cayuga Bridge, and there awaited the steamboat *Forest City*, to carry us forty miles down the lake to Ithaca. During the three hours of our detention, I took a walk, made a sketch of the place from a spot about a mile and a half off, and found a plane tree, which appears to me to differ from both the oriental and occidental, though rather more like the latter. It is here called button tree, from its hanging, round seed-vessels. I gathered some of the latter nearly ripe, and also a leaf. Upon the weeping elms it is interesting to see the little nest of the hanging Loriole, which thus builds out of the reach of danger from terrestrial enemies—boy, beast, or reptile. Whether they have winged assailants, I do not know. A wind from the north yesterday was very cold, and on board the steamboat I was obliged to confine myself to the cabin ; the shores of these lakes are pretty, and we touched at a village called Aurora, a very rural-looking spot. I saw many nice-looking houses,



with a better show of flowers and of well-kept gardens than is common in America ; and as we advanced towards Ithaca, rocks and picturesque gullies became frequent ; the country hilly and broken. A railroad, carried to the end of the long pier, received us on our landing, and took the passengers to Ithaca, a mile beyond, where I found Mr. G—— had obligingly brought his carriage to take me to his home. Sunday : a bright sun-shiny morning like a fine November day in England. The leaves here have nearly all fallen, and it is time to give up touring in the Northern States ; but, as I understand the election for the Governorship of New York takes place on Tuesday, and that on that day Governor Seymour will either be re-elected or supplanted, I shall remain here to-morrow, and sleep at Syracuse on Tuesday, so as not to pay my visit at Albany until the election day is over.

*Ithaca, November 6.*—Snow and ice ; bitter cold north-east wind, so that, though Mrs. G—— kindly drove me out to make a sketch of the place, we were both too cold to fulfil our intentions of visiting some of the waterfalls in the neighbourhood. I could only view one of the most considerable from a distance. It has a height of between two and three hundred feet, and must be fine when water is

abundant. From the great depth of these falls, the stream now looks only like white gauze spread over the rocks, and it disappears in foam. A gentleman told me that the derivation of the word *Ravine* is *Ravel*, from the waters being ravelled out as they tumble down.

*Syracuse, November 7.*—We came fifty miles round yesterday, through the Valley of the Susquehanna, to avoid retracing our way by Lake Cayuga. A new railroad was opened only last month, from a place called Binghampton (about thirty miles from Ithaca) to Syracuse. Oswego was our first stopping-place; the inconvenience of choosing an indirect route being, that we have to change cars twice. Two gentlemen, to whom I was introduced before leaving Ithaca, Mr. Cox and Mr. Parker, reside at Oswego. A fine example of engineering is displayed in getting the cars up the steep hills, by forward and retrogressive movements, with a switch at one point; so that the pretty 'Forest City,' Ithaca, is seen at various distances several times during the first five miles of the ascent; but no chains are used. The country has a wintry appearance—snow upon the hills, and even a little by the wayside. We passed through part of the picturesque Valley of the Susquehanna, following that river close upon its banks some way. There I saw timber-trees of the hemlock spruce; and at a

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large town, called Homer, five churches, each of considerable size, all in a row, without any intervening houses. No time or room for more.

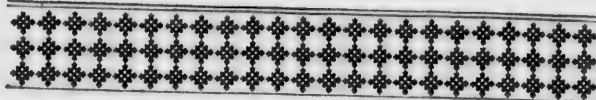
Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.



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## LETTER XII.

ALBANY.

ALBANY, NEW YORK,  
Nov. 8.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

A snowy morning at Syracuse made it impossible to see anything of that town, or its salt-works; the valuable briny springs there so cheapen one great necessary of life, that I am told, twenty miles off, a large barrel of salt may be purchased for a dollar. The ladies' saloon at the hotel where I slept, exhibited that usual absence of occupation which I have remarked at all such places—rocking-chairs, lounges, and *ennui*! One young lady took something like a small tract in her hand, and in a few minutes was asleep on a sofa—this at half-past ten in the morning. When a gentleman came in, and asked for her—'Oh!' said another lady, her companion, 'she's asleep; but she'll wake up by dinner-time.' And this information was not given the least in a satirical tone. We left Syracuse by the eleven o'clock train, during a thick snow-storm; but at noon

sunshine broke out. We passed through a fine country by Rome, Utica, and Schenectady, skirting the river at the latter place. At Little Falls such abundance of rocks! I longed to stop for a botanical scramble among them. Perhaps next June, when the weather is more favourable for a visit to Utica and Trenton, I may be again at this place. By five o'clock our train reached Albany,—a pleasant, rapid journey of ninety miles, during which the cars slid safely and pleasantly along. No troublesome companions—but some pretty young ladies behind me appeared to think themselves privileged to laugh and talk louder than any one else, because they were better dressed; and a gentleman in front evidently considered it the bounden duty of an American citizen to be bearish. In the hope of softening his temper, I offered him the morning paper; he took it without the smallest acknowledgment, and, when done with, put it down without even returning it. Whether he discovered we were 'British,' and an anti-English feeling possessed him, I don't know; but still there was a spice of kindness lying under his sulky manner, for when a poor old woman and girl entered the car, he removed his valise, and gave them his seat.

While stopping at one of the stations, a tall, handsome Indian girl, with some bead-work in her hand, entered the car; she wore a picturesque dress,

with a black hat and feather, and silently presenting her wares without importunity, she glided on. The noisy and reckless, or ungainly, sulky manner of those around contrasted unfavourably with the subdued, unobtrusive, graceful dignity of the squaw. Nature's gentlemen and gentlewomen, the Indians have a true courtesy and a simple politeness, which might be advantageously copied by those who are their superiors in knowledge and power.

The Governor of New York, to whom I was introduced at Newport, met us at Albany station, and I am now at his house. In the midst of a severe contest with two opponents (an election, for which the votes amount to 500,000), he preserves a manner of calm indifference which his friends do not emulate. I confess myself deeply interested in the result—not so much for Mr. Seymour's sake (because with his love of country pursuits, and his freedom from weak ambition, I really believe his personal happiness will rather be increased than diminished by a return to private life); but because I believe the welfare of this large population to be well-cared for while the power is in his hands. In England we have but little idea of the influence exercised by the local Governors in the Union. Governor Seymour has the unlimited power of pardoning criminals, and is also Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of this 'Empire State.' He holds his office for two years only, un-

less re-elected at the end of that time. In some of the States, the Governor's tenure is four years; and Wright, of Indiana, has now been its head nearly eight years. They are, to all intents and purposes, constitutional sovereigns for the time being; and seeing a man of Horatio Seymour's benevolence, judgment, and ability placed in this situation, I shall regret if popular caprice replaces him by an inferior statesman. One of the candidates is a 'Know-nothing,' and he has only party support. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Clark, the man who runs Seymour hard; if he succeeds, his success will be owing to an amiable, though I suspect a mistaken public feeling—about the introduction of the Maine prohibitory liquor law. Governor Seymour has fearlessly and honestly withheld his assent to the introduction of that law into this State. Upon all other points, he is popular; but an extreme and (with some) a religious feeling, moves the popular opinion, and Clark is a 'no liquor man.' None can have a more sincere horror of intemperance than myself; but there is a use as well as an abuse of all things; and I doubt the wisdom of guiding a people to the wise use of a useful article, by prohibiting it altogether.

*Albany, Nov. 10.*—I went to a wedding last night; very differently arranged from an English marriage, but interesting. A pleasing, well-attired young

bride of twenty—the bridegroom twenty-six. They stood side by side, at one end of a well-filled room, while a Presbyterian minister addressed a suitable but short exhortation to them. He then gave the ring to be placed upon the bride's finger, telling her to wear it as a pledge of her husband's affection, and as a reminder of her own duties; and after his blessing upon them both, the ceremony was concluded. It took place at eight o'clock, in the presence of from two to three hundred friends. The young wife remained awhile in her place to receive the kisses of her relations, and the congratulations of all. I was introduced; and she thanked me prettily for my presence, and offered her cheek. Her dress was just like our English bride's, excepting that the white robe had a train. She looked calmly happy. The evening was closed by a plentiful standing supper—hot oyster soup, &c. In the morning I went to see hot-houses and greenhouses belonging to a relation of Mrs. Seymour, managed by a gardener who was under Sir Joseph Paxton. Mr. Morrison does credit to his teacher: he has the best managed collection of plants I have seen this side of the Atlantic, and a *Lycopodium* quite new to me. The view from an elevation in Mr. Corning's garden is very extensive, overlooking Albany and Troy, with fine reaches of the Hudson; the Catskill mountains in the distance one way, and a range in the northern part of



the State in the other. It is difficult to realize that in coming from Niagara here, I have traversed as much country as if I had journeyed from John O'Groat's House to London! I begin to think nothing of a distance of two hundred miles. This evening we spent some time in a Museum of Natural History, which is doubly interesting, from being entirely confined to the productions of this State; so that, my mind not being overwhelmed with variety, I was able to see, and to understand what I did see, to much greater advantage. The geology of New York is an epitome of that of the world, though it contains some details as well as numerous objects not known in Europe. Our chalk and oolite beds are wanting; but at some hundreds of miles distance greensand is to be seen, rich in fossils, scaphites, &c., three times the size of ours. In Minnesota, about seventeen hundred miles from hence (south-west of Lake Superior), exists a tract one hundred miles in extent, called by the Indians, *Mauvaise Terre*—'The bad country,'—and well does it merit that appellation. It consists of clay mountains, placed side by side like huge ant-hills, wholly bare of vegetation—not from infertility, but because their component parts are so little coherent, that rain and torrents wash them clean of verdure, whenever it makes its appearance during a spell of dry weather. Fine specimens of animal remains—tortoises, turtles, &c., are found at the base of these clay hills.

The curator of the Museum, Mr. Hubbard, has given me a very curious recent fish from Lake Champlain, deeply interesting as the only lingering denizen of those early periods of the world when fishes wore their bones externally instead of internally. This creature looks like an antediluvian, with his enamelled exterior and his bony tail. I think he must have been a hard morsel, even for the digestion of an ichthyosaurus. He is called here the gar alligator. Mr. Hurst, one of the naturalists belonging to this Museum, has invented a beautiful manner of preserving fish, reptiles, &c., so as to make spirits unnecessary, and greatly to facilitate the examination of them. But so much arsenic is requisite for the process, that his hands are excoriated, while his complexion is improved by its poisonous fumes. The Governor has kindly given me a trout, which is an admirable specimen of this ingenious mode of preparation.

*Nov. 11.*—For once, I enjoy a pouring wet day, as it gives me time to arrange a chaos of seeds, plants, shells, and stones, which I have collected during my rapid western tour, and to look over the fine Hortus Siccus, arranged by Dr. Torrey, in fifty volumes, for the Museum. As it is of course confined to the flora of New York, I have many specimens not included; but it enables me to determine some which have embarrassed me. I saw an

alligator alive, and some curious little turtles and tortoises: the latter are common hereabouts, and I am promised a pet, in the shape of a small tortoise which has the faculty of shutting itself up like a box: it is a vegetarian, quite gentle, hardy, and long lived. If my favourite puss does not take umbrage at him, he will be a clean, innocent, happy favourite. The snapping tortoise is larger, and quite a savage beast. There was a live snake in a box, but I declined his acquaintance. I was surprised to see the wild turkey so much larger than the domesticated; his plumage, too, is finer—almost resembling that of a peacock.

I begin to feel quite excited by the ups and downs of the State election; for though all the votes were taken in one day (the 7th), the various towns and districts send their numbers dribbling in, so that though Governor Seymour has never been without a general majority, yet the whole is extremely fluctuating; and as yet his fate remains undecided. I had a long talk with him about the Slavery question, and was much impressed by his calm and statesmanlike views: he is as desirous as any man can be, to see slavery abolished; but he sensibly says, that, like most other things in connexion with the general welfare, it is to be considered with reference to political economy; and that in our enthusiastic headlong anxiety to do justice to the black race, we

have surely (though quite unintentionally) delayed its freedom. This is, I believe, the opinion of Dr. Howe, and other enlightened philanthropists. Twenty-six years ago New York was a Slave State. How has the curse been shaken off? Not by stringent laws and ill-judged prohibitions, but by the introduction of free labour, which rendered that of bondage expensive and inconvenient—though it does not improve the condition. The wisest people say, that Slavery was on the point of extinguishing itself in the South, when, by rendering the supply piratical, the value of the article was so raised in the market, that it became a profitable concern to grow slaves. As Governor Seymour graphically explains the matter:—‘If the early settler wanted to buy beef, he must buy the whole ox—hide, horns, and tail; then comes a time when he can procure a quarter; and at last, as population increases, he can go to market and purchase a beef-steak, or any joint most pleasing to his taste. Now the same thing occurs in the case of labour, which, after all, is a marketable commodity. At first it may be necessary to take the whole man; then you can hire part of a man; and in due time you may be able to get so much of the time of a man as may just suit your purpose, without being burthened by his infancy or his old age.’ Thus we, who have been seeking to check the institution of Slavery by violent means,

have unintentionally been prolonging it; but time will repair this mistake, by rendering the possession of slaves an expensive mode of cultivation—that is, if cotton can be cultivated without it. Slavery existed and does exist in Africa, and in a more suffering and degraded form than that of the West Indies, or of the American Southern States. The slaves benefited by their change of servitude; that was a first step towards ultimate freedom; and if, when a sufficient number had been imported, their labour had been naturally rendered of less value by the introduction of others, Slavery would quickly have abolished itself; but anti-slavery laws checked the natural course of Providence; slave-labour increased, and the chain of the African was riveted by his intended emancipator. Another practical exemplification of an ‘ill-judging friend being worse than an enemy.’

We dined out to-day—a pleasant dinner; the only peculiarity was the name of each intended occupant being placed on the table opposite every chair. Cod-fish appears to me more delicate here than upon our coasts; but in general I do not think American fish equal those of the English shores. I have now tasted white fish, black fish, masquelongi, and salmon. The masquelongi is a fresh-water fish, plentiful in the Rice Lake. It appears to me a superior kind of pike.

*Sunday, Nov. 12.*—We went to the church still

served by Dr. Potter, the new Bishop of New York, who does not give up his duty till after his consecration. He is a kind and agreeable, as well as a good man; and I never heard our service with greater pleasure: it was so admirably arranged and read here, that I could not help contrasting it with the church at Toronto, where the service was conducted in a heavy, tedious way. Election returns still incomplete; the majority supposed to be for the present Governor; but no one can give certain information.

*Albany, November 13.*—One circumstance is to be observed of the American Episcopalian clergymen, and, as far as I have been able to remark, the same thing may be said of the Presbyterian,—that they all read well, without the nasal tone or the peculiar pronunciation of the North-eastern States. It is a pity that civilians, especially diplomatic men, do not imitate their clergy in this matter. I think the latter, as a body, superior to ours. Among those whose churches I have attended, two ministers, educated and ordained upon our side the Atlantic, both good men, were pompous and tedious in the reading-desk and pulpit. And we must confess that not many in England either read or preach in an attractive manner. On Saturday, the Governor took me to see an excellent Penitentiary belonging to this district. The house has been lately built after the plan of the superintendent, Mr. Pillsbury, a man who possesses the

qualities of firmness, order, and benevolence in a high degree. The cells are arranged in a way differing from what I have hitherto seen. An oblong block of three or four storeys (the upper ones reached by exterior staircases and galleries, capable of accommodating 185 people) is placed within a large kind of hall admirably ventilated; every cell has an iron bedstead, and those of the women a chair. The large door of iron grating which closes each, is so constructed as to admit sufficient light and air. All are shut by the same mechanical process, managed by an iron bar, which runs the whole length of the block, and even if any one is by accident left unlocked, the door cannot be opened. About three hundred prisoners, male and female, are now confined here—all for short terms; those under long convictions are taken to other prisons. These people are sentenced for a period of about three months; many of them for a shorter time. We found the men at work in two large workshops, one entirely devoted to making cane-bottomed chairs, the other harness. All were busily engaged; not one lifted an eye or spoke a word. In the women's ward, there was more variety of employment: washing, ironing, mending, and cooking—but no speaking. One haggard-looking crone of more than eighty years of age, here for the fourth time,

looked the personification of incorrigibility. Some few men were at work in the grounds, which having to be newly laid out, afford much promise of occupation; and it has sometimes happened that emancipated prisoners have entreated for employment there. Mr. Pillsbury's success appears to be owing to his unflinching will and determined discipline; to the strict enforcement of cleanliness, and, above all, to the influence of love which this kind man brings to bear upon his prisoners, for his heart seems to be of the most tender mould. Yet I could wish that the tongues of these unfortunate ones might be a little loosed, just so much as is allowed by the Governor of the gaol at Munich without being followed by evil consequences. There, the prisoners are permitted to speak on matters connected with their labour, but if that liberty is abused, they are made to work alone. Upon the entrance of a prisoner here, he is told he must be industrious, never look up from his work, and keep silence; and that if he conforms to these rules, he will be well fed and kindly treated; he usually conforms immediately. The house has been erected, and all expenses of the establishment are defrayed, by the profits which accrue from the prisoners' labour.

Near Utica there has long been a white rock held as a sacred stone by the Indians. This



vation was owing to its being a kind of sienite unique in the district. As its situation was near a spot lately formed into a cemetery, Mr. Seymour proposed that this stone should be removed there to save it from destruction, and to show sympathy for Indian feelings. An agreement with them was made for that purpose; they also being allowed the liberty of interment in the ground; and the stone may be seen now on a mound at the cemetery.

After the election of the present Governor, a chief came to Albany, to prefer some request to him. Being an Oneidan, he spoke of his tribe. Mr. Seymour kindly replying, said—'I also am an Oneidan, for my residence is at Utica.' The Indians designated the local Governors as their 'Father,' and the President as their 'Great Father.' But upon Mr. Seymour making this remark, the Chief quickly and gracefully changed the term of relationship. 'My BROTHER then is an Oneidan; he will feel for the wants of his Brethren.' Although the Indians may speak and understand English, and when not conducting a diplomatic interview will converse in our language, yet in formal intercourse with the Governors or Governments, they will only carry it on through an interpreter, bearing in mind the view of preserving their dignity and nationality. I believe they are now very kindly and considerately treated by the

United States. Their religion is a pure Theism; and some of those we call the Pagan Indians are, alas! superior in Christian conduct to the converted; for the latter practise the vices of cheating and drunkenness, while the former are simple, pure, and sober, until contaminated by the white man. They believe in a great creating, superintending Spirit, who rewards the good and punishes the evil in a future life; and they have public meetings for prayer and thanksgiving. One is called the 'Feast of Strawberries,' when they assemble to offer up thanks to the Great Giver of all good for the returning crop of that berry; and there are other periods of general thanksgiving for a sufficiency of game and for the fruits of the earth. Thus they acknowledge the unity, omnipresence, and omniscience of the Deity; the freewill, responsibility, and immortality of man; and these truths being known and assented to by the American Indians, Christianity is received and accepted by them without much difficulty, as a further dispensation and message from the Universal Father.

From the Governor of New York I have inquired and learned the meaning of party terms which have before puzzled me—such as Adamantines, Hard-shells, Soft-shells, Loco-focos, Rick-burners, and Pollywogs. It seems these names are highly figu-

native,—they have originated in casual expressions made use of by public speakers which have happened to hit the fancy of the hearers, so that they became cant terms. A Democrat in this country is synonymous with a Whig or Liberal in England, while he who is denominated Whig here, is really a Tory or Conservative. The latter party advocate prohibitions, and tariffs, and interference of the Central Government with local improvements ; while the democrats are free-traders, and promoters of self-government in each State. They say that railroads, and harbours, and bridges, and canals, can be formed and conducted at less expense and more advantageously on the spot, than when planned and directed by the Central Government from a distance of many hundred miles, where they are apt to degenerate into jobs. Upon some occasion, when the moderate Democrats were accused of yielding rather too much to the views of their opponents, a wag, during his address to a popular assembly, said : ‘ Now I think these politicians are blowing hot and cold ; they are too much like crabs when in a state of transition between the soft and the hard shell. I am for the whole hog—I am a Hard-shell.’ And another said, ‘ They are Pollywogs’ (the Indian name for tadpoles). So with the Loco-focos, of which party the Barn-burners were an extreme. Now I understand the

meaning of the following curious paragraph in one of the local papers some weeks ago: 'The organ of the Hard-shell Democrats says that orders have been sent from Washington, enjoining all persons holding office under the Central Government to keep away from the approaching Soft-shell Convention at Syracuse; for this reason it is anticipated the Barn-burners will have control of the convention, and pass anti-Nebraska resolutions.' The peculiar circumstances which gave origin to the Loco-foco and Barn-burner, are these: during an assemblage of Democrats, some who wished to disperse the meeting obtained the command of the gas-pipes, with an intention of throwing darkness over the deliberations of the said 'convention;' but the Hard-shells, getting a hint of this plot, provided themselves with lucifer-matches and candles, and when the gas went out suddenly, they soon re-illuminated their proceedings. Hence they were called Loco-focos; and an ultra Loco-foco was taunted with the sobriquet of Barn-burner.

We dined yesterday at a very pretty and well-arranged house, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Pompelly—an Italian name, which has been spoiled by the substitution of an English termination. The dinner was much like one in London, except that the hour was six instead of eight. I sat by an American Major-General, who has travelled much in Europe. From

his countenance and manner, I should have supposed him Bavarian; but this city contains a great mixture of the varying national characteristics of Europe. In one quarter Germans are so numerous, that the signs and designations of the shops and eating-houses are in German. Many also of the respectable inhabitants there still speak Dutch; French is less common, but the American, Scotch, Irish, and English blood is mixed up in tolerably equal proportions, and in a short time all these heterogeneous elements will be happily amalgamated.

To-day I went to visit the library—a handsome and convenient building, well supplied with valuable and useful books; and afterwards the Governor introduced me to the studio of Palmer—a sculptor of evident taste and talent, who has hitherto depended upon the inspiration of his own mind, rather than upon the study of ancient art. Near a spot chiefly inhabited by Dutch settlers, I endeavoured to make a sketch of Albany, with the distant mountains, and an extensive view of the Hudson River; but my fingers soon became so benumbed by cold, that I had not much success. The weather continues very like winter in England, but no decided snow here at present.

*November 16.*—Yesterday was nearly all passed in visiting, to return the civility of those who have

called, or given me invitations. I entered a great many houses. The reception rooms are generally on the ground floor, handsomely fitted up, usually covered by English or French carpets, but extremely dark. They are commonly kept very warm by stoves, or rather furnaces, below. I only saw one open fireplace, in which the fuel was a kind of anthracite coal. The houses are good, almost always entered by a single flight of stone steps; from three to four rooms on a floor, but these rooms have a bare, unhomelike appearance to an English eye, from the absence of books, and work, and writing materials; they look as if in use only for company. We had an agreeable small dinner-party at home—the Bishop of New York; Mr. Hall, the palæontologist, and his wife; Mr. Johnson, a judge; and one or two more. It is believed that the re-election of the present Governor is secure. I rejoice in this, as an indication that good common sense, after all, prevails over an ill-regulated enthusiasm. The other day, a young man received his pardon from Mr. Seymour, after a short imprisonment. In such a case he usually sees the offender upon his liberation; and he gave this youth some friendly advice upon the danger of intemperate habits. The man looked surprised, and exclaimed: ‘Why, sir, I had been told you were all for liquor, and you don’t look like

one who cares for it.' 'Remember,' was the reply, 'that no human law can make a man good. He must learn self-control, and be actuated by principle. If laws would have prevented you from getting into mischief, you would not have been sent to prison.'

One day is annually set apart by the custom of each State for a general thanksgiving. Here is an example of the form and manner in which this is done. The Governor for the time being selects day, and then issues his Proclamation, which is published in all the papers:—

#### PROCLAMATION.

BY HORATIO SEYMOUR, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF  
NEW YORK.

An acknowledgment of our dependence upon God, and of our obligation to Him, is at all times the duty of a Christian People. But when the Almighty has again crowned the year with his goodness, and we are enjoying the gathered fruits of His bounty, it is eminently fitting that we should offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

I therefore appoint Thursday, the 30th day of November, for this appropriate service; and invite the citizens of the State to assemble on that day in their respective places of worship to present their acknowledgments to the Parent of the Universe for his multiplied mercies. And with our thanksgiving let us mingle prayers for a continuance of the numberless blessings we, as a people, enjoy, remembering that His wisdom alone can rightly direct, His power support, and His goodness give strength and security.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the private seal of the State, at the City [L. s.] of Albany, this 10th day of November, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Four.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

By the Governor. H. W. DE PUY,

Private Secretary.

In driving down one of the streets here, my attention was attracted by the Manx Arms—the three legs—as a sign over a tailor's shop. I was sure the occupant must be a native of the Isle of Man, and on our return I requested to stop the carriage, that I might ask a question. Upon going into the house I found a man busily employed upon a coat. 'You are a Manxman, I am certain?' 'To be sure I am,' was the answer; 'but who are you?' The tailor and the tailor's wife and daughter were delighted to hear the name of Murray, and to find I had been at Jurby, about four miles from Bishop's Court, where the man was born: he has been nineteen years in America; he says he has got on pretty well, but that he works harder than he did at home. I was invited to tea, and though I could not accept the invitation, it gave me pleasure to see that my visit was fully appreciated. I have made a sketch of Bishop's Court, for this my friend, (Mr. Crow,) from memory; and as he maintains it to



be the most beautiful place in the world, I think the remembrance will be valued.

*Albany, November 17.*—Mr. Seymour and his opponent are still running neck to neck, although we have several times supposed the affair settled; this election has been more fluctuating and longer about than any I ever heard of, not entirely owing to the great extent of territory concerned—for all the votes were taken at the different places in one day; but they have been very long coming in here. At New York, and I think I may say in all the enlightened cities, Seymour has an overwhelming majority, but the distant counties and towns vote for Hiram Clark, and it is now believed they will elect him by a trifling majority. The numbers to-day are 132,264 for Seymour—131,111 for Clark; there are, however, a few more returns to come in, which may be in favour of the latter.

*November 18.*—We spent yesterday evening quietly, drinking tea with Mrs. S——'s sister, who lives nearly opposite: her interest and excitement at the present moment are naturally great, as a change of Governors will separate this family. Our weather to-day promises to be clear and fine; we have had hardly anything but gloomy, wet, cold days since I arrived here ten days ago. Perhaps we shall go to New York this afternoon. I have heard

of the arrival of my Virginian friend, Miss G——, from England, and I hope to meet her there. A mere child, named Eli Rheem, has performed an act of heroism worthy of more years and of noblest times. I have cut the details out of a trustworthy print—for this deed deserves to be celebrated as evincing a courage which throws that of warriors into the shade.

### A NOBLE BOY.

RESCUE OF A PASSENGER TRAIN FROM CERTAIN  
DESTRUCTION.

We mentioned a few days since the burning of the Tunnel Bridge, on the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad, about five miles south of York, and since learn that the conflagration came very near being followed by one of the most terrible disasters that has lately occurred in railroad travel. It is supposed that the bridge took fire from the freight trains which passed about half-past seven o'clock in the morning, and the structure was totally enveloped in flames before it was discovered by the residents in the vicinity. At about nine o'clock the frame-work of the bridge fell through, and among the spectators, some twenty in number, was a little boy about twelve years of age, named Eli Rheem, who, remembering that the express passenger train was then about due from York, started off at the top of his speed to endeavour to stop the train which he knew must be close at hand. As soon as he reached the curve, about two hundred yards from the bridge, he observed the train coming at full speed, and fearing that he would be unable to stop them unless by the use of extraordi-

nary means, the noble little fellow took his position on the track, and running towards the approaching train with his hands raised, caught the attention of the engineer, who immediately reversed his engine, and stopped within four hundred yards of impending destruction, the piers being some twenty feet from the rocky bed below, and the gap some sixty feet wide. Had the boy not placed himself on the track, he would doubtless have failed in his noble effort, as the engineers are so often cheated by mischievous boys on the route that they seldom pay any attention to them. Even when he stopped, he thought he had been cheated by a youngster with more daring than his associates, and was surprised to see the little flaxen-headed fellow stand his ground, and endeavouring to recover his lost breath, to answer his questions as to the cause of his interruption. We learn that the passengers, when they ascertained the cause of the stoppage of the train, and viewed the precipice over which they were near being dashed, liberally rewarded the boy for his presence of mind and daring, and that the Board of Directors, at their meeting yesterday, appropriated 100 dollars as an additional recompence. Eli Rheem, a boy but twelve years of age, was the only one of twenty persons present, most of them men, who had forethought sufficient for the occasion.—*Balt. American.*

The name of *Rheem* leads one to suppose that this gallant little fellow must be of Dutch origin ; I shall be glad if England can claim the originating of his parentage. Alas ! for the horrors of war contrasting with the peaceful triumph of this child ! Our brave soldiers sacrificed, to sacrifice those who under different circumstances they would die to save ! I dread looking at the English news. Every

mail now brings sorrowful intelligence of the fall of some young man who, if not a relative of my own, is the darling of some house and home for which I feel an interest. What does not that Russian deserve? I trust he will some day be shut up as a madman, unfit to be trusted with a knife; and then perhaps his wretched serfs may learn that Christianity does not teach them war. To-day the Governor and Mrs. Seymour took me to see a community of Shakers, who live about ten miles from this place; they appear to be a harmless, industrious set of people, a kind of Quaker Order of Monks and Nuns, who feed well, set a good example as to morality and neatness, and eschew as a crime everything approaching to beauty and elegance. We had some excellent bread and cheese, saw them make their useful brooms, and bought some of their delicate baskets, in the manufacture of which the line of beauty has unconsciously introduced itself. Kind Brother Frederick, the ruler of the establishment, showed us all over it. A Shaker village has one great advantage over other monastic communities—no vows are imposed, and the freedom of egress is perfectly unshackled. We drove through a high sandy district, with scattered woods of birch and yellow pine, the ground diversified by low hills, with extensive views of distant mountains and the

Hudson River. In passing through Albany, I was shown some old Dutch houses, constructed of bricks which were actually brought here from Holland! Now, the great majority of buildings are of brick made on the spot. In this neighbourhood the usual snake fences, made with as large a quantity of timber as can be put into them, about six feet high, are beginning to be rare: the divisions consist of fences straight and regular; once it was considered a beauty to have as many fences as possible, now a contrary opinion prevails hereabouts. In new clearings, glaring white houses, with green or red blinds are still considered the best taste—naturally enough; for in the dark forest they were more visible, and spoke of comfort and civilization: now some taste for architecture is springing up in cities and their environs. Mr. Seymour drove me in a light open carriage, universal in America: it has wheels exceedingly high in proportion to the size of the body. These 'wagons' are certainly airy and slight, and consequently plunge into the hollows and holes of the tracks without risk. We had a bright sun, and as the wind was quiet I did not mind cold; but it was very cold.

*November 19—Sunday.*—I believe that my journey to New York is likely to be delayed yet for days. Some gentlemen who came in last night, say

that the voting is so close, that although State officers are now busy in investigation, it will require another week before the result can be declared; and even then the present Governor, if he should lose, would really have a majority; because a large number of votes have been given with the initial H., instead of Horatio, which invalidates them. The Shakers, too, wish for him; but the silly people consider it against their principles to make use of their votes. I wonder whether you in England will feel any interest in this election for my American friend; or whether you will be vexed that so many pages of my paper are devoted to New York politics. This packet will probably be sent off before the knotty point is made straight, so either way you will not get the conclusion until another mail. Though interested, my mind is not at all decided as to whether I really wish the present Governor to be in for another year or not. I should not like him to be beat. Yet I think the good effects of his rule will tell upon his successor, who, I understand, is much his inferior in education and talent; and rest will be good for my friend, while he and Mrs. Seymour will be more at liberty to make our proposed forest excursions next year. I shall remain here until the matter is settled; for as they kindly wish to be my guides in New York, should we go there whilst the decision is pending,

Mr. Seymour's visit there will be ascribed to political motives, which would be unpleasant to him.

After the service this morning, the Bishop-elect of New York baptized two children, one about four, the other rather more than a year old; the ceremony took place at the Communion-rail under the pulpit—the water being blessed on the reading-desk. The father and mother, with their eldest child, alone stood and knelt at the rail; the other attendants remained in pews. I like the custom of allowing parents to be sponsors for their own children. The service was much the same as ours. But as after being baptized, the youngest child was inclined to be loquacious, he was at once taken out of church by the person who carried him in her arms. I observed no particular smartness of dress on this occasion, either for the children or their attendants.

The Governor has just proposed that Mrs. Seymour and I shall go together to New York tomorrow; and if business permits, he will follow in the course of a day or two. So we shall start by the eleven o'clock train, and go to the St. Nicholas Hotel. I shall probably not extend my stay at New York much beyond a week; and letters in future must be addressed to the care of Mr. Crampton, our minister at Washington. He

is the most likely person to know my whereabouts ;  
and he will I daresay forward communications from  
home during the winter, or as long as I remain in  
the Southern States.

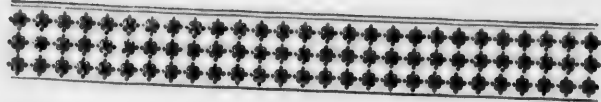
Your affectionate

A. M. M.









## LETTER XIII.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, *November 25, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

After travelling 268½ miles, here we are at New York. Since our arrival, on the 19th, I have not had time to write more than a few lines, which went by yesterday's mail to my nieces. I had a pleasant journey by rail down the beautiful Hudson; for the greater part of the way the line actually runs through the water; as between the range of the Catskills on one side, and the rocky shore on the other, it was much easier to form a road on piles, where the water is not very deep, than to tunnel and batter a course for the trains through the rocks: at one spot where we did go through them, a red flag brought us up for a few minutes, owing to some of the boundary having fallen in the night. Mrs. Seymour, her niece, and some gentlemen, accompanied me from Albany: the Governor has now arrived also, but it was not in his power to

come down on Monday. This Hotel of St. Nicholas is quite a palace; its only fault being that the gorgeous silk furniture, mirrors, and carpets are rather in the extreme of magnificence; however, the rooms are comfortable. I have a hot and cold bath attached to my bed-room; and as I happened to be rather ill yesterday (for the first time since I crossed the Atlantic), I found the warm bath an excellent remedy, and one which, if it had not been so conveniently placed, I should probably have gone without. Tuesday last was spent in shopping and visits. On Wednesday the consecration of my friend Dr. Potter, the new Bishop of New York, took place; I saw much of him at Albany, still as yet his residence. The ceremony was one of much more importance than that upon like occasions in England. Twelve bishops and one hundred and sixty clergy attended, besides two hundred students of divinity. It was performed in a pretty new church called Trinity, Early Perpendicular in style; all the windows edged and surmounted with painted glass, which, though not of the most perfect design and colouring, is still far better than common. The music was good, and I observed no great difference from our consecration service, excepting that the new bishop is robed in front of the Communion-table, a custom which has always prevailed in America, but which, I think, detracted from the solemnity

of the occasion. In the evening I was invited to meet all the bishops and a large number of the clergy. It was a pleasant party; and I recognised the Bishop of Vermont, who received me with kindness on Lake Champlain. The consecration deed of Dr. Potter, designed and beautifully illuminated by a young lady, was on a table of mediæval appearance. I was introduced to Bishop Fulford, who was absent during my visit to Montreal. He preached in the morning. Thursday, Mr. D——, one of my American friends on board the *Canada*, took me to see many places in the city, and from the steeple summit of Trinity Church I gained a good idea of New York, with its rivers, islands, and environs; the ground it is built upon is almost insular—perhaps three or four miles in width, and fourteen in length, Broadway nearly dividing it in half. This street is something between our Strand and Oxford-street, rather wider than the former, quite as full of traffic as either; but then we must bear in mind that this is the only great artery of New York. We drove in an omnibus through Broadway to what is considered the aristocratic quarter—for it must be remarked that people here are not at all less exclusive than in London—only the differences of rank and wealth are evinced by a more minute and elaborate attention to dress, and to trifling conventionalities, than with us. I have been

surprised to hear some men of business, but of wealth, assert that cultivation of the fine arts is a proof of national effeminacy! American ladies bestow those hours of leisure, which English women of the same class give to drawing, to the study of nature, and to mental cultivation, almost wholly on personal adornment. Although it must be admitted that owing to the bad training of their servants, ladies on this side the Atlantic are compelled to look closely into the details of domestic economy, yet it is odd that they are generally far less competent to the performance of every-day and sick-room duties than the daughters of our noblest houses in Great Britain; and so long as girls here devote a whole hour for every ten minutes allowed by us to the toilet, they have no right to make domestic affairs an excuse for want of general information. Of course there are brilliant exceptions; but I fear the national character of women in the United States more resembles that of self-indulgent Asiatics than of energetic Anglo-Saxons. And, as far as I can judge, their children are not being reared in better habits. Human nature is prone to extremes; and these facts explain why some individuals desirous of improvement have fallen into a mistaken imitation of manly character instead of cultivating feminine duties. Yesterday we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at their house in 22nd-street. Not having the

organ of 'Number,' I am rather plagued by having numeral streets, in addition to the customary numbering of doors; and 8th street west and 28th street east (No. 8, perhaps), make a terrible hubbub in my memory.—The 23rd of November was a very wet day, and I did not go out.—Saturday, November 25th, Mrs. Seymour took me to see Greenwood Cemetery, which is extensive, and beautifully situated on the heights of Brooklyn. But the general appearance of this place is injured by a custom of using upright white stone posts as boundaries for the several family burying-grounds. I have remarked this at all the cemeteries, excepting those of Boston and Toronto. Auburn Cemetery, belonging to the former city, is much the most agreeable and soothing place of interment, from its quiet and unassuming, as well as picturesque scenery. Glare and grief are antagonistic, and intrusive objects should not meet an eye still dim with tears; each spot of ground consecrated to family affection should be securely, but almost invisibly guarded from intrusion. Among the monuments in New York Cemetery, that which marks the burying-place of firemen is specially interesting. It is crowned by the statue of a noble spirit, who perished in his endeavour to rescue a child. In one hand he holds a speaking-trumpet; his other arm clasps the infant, as with a firm, but apparently hurried step, and upturned head, he endeavours

to reach security, and meets death. I accompanied a party to see the Governor review the militia regiments of New York. These, like the yeomanry of England, are volunteers; men (even in the ranks) of property and consideration. English, French, Dutch, Americans, Irish, Scotch, banded together as far as possible according to their several national feelings and peculiarities, but each individual merging his national loyalty in one common enthusiasm for the protection of the country he has permanently adopted;—meet upon a day which is here known by the name of ‘Evacuation Day,’ to make a grand demonstration of this unity of sentiment; and, although their troops were not so compact and well-drilled as regulars, yet as a body of five or six thousand men, not called out for more than three days in the year, they are much to be admired; and one regiment, all dressed in bluish grey, manœuvred with great precision.

I did not feel my own national *amour propre* the least wounded upon this occasion. We may now rejoice over the ‘evacuation’ with as hearty good will as the Americans themselves, and at the same time feel a rational degree of pride that old England sent forth, and originally nurtured, such promising citizens for the New World. Although the Governor of New York is Commander-in-chief, and a staff of officers in full regimentals surround him, he wears

no uniform, but always appears the civil officer of the State. Mr. Seymour reviewed these troops in front of the City Hall, with as much tranquillity of manner and simple dignity as might have been evinced by any one of the most experienced of our public men. It is impossible to find more entire freedom from self-consciousness in any man, while the claims of duty and of kindness are never put out of sight or omitted by him.

On Sunday I went to a chapel in Brooklyn, to hear the brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe preach to a very crowded congregation. His sermon was one of great eloquence and originality; in style and manner too familiar to suit English ideas: but it was eminently practical, and so much of truth and wisdom was to be culled out of a somewhat rugged and informal chain of argument, that no eye slumbered and no person's attention flagged during a very long discourse.

*November 27.*—This morning I breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. B——, to meet several agreeable people, among them the preacher, Mr. H. Beecher. I liked his earnest, powerful mind; although upon the topics of slavery and prohibitory laws, I doubted his arguments. In the afternoon, the Governor, Mrs. Seymour, and I visited print-shops and galleries. He wished much to see Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of



'The Twins,' but it had been just packed up and sent off to Boston.

*November 28.*—We all breakfasted with Miss Lynch the poetess; we had there another pleasant party, and again Mr. Beecher, whose discussions with the Governor upon social subjects were very interesting. I forgot to mention the opera last night—Grisi and Mario: the latter sang to perfection; Grisi less rich and powerful in tone than I remember her formerly, but still wonderful. Mr. D—— took me to visit a gentlemanly and intelligent young man, by trade a coachmaker, who seems to have travelled and observed nature more than is common in this land of business; and in his possession I saw one of those curious eyeless fish from the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It is preserved in spirits, about the size and somewhat of the form of a fresh-water perch, about five inches long. I thought there was a faint mark on the spots where eyes usually are, but nothing more; and a small kind of crayfish from the same locality was also deficient in visual organs. I shall probably go to that Cave, when I may procure specimens; and I shall try to get one preserved without spirits. The rest of my day was taken up by necessary social visits; but I saw various parts of the town.

*Wednesday, November 29.*—I went with the Governor to view all the Philanthropic and Penal esta-

ishments, which, much to the credit, the generosity, and the good feeling of New York State, have been founded and organized upon the two Islands of Randall and Blackwell. The East River pours down in rapid torrents on either side of these islands, so as to add security, as well as to contribute to the salubrity of these establishments. A four-oared boat took us off about seven miles from the city. We first landed upon Randall Island, where there is a very large Refuge just opened for delinquents; and there the great pauper establishments for children, and also an Emigrant's Home, are situated. Eight hundred happy-looking orderly boys marched about to the time of their own drums and fifes, forming a young regiment. They manœuvred with more precision, and dressed their lines more evenly, than the troops we saw reviewed on Friday. Their commander and drill sergeant was an *idiot* man about forty. He has the love and the strict obedience of his children, although upon every subject excepting military discipline his mind is a blank. It was pleasing to see the innocent enjoyment of this poor general and his young soldiers. One point of sympathy links them together; may they remain warriors of love rather than of contention—the teachers and the learners of Christian obedience and of religious duty. The girls (about six hundred) appeared to be equally well trained and cheerful in their

several occupations. In no institution have I ever seen cleanliness and order more complete and perfect than in these. The quarter for emigrants also gave rise to feelings of satisfaction. It was open to all destitute strangers during any period not exceeding five years from their first arrival on these shores. Six hundred infants, upon an average, are yearly born within its precincts. We saw mothers and infants well nursed and cared for—occupation for the industrious, training for the idle; and all appeared quiet and contented in their temporary home. I heard of very little sickness—only five or six cases of cholera; but there are hospitals for children with chronic diseases—one ward full of whooping-cough patients, and another where a few were sick with feverish complaints, all thoroughly ventilated, and apparently all made as comfortable as circumstances would admit. On Blackwell Island we saw a large and excellent Asylum for the Insane, a Pauper House of Industry, and a Penal establishment—good in their several ways. On the two islands there is a population of ten thousand—children, women, and men—destitute, sick, or sinful. Nowhere can one find a spirit of more generous and enlightened charity than that evinced by these and the other philanthropic institutions of New York. A great variety of shipping and numerous steamers are constantly passing down the river on each side. The sight of these, ma-

nœuvring through its shoals and rapids, must be a constant source of amusement and interest to the island denizens. I saw a steamboat which whirled down with a marvellous rapidity, and numerous sailing-vessels were tacking backwards and forwards, preparing to pass through that 'Hell-gate' on the river where an English frigate was once wrecked. This appellation was derived from Dutch settlers. We again entered a boat, and crossed the rapid stream to a point where carriages soon conveyed our party back to the St. Nicholas Hotel in time to fulfil a dinner engagement. I had the pleasure of sitting by the poet Bryant, with his picturesque grey head and beard.

*Thursday, November 30.*—Thanksgiving-day; an annual festival, religious and social, commanded and celebrated by each State. But it was sad to me; for that morning brought accounts from the armies at Sebastopol, and tidings of the death of General S——, and others known to me, or dear to those I know. Still I cannot wish the place to be taken until our troops are strengthened by reinforcements.

*Friday, December 1.*—Dr. Torey came after breakfast; he looked over my gathering of plants, and was much interested by the specimens of those got at Point Levi. The fern I found in wet meadows at Lake St. Charles, is *Botrychium sim-*

plex. I find the Geradias are most of them parasitical upon other living plants, which makes the idea of introducing them into our English gardens nearly hopeless. Mr. D—— was so obliging as to guide me to some necessary calls. I made one attempt to find my own way through these puzzling streets, and it proved very unsuccessful. Saturday, at Professor Renwick's, 21, 5th Avenue—I came here to an early dinner, after parting with the Governor and Mrs. Seymour for a few days: they promise to meet me on Thursday, at the hotel, West Point. Monday: Mr. B—— has made an engagement for me to go to see Mr. and Mrs. G. S——, on the Hudson, where I shall meet Washington Irving, who lives near. Before leaving the St. Nicholas, I was annoyed by discovering that my four best coloured drawings of Niagara Falls had been abstracted from a portfolio, and other indifferent ones left. This looks as if the thief had an artistic judgment, which is not very common here. I have offered a reward, and done all possible for their restoration: the loss is irreparable to me; and it is a poor consolation that any one should have considered them valuable enough to be an object of theft! The Canada Falls, and the American Falls from Goat Island, the latter at sunrise and the former at sunset, were the subjects which seem to have attracted the notice and the cupidity of some one who

took them away from the Governor's private room. This is the third robbery I have suffered since I came to America. Paint-brushes and pencils all stolen out of my bag at Montreal; cloaks and shawls carried off during the railway accident between Niagara and Candaigua; and now my drawings! So many indifferent subjects cross the Atlantic, in hopes of finding prey here, that pickpocketing and petty thefts are common; indeed it is almost impossible to guard against them; and, according to the doctrine of compensations, I must be content to put up with such trivial miseries, in the hope that they may frank my life and limbs through the perils of extensive journeying by land and sea. Sunday, I went to Grace Church, a Gothic elevation designed by a son of Professor Renwick; the effect is much injured by all the windows being of painted glass, of vivid colours, ill arranged; there were some good bits, and erasure with a sponge would relieve these loaded panes and improve the general effect, even without any other change in the coloured glass. As it is, the church is made too obscure, and good taste offended by red, blue, and yellow, interspersed without the smallest reference to harmony—that great requirement without which design is nothing in stained windows. I walked back to 5th Avenue in such heavy rain that no umbrella could avail to keep me dry, even for a short distance; and though my 'locality'

bump carried me back in the right direction, yet on arriving at the place, I rang at a wrong door ; for as there is a street at right angles to the house, I had never studied its exterior appearance, and therefore was at a loss to distinguish it from three other corners ; till I walked up stairs and disturbed a strange gentleman, I did not find out my error. Mr. F——, the protector of emigrants, whom I met last at Spencer Wood, accompanied me yesterday to see the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. I had only a short time for my visit, but it was sufficient to satisfy my mind of their excellent training ; one of the masters is himself a deaf mute who was brought up in the school, and the wife of another was also a pupil : she is pretty and intelligent, but still remains only able to express herself by signs and writing.

I was introduced to the first class as an English lady who had crossed the Atlantic to see their country and its institutions : each young person wrote upon his or her slate a little address, varied in expression according to individual character and feeling. Gratification at my visit and respect for Britain were predominant ; one or two made use of the expression 'proud' England, but erased it immediately upon my suggesting that 'old' England would be more appropriate. The superintendent, Mr. Peat, made a request that I would propose a

subject upon which they could offer the conclusions of their own minds. I inquired 'Whether the motive of love, or that of emulation, was that by which the course of education could best be guided.' All but one preferred love: some because it was the great Christian rule; others because it was the most effective; and one, who at first was in favour of emulation, rubbed out her sentence with an air of repentance, when she read what she thought the better choice made by her associates. I found that neither Mr. F—— nor Mr. C—— were of my opinion respecting the best modes of eradicating slavery and drunkenness. I thought their reasons for passing the Maine law told against themselves; for instance—'that a large number of the population were in favour of it.' Is not this very fact a proof that if you leave improvement to take its own course, the misuse of stimulants will cure itself; and a proof, also, that intemperance is gradually lessening? For, some years ago, the people would not have favoured a sumptuary law working against their own liberty, for the purpose of encouraging sobriety. It is said the Maine law is acting advantageously in that State. Not a good argument, I think; because temporary success does not justify mistaken principles; besides which, I have reason to believe that the improvement is more on the surface than radical; that much more drinking is now



done on the sly ; and thus ill-informed though well-intentioned people have been offering a bonus to hypocrisy, while they thought they were discouraging intemperance. I find there are now laws enough in the State of New York to keep down liquor-shops, if they were executed : but no ; it is too difficult to put in force laws against individual failings. Therefore such laws become a dead letter ; and now they want to heap more prohibitions on the statute-book, to make up for not enforcing the first. They may as well fight the wind. Human nature was put into this world to learn self-control, and to gain experience ; a man will never be the more virtuous for prohibitions, or the more strong-minded for being kept wholly away from temptation : he must learn to refuse the evil and choose the good, and, if he will not learn this by the inculcation of good principles, he will never become more strong in virtue by being kept out of the reach of evil. This is the principle of the public schools in England. The head masters of Eton, and perhaps of the other schools, have falsified it with regard to smoking ; and what is the consequence ? The boys consider it manly to brave punishment ; and there are few among them to whom cigars are not growing to be a necessary indulgence ; besides which, they half smother themselves by putting their heads under

water to disguise the smell ; whereas, if the habit had been treated as ungentlemanly and suited only to the ale-house, without any positive prohibition, it would probably, like other fashions, have become obsolete.

*December 4.*—I went with Mr. and Mrs. B—— and Mr. O—— to a pretty cottage on the Hudson River, to visit Mr. and Mrs. G. S——: the country all white ; so much snow that, for the first time, I was driven in a sleigh from the railway-station. I found a pleasant family, whose mode of life and arrangements were very much those of a small household in England. We paid a morning visit to Washington Irving : he is a much younger-looking man than I expected to see ; nothing of the petted or the spoilt favourite in his simple retiring manner : he was all, and more, than I expected ; and I felt unalloyed pleasure in such an introduction. Bitter winds and snow continuing, I must give up any idea of West Point for the present, and be content with two or three days pleasantly and quietly spent. To-morrow I shall go to Tarry Town ; and if the Governor and Mrs. Seymour do not meet me there, I shall fulfil my engagement to them by returning to Albany.

*December 8.*—I came on to Albany last night in cold snowy weather, and rejoined my friends, as

they were unable to come to me. The journey was not pleasant, though the banks of the Hudson were still fine, even in their wintry dress. The steamer which brought us over the river from the railway station went crashing through the ice; and I was not sorry to find myself in State-street.

*Friday, 8th.*—Mrs. Seymour took me out in a sleigh to pay some visits; the coldest day I have ever felt.

*Saturday, December 9.*—We walked to the Senate-house and some other places. The streets very slippery; sleighs with their bells in all directions. Dined out. Better news from the East: reinforcements have reached our army. As it has already fought and conquered five to one, I cannot share the apprehensions of those who fear the allied troops will be beaten out of the Crimea. The power of Russia was underrated, and for that we are punished.

*December 10.*—There has been a thaw, and snow is decreasing. The sleighs seem to go heavily; those with one horse are called cutters. It is only the machines drawn by two which are dignified by the name of sleighs. The Governor is busy winding up business, so as to place the affairs of the State in the hands of his successor, Hiram Clark, by the 1st of January. I have not seen this gentleman; it does not seem that his talents are appreciated highly

by individuals who have been voting for him because he belongs to their particular party, while Mr. Seymour appears to be liked by those who voted against him. I extract the following from a paper politically opposed:—

‘Governor Seymour, in his late admirable address at the opening of the New House of Refuge, near New York, stated that ‘during this last year he had been compelled to act upon *two thousand cases for pardon*. This duty is not only most arduous, but most perplexing and unpleasant. To exercise the pardoning power discreetly requires much labour and anxious thought; the entreaties of friends, of wives, parents, children, is often overwhelmingly painful; and he would be more than human who did not sometimes err in the exercise of this important prerogative. Our Governors have, however, seldom subjected themselves to just censure in the exercise of their power, and Governor Seymour as seldom as any of his predecessors. His decisions have almost uniformly been wise and humane; and if he has sometimes crushed the hopes of the unhappy relatives of the imprisoned, it has never been because he did not sympathize with them in their deep misfortune, but because he believed justice forbade the exercise of the clemency sought.’

When one considers the vast distances in this

Union, and the size of its component parts, it is easy to understand how little a government of centralization can ever suit the wants of so large and heterogeneous an Empire. The State of New York alone is as large as all England, and it is evident that local governments, such as California or Virginia, must have a much better idea of the genius and the requirements of their several countries than can be gained by the President and the Congress in session at Washington; so, for all local purposes, each State ought to govern itself, and that must have been the intention of the founders of the Union.

It is true that as yet police and postal arrangements are in their infancy, and to an English observer they appear but clumsily organized; but time will improve and consolidate these matters, and I should hope that a future generation will also consider the exercise of political rights as due rather to property, and the virtues of principle, independence, and freedom from selfish motives, than to the mere fact of an ignorant, profligate individual having lived, and perhaps misused, twenty-one years of life; so instead of the 'Know-nothing' proposition to take away the elective franchise from newly imported citizens, (which would be invidious enough among a people who owe their success and prosperity to a mixture of races added to the Anglo-Saxon element,) it

appears common sense that the electors of Governors should be those who have some reasonable ideas of government, and some stake in the common prosperity. We this day heard a sermon embodying higher church assumption than even English Tractarianism; it strongly maintained infallibility for the Protestant Episcopal Church in scriptural matters. The kind and good Bishop of New York was present; but his advocacy of Church claims is not that of spiritual despotism; like Fénelon, Bishop Horatio Potter would lead home the peasant's cow; his Christian benevolence can never be moved or guided by a thought which could mar its charity.—The rain falls fast, and I hope to get south before snow and ice again encumber the roads and streets.

*Monday, December 11.*—Snow again, but the thaw proceeding. I sent my letter, containing the hair of the poor old woman whose son has become a Mormon, by a channel through which it may probably reach the Salt Lake. I think the possible future of that extraordinary community an interesting speculation. Strange that the off-scourings of European civilization should establish polygamy—a practice branded as felonious by every other State in the Union, a barbarism which even Turkey is gradually casting off! Does not this show

the tendency of ignorance to return again to the habits of savage life, and also to go back to the government of a theocracy because they feel themselves incapable of self-government? Yet even the present condition and past history of this singular community is not without some elements of grandeur, and even of promise. Expelled by persecution and violence from the parent state, the Mormons earnestly and sagaciously employed themselves to build up a state for themselves. 'Driven from civilized life, they sought rest and a home in the wilderness and the desert.' Blinded as they are by superstition and fanaticism, they are still pioneers of civilization, and it is impossible not to admire the vigour and energy with which they accomplished their hegira. Sitting proudly at the foot of the Wahsach mountains, the City of the Salt Lake begins to fulfil the magnificent projects of its founders, and rolls it along an arid desert like the roses of Jericho (*Anas. atica*), to find fresh soil and new homes in the desert. Their settlement only dates from '47: yet wide and well watered streets and gardens, churches, school-houses, mills, and public buildings, now ornament a city laid out upon a plan capable of including half a million of inhabitants. Though the people and their institutions have departed widely and vilely from the laws of morality and Christianity, as the

darkness of ignorance becomes enlightened, we must hope the influence of designing villains will be shaken off, and that of the better minded gain a reasonable influence over the deluded, but not evil-intentioned majority; so that, before very long, the slough which at present contaminates and defaces the body politic of the Mormonite community may be cast off.

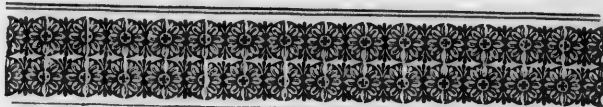
Your affectionate

A. M. M.









## LETTER XIV.

NEW YORK, *Dec. 13, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

An American gentleman with whom I have become well acquainted, took charge of me yesterday from Albany. I left Mr. and Mrs. Seymour with regret, but they promise to come to Washington before I proceed farther south. On Saturday I again visited the great palæontologist, Mr. Hall. He gave me an interesting and instructive geological chart of his own arrangement, which, while it exemplifies only the geology of New York and the adjoining States is, in fact, an epitome of that of the world; as from the primitive rocks, the strata follow in regular succession up to the cretaceous, tertiary, and alluvial, wanting only those beds of oolite and chalk which, though well known in England, are not to be seen here. In Mr. Hall's map, the principal fossils to be found in each formation are represented above it—a plan which considerably assists the tyro. The

Governor of New York promises me some specimens of a new mineral lately found on the shores of Lake Superior, which has been named 'chloractolite,' from its bright starry lustre. It something resembles a dark green serpentine in colour, but the shining brilliant appearance it has will render it valuable for jewellery purposes. No specimens have yet been found much larger than a sixpence, and most I saw were not bigger than pearls. Mr. and Mrs. Hall came to Albany in the evening: he told us about his geological tour round Lake Superior and Michigan, and let me have reports by the United States' geologists Foster and Whitney, which include some very interesting sketches of the trap-rock called the Monument on Isle Royal, and of the singular castle-shaped formations which border part of Lake Superior. I recollect that Banvard's Mississippi Panorama represented rocks beyond St. Louis of a castellated form. The light was more favourable this morning for seeing the Hudson River than when I went up it last. We left much snow at Albany; but upon approaching New York the ground was no longer white, and an afternoon clear and sunshiny concluded by a promising red sunset. We arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel soon after five o'clock. Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell came to see me in the evening. I had some conversation with Mr. Delevan, one of the conscientious promoters of the Maine Law, &c. I was

not convinced by his arguments; I could not help thinking that he forgot the American principle of individual freedom; the same reasoning he made use of would hold good for every kind of interference with our neighbours when we disapprove their conduct. It is curious that the New England people, descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve their own freedom of opinion, have ever proved themselves intolerant as regards the spiritual liberty of others.

*December 15.*—I visited the Five Points yesterday, and my expectations were fully realized. No fine buildings, no clap-trap exhibitions of classification and order and philanthropic luxury. Mr. Peate's charity 'worketh by love.' The destitute, the friendless, the erring, here find aid, friendship, advice, and consolation; the poor 'have the Gospel preached to them,' and the sick and the sorrowful are healed, comforted, and bid to go in peace, as Christ would have bid them go.

*December 16.*—A return of visits occupied nearly the whole of yesterday, as I set out this morning by rail to Philadelphia. I went across the ferry to Brooklyn, to call upon Mr. and Mrs. S——'s, (of Ottawa) youngest daughter, Mrs. C——, and I there met John Mackay, who told me that my wish is gratified by the name of Bytown being finally changed to that of Ottawa City. The weather here

is now damp and mild. I crossed the North River ferry at nine o'clock, to take the cars for Philadelphia. We passed through several towns, in a flat country, devoid of picturesque scenery for the first sixty miles. Then at last I could have believed myself on the western outskirts of the New Forest, substituting hemlock spruce and red cedars for the yews and hollies of England. As we approached the shores of the Delaware, the red cedars became so numerous that many of the fields were bordered with them; and from their regularity I suppose they must have been planted. I am glad to see some signs of planted trees in this State and that of New York; so some of these days these may be fine single trees. At present I have not met with anything I should call fine-spreading ornamental timber; and I see that it can only arise from new plantations: for the trees of the forest run up tall and slender, without tap roots, and they have such slight hold of the ground, that when thinned out or left standing alone, the first storm lays them prostrate. The Delaware is a fine river, and Philadelphia an extensive city; but there is an uninteresting sameness in its long streets of red brick houses, with glaring white window-shutters. Circumstances will not allow of my prolonging my stay beyond to-morrow. I observe no more evidence of Quakerism in this town than in any other.

*Sunday, December 17.*—A gloomy-looking, wintry day, though without snow, and the cold less extreme than at Albany. After a search of two hours yesterday afternoon, I found the residence of the Bishop of Pennsylvania, brother to the Bishop of New York. I was kindly received by Mrs. Potter, and spent the evening at her house; but the bishop is absent upon distant episcopal duty—much to my regret. I was taken to St. Andrew's church this morning, and heard a sermon devoid of hope and love.—depravity, total depravity—gloom, misery, and despair—the light of the Gospel extinguished, and sin and Satan made despotic over this wretched world! The church was crammed; but I saw several people sleeping soundly through the preacher's denunciations, and few appeared to be edified. I have now heard the two extremes of preachers, high and low, each taking a one-sided view, and each maintaining a kind of infallibility for their own individual opinion under the shields of Church and Scripture—both equally dogmatic, and equally sure that every view except his own is erroneous. I drank tea with Mrs. Potter, and at nine o'clock Dr. R— called to take me to see Mrs. R—, and her fine house and conservatories, gorgeous French satin furniture, and Gobelin tapestried chairs worthy of Windsor Castle. Both in furniture and dress, the

majority of American ladies appear to be wholly regardless of expense.

*Baltimore, December 19.*—Before leaving Philadelphia yesterday, I made acquaintance with an agreeable physician, Dr. G——, who introduced me to our consul, Mr. Mathew. The Consul knows friends of mine, and I was much obliged to him for some useful information. Although heavy snow fell the early part of the morning, as my departure was delayed till twelve o'clock, the weather cleared. I had a pleasant sunshiny journey of four hours to Baltimore, where I found few signs of snow. Mrs. W——, one of my pleasant acquaintances of the White Mountains, met me at this hotel, and took me to her home—snug, cheerful, and well (though not too finely) furnished. My friend showed me some shells, and evinced more interest in natural productions than I have found among ladies generally in this country. We passed over three rivers in our way here yesterday—the Delaware, the Gunpowder, and the Susquehanna; the last a magnificent water, and the same I saw as a smaller stream in my way from Ithaca to Syracuse. Baltimore is situated upon the Patapca, which is here very broad, and more like an arm of the sea than a river.

*December 20.*—Mrs. W—— took me this morning to see Mount Hope, a lunatic asylum, managed by

about twenty Sisters of Charity, who reside at a house in a very pretty situation, overlooking the city and neighbourhood. The sisters act under the direction of an excellent Protestant physician—Dr. Stokes. No bigotry upon either side mars Christian labour: love, cheerfulness, comfort, and industry alleviate and bless the inmates of Mount Hope. So much pains is taken to avoid even the appearance of coercion, that the window-frames, which are made of cast-iron of a particular construction, are opened a little way by the same movement at top and bottom, thus letting in sufficient air without the possibility of the gap being wide enough for danger, so that patients are allowed to open them without risk. A library of suitable and amusing books, objects of natural history, music, handiworks, are all at the disposal of the inmates; and though some must be under restraint, it is a restraint of the kindest and gentlest description. We afterwards went to a bazaar of ladies' work, held for the benefit of a home for the aged in reduced circumstances. All denominations of religionists had united their endeavours; and although I observe much variety of opinion in religious matters, I think that Christians here do lay aside their differences when a common work is to be accomplished. I dined and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. W——.



*December 21.*—Yesterday, I saw two of the prettiest and best-appointed houses in this place; both fitted up in good taste, but without the extreme extravagance and ostentation I remarked in some of the residences of the Northern States. Here, for the first time, I see nothing but black servants—slaves, I believe; but their manner and countenances express contentment and cheerfulness; and certainly the relation of mistress and servant in the south has a more agreeable aspect than that of the same station in the Northern States, which is commonly characterized by complaints of annoyance upon one side, and a saucy indifference upon the other. The dinner-party at Mrs. W——'s was agreeable, and I met there several pretty Southern ladies: their voices and way of speaking struck me as more refined and graceful than those of the other States I have visited. Among some of them, too, I find more just views of England and English society—at least, among those of Baltimore; further on, I understand, there is universal prejudice, and an embittered tone of feeling, arising partly from family recollections of the severities practised by the English government and military, in the struggle for independence; and partly from the well-intentioned but ill-judged interference of the present English generation about the Slavery question. I reached Washington this afternoon—so much in the dark, that I was

unable to judge of the beauties of the Potomac, the shores of which river we must have skirted in our way.

*December 22.*—I dine to-day with the British minister, who has been so obliging as to show me the Capitol and Museum, where I saw many interesting but uncatalogued specimens in natural history. There is an Alligator Gar from Lake Pontchartrain, which, as far as it was possible to judge from distant inspection, is of a different kind from that specimen which I obtained from Lake Champlain, although certainly of the same family. An extraordinary-looking fish, two or three feet long, with a platypus like snout (which seems made for scooping up mud or sand, as it extends half a foot over the mouth), was in the same case. There are sitting mummies from Central America with singularly short forearms; and an ornithorynchus from Australia, the claws of which have the property of inflicting venomous wounds. Part of the Capitol is a handsome building, but the glaring white with which the stone is painted mars its effect; and heavy ugly wings are in process of erection. I shall not see Congress in session until after Christmas. From a verandah out of the library, I gained a good view of the site of Washington and the Potomac river. The ground plan of wide alleys diverging from the Capitol is a fine one; if ever the present

small mean-looking brick houses should be replaced by a handsome public and domestic architecture, this city will be worthy to be called the Capital of the Union. But at present the population is less than that of Detroit, and the general appearance of the town not half as handsome.

*Saturday, December 23.*—I was introduced to several gentlemen, members of the Legislative Houses, and of the high legal courts; and I find society here most agreeable. Dr. and Mrs. B——, White Mountain friends, called and took me to pay some visits. And in the evening, at eight o'clock, I was politely received by the President and Mrs. Pierce. I was at first shown into comfortable and handsomely furnished rooms, alone; but she soon joined me, and after a while, the President came in. He is a quiet-looking, pale, gentlemanly man; but both he and Mrs. P—— had a manner of subdued unostentatious sadness, so that during this visit I thought more and sympathized more with the bereaved parents, than with them as the President and President's wife of the United States of America. In about half an hour I took leave, and returned to this hotel in time for a late tea.

*Sunday, December 24.*—Rain having fallen last night, and frost having followed, the pavement of the streets is covered by sheets of ice, and it appears quite impos-

sible to venture out. I heard a great many amusing stories to-day of Southern origin. There is certainly great attachment between the negroes and their masters, (speaking generally,) in spite of the facts detailed in *Uncle Tom*. One gentleman told me that he has a distant plantation, which he sometimes visits alone; at dinner-time, he finds a table loaded with all kinds of delicacies, presents from the slaves. He remonstrated with an old Darky who waited, upon the uselessness of dressing fowls, turkey, geese, ducks, ham, &c., for one person. 'No matter, massa. When massa comes, must have good dinner on table, whether massa eat it or not.' A negro had an unfortunate love for brandy, and though in other respects a good 'boy,' he was caught stealing his favourite drink. At seventy years of age, his master did not wish to punish him severely. So he appealed to Blackey's own conscience. 'Harry, you know you deserve correction; but with all your faults, you have a notion of justice. Now, if you think it right, you shall go unpunished; if *not*, you shall condemn yourself.' 'Well, massa, me ole man—me take ten lashes, and me hope be better.' And he went out, ordered his own punishment, and submitted to it without a murmur!

A Frenchman and his wife, settled in the South, a few miles from a town where the husband went in

every morning for his employment: he procured a horse, and his wife made him an ornamented bridle, and smartened him up, and he was to ride backwards and forwards to avoid fatigue; in coming home one day, a rattlesnake lay in a threatening attitude in the path; the horse started, and, when pressed to pass, threw his master actually upon the reptile: he jumped up and ran one way, the rattlesnake making off the other, and he told his wife: 'Never saw a snake so dom-scared in all my life!' On Christmas-day I walked to church with a young lady, whose family reside within a few miles of this place; but they take up their residence in this house during the winter. I understand that the habit of hotel life is every year becoming more general in the States: this is partly encouraged by the troubles arising from servants; the older ladies get rid of house-keeping, and the young ladies are indulged with constant society; but to English tastes this mode of existence would be unbearable—continued noise, bustle, and excitement, no repose of mind, and no home duties. It is advantageous to a foreigner, who wishes to become acquainted with the people of the country; but I should suppose it must be ruinous to the manners and the domestic character of the higher class of young women; frivolity and indolence must be encouraged, for any regular plan of industrial occupation is a hopeless attempt in such places as these. I would rather

take up my abode in any farm-house in England, than be condemned to fritter away my life in a great American hotel. Still, for me, as a stranger and a traveller, it is uncommonly pleasant; I find acquaintances from Cuba, California, all the Southern States; from each of the Northern—even some from Canada; naval men, who have visited Japan; politicians, judges, bishops, botanists, geologists, educationalists, philanthropists, abolitionists, slave-holders, voyages of discovery men, and men who have been some of all these things at various periods of their lives, with a large number of ladies, all willing to converse, and vying in kindness and hospitality towards me, the only foreigner and stranger among them. All this makes me sometimes fear I may be inclined to over-value myself, and that before my return to England I may be puffed up by conceit and vanity: the best hope is, that I hardly have time to become inflated; for there is also much here to make one forget self. The Bishop of Pennsylvania, brother to my friend the Bishop of New York, arrived here from a tour in his diocese (which has the extent of all England), the day before yesterday, to superintend or take part in an Association for educational purposes, which holds its sessions (or conventions, as they are called here) at the Smithsonian Institution. Bishop Potter is so good as to allow of my accompanying him there, so that he unites instruction and at-

tention to a stranger with his professional duties : it is impossible not to feel deeply the agreeable and useful influence of his truly Christian heart and powerful mind, so that I consider myself most fortunate in such an acquaintance.

*December 28.*—I spent nearly all day at the meeting of the Educational Association ; much interesting information was elicited, particularly from Mr. Barnard, who having been to England for the purpose of comparing our institutions with those of the United States, showed himself well informed and candid in his deductions. I was surprised to find that there are still 600,000 people in the United States unable either to write or read ; and that this ignorance is by no means confined to the emigrant population. I accompanied the bishop to a party at Mr. Corcoron's, where there are some pretty pictures, one of Morland's, from which I remember seeing a print in my childhood. The educational meeting did not break up until Friday, the 29th, after proposing that the next meeting of the Association shall be held at New York, the end of August, 1855. The Bishop of Pennsylvania and other members left Washington in the afternoon of that day. Among the remarks made by Professor Henry and others, as to the results of early discipline and self-control upon the character of after-life ; it was observed that no instance of unhappy, childish old age could be

brought to mind, in which the cultivation of the intellect, and the habits of varied study, alternating with healthy bodily exercise, were continued without intermission after sixty years of age, and had been regularly pursued in previous life. It is supposed that old people must be wedded to the opinions and customs of their youth; but this is the misfortune of those only who consider their notions fixed and their education and information complete: a man still seeking instruction at seventy will be as open to conviction and to change of opinion as he was at seventeen: it is the '*too-old-to-learn people*' who sink into dotage and depression. Another awful fact for the dissolute or the idle youth must be stated—that even when the check of public opinion and love of approbation induce self-control and moral conduct during the middle age, if there has not been laid in early life a foundation of principle and good habits, the consequences of early profligacy show themselves in a return to vicious acts, as mental power wanes with added years, and the hoary sinner goes to his grave in sin and misery—so the end of that man is worse than his beginning. It may be well for the young to hear this; for it was enunciated and agreed to as truth by a body of men whose knowledge and experience can hardly be gainsaid. This evening I was invited by Mrs. Fremont, in the absence of her husband, to see a series of daguerreo-



types, brought by Colonel Fremont from the Rocky Mountains: though many had reference merely to a choice of country for railroads, they are on the whole very interesting; some rocks of the old red sandstone formation stood up from a plain, in form and appearance like gigantic Egyptian statues; these were in the Mormon district. On returning to Willard's, I found dancing going on very merrily in the ladies' room, four negroes—piano, hautboy, violin, and violoncello—playing in excellent tune, and with sufficient taste and time. The ladies were all in *demi-toilette*; but I do not see so generally the absurd flaunty style of attire so remarkable at New York.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.





## LETTER XV.

### THE NEW YEAR.

WASHINGTON, *January 1, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

No former year of my life has begun so strangely as this! I think there is something beautiful in one feature of the American celebration of New Year's Day. It is made an opportunity for the oblivion of neglects, and for the forgiveness of social injuries. On this day, visits of kindness and congratulation are not confined to intimate friends, but every one who has a wish to be civil to his neighbour is cordially received by him or her. The ladies commonly stay at home to welcome their visitors, while gentlemen make a point of calling upon all their acquaintances, remaining at each house perhaps not more than five minutes; but still the call is accepted as one of cordiality and goodwill. In many families, refreshments of an elegant kind are prepared and offered by the lady of the house; and from the President downwards, the

population in all the towns and cities are intent upon the promotion of hospitality and kind feeling. Mr. Crampton took me into the diplomatic circle at the White House, where, being presented to most of the gentlemen, I actually shook hands with the Russian minister; and at this moment was not that the greatest homage I could offer to the peace-making duty of the day? We next visited Senator Marcy's, where there was a reception, which, like that of the President, may be attended by everybody. As we were early, the party was small; but afterwards I went to Dr. B——'s, where for three hours I was present at an in-pouring of visitors, and I made the acquaintance of many interesting and agreeable people; among them a charming Lithuanian lady, the wife of a Polish gentleman of rank, nearly connected with Prince Czar-toriski. Dancing and other amusements at the Hotel in the evening.

*January 2.*—Part of the morning was devoted to the School of Design, which is well directed by Mr. Whittaker, who was born an Englishman. A lady afterwards carried me to the State Paper Office, where I saw interesting documents; among them some private letters characteristic of the firm, purpose-like Washington; and a most touching original note, containing poor André's request for a soldier's death, instead of that of the gibbet. The calm, gentlemanly

writing, without tremor and unmarked by haste—not an unnecessary stroke nor a useless word—takes one into the very heart of the man who wrote it. Washington was deeply moved, but gave no reply. After all, he was right. Though poor André was the victim of that wretch Arnold (who lived only to die a hundred times over under the scorn of England and America), still he was taken in disguise; and since Washington felt that an example had become necessary, he was obliged to condemn André as the spy, not as the soldier. After our visit to the State department, I went by the request of Miss G—— and with her, to see a young lady, in the hope that, by joining my persuasions to Miss G——'s, we might induce her to assist some effort for training women, through an improved education, for teachers. In the evening, I accompanied another lady to hear Mr. Marsh's lecture on Constantinople and the Bosphorus. We met the President and Mrs. Pierce, who were on the platform at the Smithsonian Institution. The lecture was rather commonplace, but the large room was crowded by an intelligent and attentive audience. It is in form and arrangement one of the best lecture-rooms I ever saw. These last three days the weather has been clear and pleasant, but not warmer than in England.

*January 3.*—Mr. Ingersoll took me to see Congress in session. I was fortunate in the moment

accidentally chosen. After some time spent in hearing a rather confused and noisy debate, there were two good speeches in their several lines, one from a young man, the Californian member—clear, concise, fluent, and business-like; it was about a land commission: the other from Mr. K——, of South Carolina—fervid, energetic, argumentative, and eloquent. It must be borne in mind that the terms ‘Whig’ and ‘Democrat’ have different meanings here to those which they express in England. The American Democrat designates enlightened, consistent principles; the Whig, narrow-minded, bigoted Republicanism. Mr. K——’s speech lasted one hour, without proving tedious or uninteresting. It is impossible in a few words to do justice either to his eloquence or his reasoning; but after making a rapid though comprehensive sketch of the present state of parties in this country, he affirmed that in fact there never has been in the world, and never can be, more than two great parties—consisting, one of well-informed liberal men, the other of ignorant bigoted men; that new names and a new organization are only a sign that under old names one of the old parties has become effete. So, at the present moment, the Whigs have apparently disbanded, but in truth they have only reformed, to enlist and to march under the ‘Know-nothing’ banners. They have indeed assumed a most suitable and character-

istic designation, one which might well have been selected by their opponents. Socialists in practice, they desire to arm labour against capital; Roman Catholics in principle, they would advocate bigotry in lieu of tolerance; arbitrary in government, they would enact white slavery while they profess to do away with black servitude. Falsifying the principles and tearing up the foundations of freedom, 'they are,' said the orator, 'mutes who would follow the funeral of the Republic.' Upon the whole I was agreeably surprised with the good speaking and general appearance of Congress; because I have been told by almost everyone since I came to America, that I should find a sad lack of talent and political honesty. Respecting the latter quality, of course I am not capable of judging; but there seems no lack of honest faces, and I find less assumption in manner than I expected. Mr. Ingersoll took me into the Speaker's private room, where we found Mr. Boyd alone, having been disengaged from the chair by a committee of the 'whole' (as it is called here), which enables the Speaker to place a substitute in his chair. In this room I saw the place where President Jackson expired; it is marked by his bust. Upon my return home, finding Mr. C—— had called twice, I went to see him at his house, and we had an interesting conversation upon educational subjects. In the evening I dined with our minister,

and sat between Secretary Marcy and Mr. Cushing, the Attorney-General. There was a large party of gentlemen, and three ladies besides myself—Mrs. Marcy's sister (Mrs. French), Miss Marcy, and Mrs. Campbell, wife of the Solicitor-General. Upon returning to Willard's Hotel, I found the gallery and ladies' room crowded by visitors, and the mulatto band, as usual, in requisition. I was introduced to Mr. Kietl, the orator of the morning. There are 'Know-nothings' (even feminine ones) among the residents in this hotel. I can easily discover them by their crude, unintelligent style of conversation.

*Thursday, January 4.*—There was a great assemblage last night in the room underneath mine—a supper of gentlemen for the celebration of some anniversary; a band of music, songs, speeches, and vociferous applause. Sleep being out of the question, I rose at two o'clock, and almost read through Lord Carlisle's *Diary in the Turkish Waters* before daylight. Of course I was gratified at finding our cousin of the *Retribution* so highly spoken of in it. This morning I was a good deal occupied in arranging a sitting in my own room, that Mrs. S—— (the only very talented American artist I have yet met with) might have the opportunity to make a drawing of an acquaintance of mine. In the library of the Capitol there is one of the most exquisite miniatures by this lady I ever saw. It almost resembles some of

Thorburn's; but there is so little real appreciation of art in Washington, that I found Mrs. S—— hardly able to procure employment, crowded as the city is with notabilities from all parts of the Union. Her slight sketches, as well as the more finished miniatures, are pretty, and her drawing correct; yet, excepting a little instruction from some English person when very young, she appears almost wholly self-taught. Lieutenant Maury was so obliging as to call; he gave me a tempting invitation to drink tea with his family at the Observatory, the first evening I see any chance of visible stars. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll took me again to the Capitol. There had been an early adjournment of the Senate, and though Congress was sitting (it was not engaged in business which interested me), a large majority of members were occupied at their desks writing letters. This habit deteriorates much from the dignity and statesmanlike appearance of the House; and I remember observing the same thing, and making the same remark, in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, Quebec, and in all the legislative assemblies in which the members, instead of being obliged to retire to the lobbies (as in our parliamentary houses) for letter-writing and private business, are accommodated with chairs and tables in the halls, where public affairs only should be transacted. Here members of Congress remain



half their time, unconscious of what is going forward, absorbed in their individual interests, when they ought to be wholly given to those of the public—so that they look more like an assemblage of clerks than of statesmen. To-day, I dined with the President, by the formal invitation of a week. The party consisted of about thirty-two. I sat between Mr. Broadhead and Mr. Ashley, two members of the Senate, who have passed some time in England.. There were a good many ladies, but more gentlemen. The President and Mrs. Pierce sat opposite on each side the table; and I was near the former. The dinner was handsome, and well-arranged in French fashion; flowers and fruit only on the table, and one dish at a time handed round. In the reception-room there were some splendid white camellias, covered by flowers which I think are larger here than any with us; great use is made of the fir-like Lycopodium and the elegant Steevia, in the composition of ornamental bouquets, some of which were placed at the disposal of the ladies. At half-past nine the party broke up, having met at six o'clock. Upon returning to the hotel, I spent the remainder of the evening in pleasant conversation—principally with Miss Cass; she and her father, General Cass, usually reside in this house during the winter. The society in the ladies' room is diversified, and by no means stiff. There are whist-tables, and

occasional dancing and music. I never saw any card-playing for money in the United States.

*Saturday, January 6.*—Mrs. Fremont called upon me yesterday morning; and from her brother-in-law Mr. Jones, I received a large long-shaped acorn, eatable like the Spanish chesnut. It was brought from a mountainous region in California. This and one black as ebony from the same country, I hope to send soon by a private hand to be planted in England. I have a pretty little sleeping tortoise also, the *Picta*; when Dr. and Mrs. Gray arrive, I shall ask them to carry it back to Boston to await my return there. I hope to have this, and a box tortoise from Albany, and a spotted one from Rhode Island, as live specimens of the tortoise families. I spent the chief part of the 5th of January in returning visits.

This morning, the 6th, I walked to the Smithsonian Institute, and got much information about objects of natural history from Professor Baird. Another foggy damp day, quite as thick as any in London, barring the smoke. I have been reading two pamphlets giving opposite views upon the subject of the Smithsonian Institution. A controversy is going on here respecting the distribution of the fund left by our countrymen to found an establishment at Washington 'For the Increase and Diffusion of Knowledge among Men.' It would be difficult

to credit the fact, had I not the best authority for it, that the whole annual income, being thirty thousand dollars, a vote of Congress decided (appointing Regents to carry its decisions into effect), that 'a suitable building of sufficient size, with rooms and halls for reception and arrangement, upon a liberal scale, of objects of natural history, geological, mineralogical, and botanical, properly classed and arranged, with a chemical laboratory, lecture-rooms, &c., shall be organized;' and then assigned a sum not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars for a library. If this were to be understood as appropriating five parts of the whole income to buying and collecting books, the absurdity of the first provisions would be evident; so the managers (as it appears to me sensibly enough) took advantage of the loop-hole afforded by the words 'not exceeding,' and have gone on, to the best of their ability, endeavouring to realize the apparent intentions of the founder and of Congress; and, as far as I can judge, in a reasonable and intelligent manner. Yet a party of men of some talent and ability are bent upon maintaining that a library, and a library only, was to be established. If Mr. Smithson had contemplated this narrow view, he could easily have stated it. I should imagine it was his intention, by 'A Central Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge among Men,' to counteract

the mercantile and Mammonite spirit which possesses the majority, and open the book of Nature to their comprehension: while by promoting healthier ideas upon education, the crude and absurd opinions too generally advanced and acted upon, will be amended and counteracted, and an improved and more practical female training will be encouraged. It will no longer be gravely enunciated at an educational convention—‘That the stimulus which the human heart requires is wanting for women in the present age, and that society gives them nothing to aim at;’ but if so, give them reasonable aims. Let them aim at duty, not notoriety. Let them keep within their appropriate sphere, cultivating sufficient moral courage to act within that sphere for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, and particularly for the advantage of their sex; disciplining and training their own minds to be the educated companions, not the rivals, of men. Let them be the heart-consolers, the binders-up of broken spirits, the ‘sisters of the sisterless,’ the presiding geniuses of the social circle. Is that not work enough for them to do? In this country, I hear that ‘though it has no queen, *all the women are queens.*’ I should rather call them playthings—dolls; things treated as if they were unfit or unwilling to help themselves or others: and while we in England have nearly cast aside

arts of the toilet worthy only of dolls, I see here false brows, false bloom, false hair, false everything!—not always, but too frequently. Dress in America, as an almost general rule, is full of extravagance and artificiality; and while women show such a want of reliance upon their native powers of pleasing, their influence in society will be more nominal than real.

*Monday, January 8.*—This day I made my first appearance at a morning reception. Ladies here issue cards or notes, stating they are at home on particular days, when any acquaintances may visit them. This is a pleasant and rational mode of making calls, and appears to me worthy of adoption elsewhere. Mr. Ingersoll was so obliging as to take me to listen to arguments in the Supreme Legal Court, the only tribunal which is competent to settle questions which may arise between States. A counsel spoke so clearly and concisely upon a particular point of law, that he brought it within my comprehension; the case was, that of the boundary line to be drawn between Georgia and Florida. My friends Dr. and Mrs. Gray have arrived from Cambridge. I dined with them at Professor Henry's, and went to the Smithsonian Institution to hear the first of nine lectures on botany by Dr. Gray. Although the morning was fine and clear, rain came on at night;

and since Lieutenant Maury's invitation to the Observatory, the weather has afforded no opportunity for its acceptance.

*Tuesday, January 9.*—Cloudy and damp. I went with an agreeable Cuban gentleman, Mr. —, to a morning reception at Mrs. P——'s, and then he took me to see some pictures at the Capitol, which are to be disposed of by raffle. One, St. Thomas giving Charity (by a pupil of Murillo's, touched by the master), is an interesting picture; the others I did not admire. The absence of any positive news from England is very trying, and the details brought by the former mail most afflicting; still, however saddening, no English person can despair of the ultimate success of heroism and civilization against cruelty and barbarism.

I have become well acquainted with some pleasant intelligent Cuban families here, and their accounts make me feel it impossible not to wish that their fine island should be more free, misgoverned and pillaged as it is by its present masters; and not being very far from the American shores, I wish America could purchase it: the case would be analogous to that policy of Mr. Pitt, by which the Crown of England took possession of the little kingdom of Man; and with respect to which our family had only the choice of accepting a certain

sum, or of having it seized by the law of the strongest. The mines alone in the last mentioned island now produce more than the interest of the money.

*Wednesday, January 9.*—Last night I attended an evening party, which included all the notabilities of Washington. It was much like a crowded assembly in London, except that I thought there was more amusement; because the Washington party consisted of a reunion of people who, though under the same government, reside thousands of miles apart. There I received invitations from the South and the North, the East and the West, and fully mean to avail myself of some of them. I was given a very hospitable one, to visit a member of Congress who resides upon the Mississippi, not an impracticable distance from the Falls of St. Anthony. Some of the invitations are to Mexico, Texas, and California; not forgetting the Salt Lake, in consequence of an introduction to the Mormon delegate—a gentlemanly, respectable-looking old man with a bald head. I did not inquire if he has twelve wives; but an amusing account has been given me with regard to the domestic arrangements of that strange people. It seems that when the first wife wants help in the household, she petitions her husband to take another spouse—a good cook or a dairywoman for instance, or a sempstress—

so one wife is housekeeper, another has the cooking department, a third manages the nursery, and so forth; and as there is no small difficulty in getting good servants in the United States, this matrimonial plan ensures a more permanent and better ordered household than could be attained without it. I am informed that the domestic troubles of a wife in the United States are such that, unless she resides in the slave countries, she thinks it far more convenient to be first wife, with half-a-dozen subordinate ones, than to be sole darling with the disadvantages of saucy servants and the discomfort of bad dinners; so that, in fact, Republicanism, and an unnatural attempt at equality, has caused a return to the terrible evils of polygamy. What a curious result. I hope this strange custom will not spread over the Union!

*January 11.*—I spent three hours in Congress yesterday hoping to hear Mr. C—— speak about the ‘Know-nothings;’ the house was taken up by a hot discussion upon the question of foreigners receiving immediate grants of land, with an understanding that the franchise will become theirs at the termination of five years, which is the present law. This of course bore upon the ‘Know-nothing’ ground, and it is sad to see how deeply a secret society, handed together upon exclusive, illiberal, and arbitrary principles, has taken root in the free soil of America. In conversation,



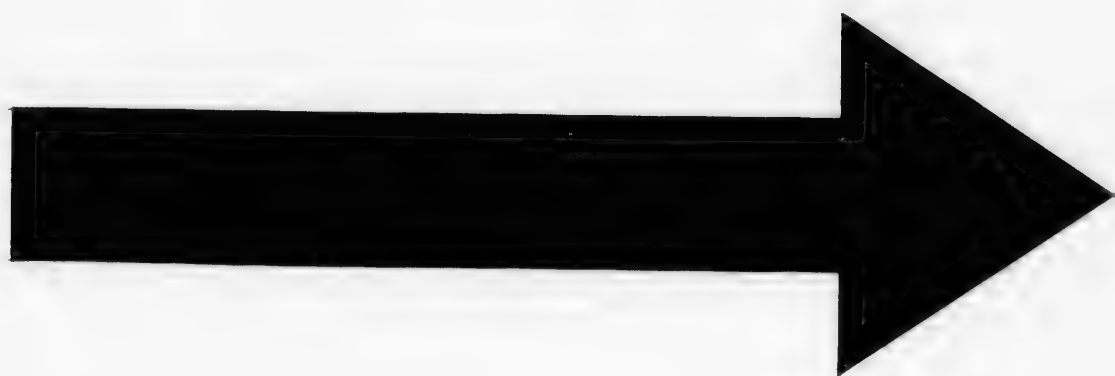
it is easy to judge whether individuals are in their hearts favourable to such views; and every day makes me think the ramifications of the conspiracy have extended to a depth and a distance about which I was for a time incredulous. There is much reason to fear this irrational party may have power enough to carry the presidential chair: if so, I really think the 'mutes' may get their black trappings prepared to-morrow for the funeral of the Republic—a catastrophe prophesied by the member of South Carolina; and I fear those obsequies may not only be wept in sackcloth and ashes, but that they may be followed by a civil war. There seems a dearth of strong men in the Union—men capable of taking the lead, and sufficiently patriotic to sacrifice their own present personal interest to the public weal. I observe a sad spirit of corruption and of self-seeking among the younger men; and I also see that fear and doubt are shaking the spirits of the elder and wiser people. No one seems even to guess what will come out of the fermenting process which the commonest observer must see at work. The lees have risen to the surface; whether they will sink again to the bottom of the political caldron without poisoning the life-blood of this world-wide community, is the question seldom uttered, but deeply seated in the minds of honest and

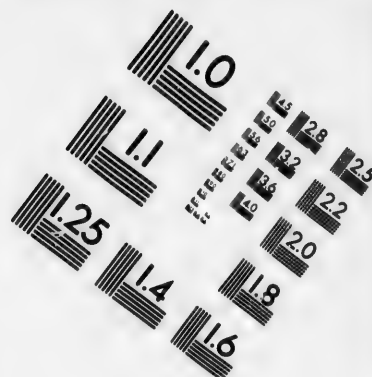
thoughtful persons. I doubt whether this mental conflict here is not more alarming than the external and physical war the Allies have to wage against the barbarism of the North, inasmuch as open enmity is better than secret contention; the known foe can be met and conquered, but a concealed antagonist effects his mischief upon unconscious victims.

Yours affectionately,

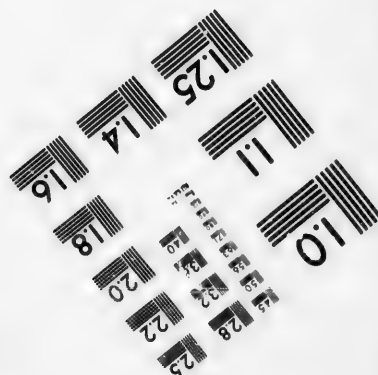
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## LETTER XVI.

WASHINGTON,  
*January 12, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I went yesterday, with Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Cristobel de Madan, to hear the (almost single) Roman Catholic member, Mr. Chandler, speak in Congress, for the purpose of repudiating and denying the accusation brought against his co-religionists by Mr. Banks of Massachusetts (one of the advocates of the 'Know-nothing' conspiracy), which asserted that they, the Roman Catholics, acknowledge a temporal jurisdiction in the Papacy. The House was at first occupied by a motion, made by some member from the South, for increasing the allowance to foreign ministers. He said, the salaries given are so meagre, that it is difficult to induce men of talent and experience to undertake missions, and therefore the affairs of the States (in Europe) are embroiled and mismanaged by a set of inferior diplomatists. I am not enough acquainted with the pulse of the

American Congress to judge how this proposition was received; but the intense and respectful attention afforded to Mr. Chandler I thought a good sign of generous and tolerant feeling; and this makes me hope that there is still freedom and impartiality enough in the Union to counteract the narrow and inconsistent opinions of Republican bigotry. Mr. Chandler's address was good, both in manner and matter: it was well worded, calm, logical, and frank. He affirmed most solemnly, that so far from believing any right could be assumed by the Bishops of Rome touching upon political allegiance, he and all other good Catholics consider the spiritual rule, which they willingly admit, as quite distinct from the temporal: although history shows that temporal rule has been exercised by Roman pontiffs, it was not derived from the Church itself, but from the Catholic princes of Europe, who chose to delegate undue power to the Popés of those times. 'And if,' said Mr. Chandler, 'the Bishops of Rome should now, or at any future time, invade the territory of this Republic, or of any other Protestant sovereignty, Roman Catholics would consider themselves bound by every principle, divine or human, to oppose and repel such an assumption of temporal power.' The Governor, Mrs. Seymour, and I dined together at the house of Governor Hamilton Fish, Mr. Seymour's predecessor in the government of New York State. I had a



great deal of conversation with him, and with another old gentleman, upon the present state and future prospects of free slaves. They were both of opinion that some inherent difference of race is the cause that the black people die out and become extinct in one or two generations after the attainment of freedom and of amalgamation with whites. This seems to be a universal law. Mr. Fish told me that, in his experience, it has worked so rapidly, that his family having about fifty years ago freed their negroes, though at the same time allowing them a claim for aid and future protection—letting them have the cottages and the ground to which they had been accustomed—still, under these advantageous circumstances, they have gradually dwindled away; and though Governor Fish considers the remnant almost as belonging to his own family, and they apply to him for advice and help upon all occasions, yet not above five or six individuals are existing, and no one of them younger than sixty. I accompanied some friends to the evening reception of Mrs. Marcy, which was well attended, although many other houses were also open for parties.

*Friday, 12th.*—A fine clear day. Mrs. Hamilton Fish took Mrs. Seymour and me a drive to the heights of George Town; and we also called on Mrs. Maury at the Observatory. It is in a beautiful situation, commanding the city of Washington, and also long

reaches of the Potomac each way. Lieutenant Maury took us up to the roof of the building, and we are to have the pleasure of a visit to his observatory next week, if the stars will be favourable. I drank tea out with Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and afterwards accompanied their party to the Presidential evening levee (as the word is here pronounced), to which all classes decently attired are admitted. We found two rooms crowded, but the company perfectly well conducted and orderly. In general aspect, I was reminded of an entertainment given by a London City Lord Mayor in the Guildhall. We returned to the hotel by eleven o'clock.

*January 13.*—I received a file of *Times* newspapers to the 23rd of last month, and sat up nearly all night to read them. Sad and heart-breaking details; and in the paper of latest date, an article levelled against the Ministry and all the *employés* in the East, so bitter and vituperative in style, and so sweeping in accusation, that it tells more against the writers than in condemnation of those written against. In this house I have made the acquaintance of three distinguished Generals of the Republic—Scott, Cass, and Houston—all massive-looking, soldier-like men. After a fine morning the afternoon proved wet, so that I could not sketch or go to the Observatory; but Mrs. Fish was so kind as to take me out to pay visits. After dinner, there was an

evening assembly and dancing for the young people. I was introduced to an interesting family, natives of New Orleans. They spoke English, but with some accent, their own tongue being French ; but I much prefer our language a little broken to the broad and often nasal pronunciation of New England and New York. The Southern people have pleasing voices, and are much less provincial in their speech than those of the Northern States.

*Sunday, January 14.*—A blind minister preached yesterday at the Congress chapel. I should have heard him, but the service was earlier than I expected, so when I reached Professor Henry's, Dr. and Mrs. Gray were gone. A cold clear day, but no signs of ice. Last night I saw a very interesting set of drawings of California and the Rocky Mountains, belonging to a gentleman who has been much in the Far West. He confirmed my deductions about the Mormonite domestic polity, having frequently conversed with the women of that State. The ladies are not shut up in idleness like those of Eastern harems, but live happily together, because they are too busy to quarrel. One woman told him—'We agree well: sister Dolly has the cows; sister Jenny, the children; sister Betty, the kitchen; and so on—all have plenty to do: and our husband is bound by law to support and take equal care of us; and then we are so *Hell-bent on Heaven!*' Is it not

evident, slavery or polygamy is the product of an unnatural attempt after equality? I shall certainly return to England more strongly imbued with attachment to our orderly institutions. R—— has had offers of marriage in America; but she says, 'No, I will never marry here—not even if I could have the very President himself. Why, in England I may have my own station, and I'm content; but in America I should never know what I was.' I find many charming people, a great deal that is interesting, and much that is instructive, in the United States; but it appears to me that only the fear of starvation would induce an English man or woman to fix themselves for life in America. 'In whatever state of life you are, therewith to be content,' is a lesson which can hardly be learned this side the Atlantic.

*January 16.*—I walked up early yesterday to call upon Dr. and Mrs. B——; he and Mr. W—— brought me back, and Mrs. Fish was again so kind as to come and convey me to sketch on the George Town heights. And then she waited in the carriage while I paid a visit to the British Minister, who is confined to his house owing to the consequences of an accident. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and I had a pleasant dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Taloe's, where we met General Scott, the Mexican and French Minister, and *attaché*, Judge Drew, and other acquaintances. At this house is one of the prettiest Carlo Dolces I

ever saw. It once belonged to the Duchesse de Berri. On our return, Mr. Blake, the geologist, showed us beautifully crystallized and other specimens of Californian gold, and gave me some dust of Cuban iron pyrites as brilliant as diamonds.

*January 17.*—Directly after breakfast yesterday, I walked up to the Observatory, and spent two hours sketching from its roof. The views are fine every way, particularly up the Potomac towards that large aqueduct which carries a canal across to George Town. I saw Lieutenant Maury, and agreed with him that, as my travels must be pursued on the 18th as far as Richmond, Wednesday evening (stars or no stars) we must spend at the Observatory. I came home in time to dress for a wedding, when I found a pretty bride and a cheerful party; but according to custom in the reception-rooms of this country, they were so darkened that I should rather have supposed the assembly gathered together for a funeral than a wedding. I saw a great deal of beauty, although of one particular type. Proceeding towards the South, I find the manners soften as well as the voice, more frankness and cheerfulness, the rather stiff formality of the Northern States is replaced by ease, and at the same time the young people are merry without being boisterous, and no one objects to those games and amusements which the spirit of the puritanical times has handed down as

crimes to be cast aside by their New England descendants. So oftentimes those good people are bored for want of innocent relaxation, and the elderly prefer staying by their own firesides to falling asleep in public for want of occupation. There is certainly an odd mixture of the 'go-ahead' and the indolent among our American cousins, which is exemplified in the saying, that such a man 'is running a sleepy race,' which means that his adherents are pushing him forward for election to some office, while the candidate himself remains in a state of somnolent indifference to the result. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour took me to a place which has been called Calametta, from its beautiful and sunny view of the Potomac, &c. We found it a pleasant, comfortable house, with bright-coloured peacocks walking about in the wood surrounding it. I dined at the Secretary of State's with a large number of diplomatic gentlemen, and only four ladies besides myself. The French Minister sat by Mrs. Marcy, and I had Mr. Marcy on one side and the Spanish Minister on the other. The dinner could not be otherwise than agreeable. The Secretary is a remarkably frank, agreeable old man, and I was not afraid to joke him a little about his republican aversion to court dresses. I found out the whole secret afterwards. In his drawing-room there is an interesting picture, painted in the time of Louis XVI., of the King and Queen sitting in their

circle, while some gay ladies of the Court crown Benjamin Franklin with a wreath of laurel. Franklin is uncontaminated by any attire more gay than his Quaker-like looking habiliments (though it seems he was occasionally seduced into a court dress, for a velvet one belonging to him is still preserved), and I *guess* the ladies around him were not without a little sly triumph of their own on the occasion which gave rise to the picture; but it is evident to me that scene was not one of a public reception, for no gentleman is present excepting the King. Secretary Marcy was (I think) sentimentally led astray in his crusade against European finery by this picture. I don't the least believe (an accusation I have heard here) that his motive was to curry favour with the American public, who may imagine an ugly coat and republicanism synonymous terms. He is a downright honest man, if ever I saw one; and with all his talents and knowledge of the American world, upon the subject of European dress, he was much more likely to err from simplicity than design. My neighbour on the other side could only express himself in French and Spanish, and as the Secretary confines himself to plain English as well as plain coats, the Spanish Minister is frequently obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, which, in a delicate diplomatic conference, he thinks is inconvenient.

I was introduced to the Dutch Minister, who

speaks English like a native. The Prussian looked quiet and neutral ; the French, anxious and incredulous. Mr. Crampton was prevented by his accident from joining the party, a circumstance generally regretted, for no one is more popular in the diplomatic circle. None of the second grade were present—only Ministers and their *attachés*. Mr. Marcy told me he could not receive the whole corps together, and therefore he takes the first rank with their belongings at one dinner, and others separate. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, having dined elsewhere, came to take me home, and joined the party for a short time.

*Richmond, Virginia, January 18.*—I have just arrived at this place ; but, before writing of our journey here, the conclusion of my stay at Washington must be told. Wednesday, I breakfasted with Dr. and Mrs. B——, my friends of the White Mountains. The Judge and Mrs. Maclean, and Mr. P——, a member of Congress, were of the party—it was very pleasant. Mrs. Maclean walked back with me as far as Professor Henry's, where I went to see Dr. and Mrs. Gray ; and, before going home, I had to go to Mrs. S——, the artist. She has made a slight sketch of Longfellow for me. On my return to the hotel, I had much to do ; separating wardrobe, books, and natural history accumulations, to be forwarded to Boston : my acquisitions increase like



a rolling snow-ball; and, from all the principal stopping-places during my travels, I send off packages to Mr. L——'s care. At Washington, bouquets are general in full costume; they are always made up by the gardeners, but hardly ever consist of any other flowers than Camelias, Canarinas, Heliotropes, Steevias, and violets, with the berries of *Ardisia crenulata*, and the feathery foliage of *Lycopodium dendroides*. I received two beautiful ones this afternoon from gentlemen; a sweet bunch of geranium and Neapolitan violets was given me by a young Cuban lady; and I had a white Camelia, also, from Miss Seymour. Mrs. Seymour dined at home with me, and at six o'clock Mrs. Fish called, to convey us to the Observatory, accompanied by Judge Drew and Mr. Miller. The stars shone brightly—the finest show of them I have yet seen in America. Lieutenant Maury took us up to the telescope directly on our arrival. We had a good view of a spangled bit of sky in Perseus, not visible to the naked eye. Sirius appeared like a tuft of blue, red, and gold feathers, waving in the heavens; Saturn's globe and ring perfectly clear and distinct; and the belt and five geometrical-looking stars of Orion very bright. After our eyes and minds were fatigued by these marvels, we went in to drink tea with Mrs. Maury, and then returned to town to attend Mr. Guthrie's reception, where I took leave of the Grays, the

Quaker lady of Philadelphia, General Scott, Mr. Maury, and many others who have been kind to me at Washington. We returned home to the dancing-party at Willard's, and found it crowded. I said good-bye to many friends there; and, upon getting up at six next morning to depart, I found Mr. P—— and Mr. M——, both ready to see us safe on board the steamer; they accompanied us to the Potomac; it was quite dark, and their company was very cheering. A fine sunrise on the magnificent river, and after a very calm and successful passage of fifty-five miles, we found the railroad cars at Acquia Creek: the distance to Richmond was about seventy miles; weather continued bright, warm, and sunshiny. I felt the influence of a southern atmosphere, and the journey would have been pleasant if I had had pleasanter neighbours in the car; but just before me was a being who called himself the American Dwarf: he was about two feet high, with fin-like hands, and a head nearly as large as his contorted body; and, on my right a negro woman, in face resembling an ourang-outang, who gloried in a fancy straw bonnet, trimmed with white, had artificial roses surrounding her black muzzle. She became dreadfully sea, or rather rail-sick, and my window being open, although there was another on her side, she constantly leaned across me to take possession of mine; at last a gentlemanly-looking

young man, who I conclude was her master, came to my rescue, and throwing open a window behind, he said a few words which made her keep to her own locality. This improved my immediate circumstances; but in a few minutes afterwards we were brought to a standstill, and looking out, saw a dreadful accident. Either from intoxication or insanity, a fine-looking young man, apparently not more than twenty-three, had placed himself on the rail just at a curve, so that the engineer had no time to pull up, though he did his best; the poor wretch was cut in two, and expired immediately. All the people evinced great feeling and kindness; the corpse of the poor stranger was taken up, and we proceeded. I found the Exchange a comfortable hotel, and the sister of Dr. Gibson, of Baltimore, soon came to me with her married daughter: they took me to their home, and I passed a pleasant evening, Mr. J—— being so kind as to walk back at night with me through the still and unfrequented streets. There was hardly a sound until that usual occurrence, a peal of fire-bells, broke the quiet. I have never been in any town in the United States without hearing such alarms. At Richmond it is not uncommon to have two or three fires a night, and these fires are usually the work of incendiaries; wooden houses are so easily set in a blaze, that boys for mischief, and thieves for plunder, silyly ignite them.

*January 20.*—I saw a great deal of this pretty town; if it had the castle and the ancient buildings of Edinburgh, it would resemble that city, the Powhattan River taking the place of the Forth. Mrs. J—— took us across the valley to sketch towards the east, and I made a drawing of the locality round Washington's monument, the various steeples, towers, &c., with the Capitol, a pleasing Grecian building, capping and overlooking the city, and the surrounding country. Under the centre of the dome, inside that building, I saw the best statue of Washington in the whole Union, by Houdier: it is said to be a good likeness, and, as a work of art, it is most interesting. I could not have believed that the stiff costume of that time could have been so idealized. The General stands in an easy attitude, leaning upon a bunch of fascines—the very buttons on his coat, and the high top-boots, &c. &c., are all indicated, and yet there is no lack of grace, no appearance of formality, in this very fine statue. Strange to say, an air of neglect and dilapidation is visible all around it; the interior of the building is sadly out of repair; the doors want paint, and all is dirty and quite unworthy of the best public building in the State of Virginia, the House of Legislature and of business. Perhaps a few years will dissipate financial difficulties, which have been brought on by an extravagant railway expenditure; it will, pro-

bably, repay the citizens in due time, and then they may be enabled to wipe off the disgrace of shabbiness which at present hangs over their proceedings.

Mrs. G—— called for a handsome agreeable lady, who accompanied us during the rest of our drive. They took me to the Cemetery, beautifully situated, and from thence I made a general sketch of Richmond, with its crowning Capitol, Powhattan River (undignified by the modern name of James), and a foreground of better trees than I had yet seen in America. In this place are many pretty hollies, with red berries like ours, but with leaves opaque instead of shining; and before going home we called at a nursery-ground, where there was nothing new to me, excepting a shrub which, though now leafless, has bunches of small lilac berries. The gentleman did not know what country it came from, or the tribe to which it belongs. Indeed, he told me, so little interest is shown for flowers in this part of the world, that since he came here from Scotland, he has rather lost than gained in botanical and floral acquirement. I declined an invitation to dine at three o'clock; such early hours at this time of year shorten the already shortened days. After returning to the hotel for the purpose of writing to Washington, I made my way alone across the river by a very long wooden bridge. On the other side I passed voluminous houses,

which I was told were flour and cotton mills ; beyond them the view of Richmond was fine. A brilliant sunset reminded me that there is little twilight here, and so I feared that I should hardly find my way in the dark to Mrs. G——'s, where tea awaited me. After some wanderings I reached her house before a very young moon had disappeared, and from thence I joined a small party at Mrs. M——'s.

*January 21.*—Our cars left Richmond at seven this morning, and the sun rose so red that I fear he promises rain. We reached Charlottesville soon after twelve, and passed through a very pretty country, which requires nothing but animal life and industry to make it charming. The absence of fencing to the railroads at once speaks of scanty flocks and herds ; for, if these were not few and far between, the owners would insist upon precautionary measures. As it is, cows and sheep are occasionally killed by the trains ; but when not more than fifty beasts can be seen in as many miles, the risk is not great. To-day we passed along a rolling\* district, affording every promise of a grateful return to energetic and industrious cultivation. Yet I saw ploughs worked by a single horse, which did little more than scratch the surface, and a rich soil

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\* The common expression in America for an undulating country.

beneath was only brought to light by the course of the railroad. Passing rapidly along, I observed much iron sand, excellent slate, volcanic rocks, gneiss, greenstone, quartz, plenty of water, a natural growth of oak and chestnut, and I have little doubt but that mineral riches are below. An English farmer who could bring free labour with him here might quickly make his fortune. The slave servants look generally well clothed, merry, and content; but of farm labour they have evidently but small knowledge; and a general population, either white or black, seems scanty. Upon arriving at the small town of Charlottesville, I was sorry to find that Mr. Stevenson, our former Minister in England, was absent from his house, a few miles distant. At the University, however, I was most kindly welcomed by the Professor and Mrs. Minor; he and Professor Maupin showed me the buildings, and an extensive view from the roof of the dome. This educational establishment was founded by Jefferson. It is ruled by nine trustees, who are newly appointed every four years by the incoming President of the United States; and it has this peculiarity—that the governing head of the institution is changed every two years. There is no professor of Natural History in any of its branches, and no teacher of Chemistry, either agricultural or medical; so that one cannot much wonder that ignorance respecting the

soils and the mineral riches of this State should be evident, even to an unpractised eye. We slept at a clean and reasonable hotel; I walked up in a heavy shower of rain, through red mud (much like that of Torquay in Devonshire), to the college, for the purpose of taking leave, and got into the cars by twelve o'clock. After about fifty miles' journey, passing over mountains consisting of gneiss, greenstone, slaty rocks, and limestone, we reached Staunton by a wonderful line of road: the last part was engineered up, and ploughed like a deep furrow along the side of a mountain, to the very summit, and then down again to the plain below. The making of this line was ordered and superintended by the same German engineer who planned and is erecting the suspension bridge from one shore of Niagara to the other, with a passage for railroad cars above the carriage road. From what I saw to-day, my faith in the success of that bridge is almost undoubting. We find the Virginian Hotel here comfortable, and the country we came through to-day must be very picturesque; but rain and fog prevented our seeing more than half a mile from the cars. Staunton is rather a pretty town: as we entered, I saw a handsome building for an asylum for the blind, and I was told there are several other large charitable establishments.

*January 22.*—Violent rain, storm, and wind



during the night. We got up to proceed by the mail stage, which started at five o'clock, more punctually than is usual in America; and the bills here and at Charlottesville were fair and reasonable—not a third of what we have paid elsewhere. The charges have varied from two dollars to eight dollars a day; they are never more reasonable than in some parts of England, sometimes dearer than the hotels of London and Paris. With four horses, and only four persons in the coach, we did not reach Lexington till after one o'clock. At first, the master of the tavern made some difficulty about procuring us a carriage to go on seventeen miles to the Natural Bridge; but, after a little demur, we got one so as to start by half-past two. Lexington is a small town, not very picturesque in itself, but standing in a plain with fine mountains all round at a few miles' distance—the nearest, a flat-topped massive-looking hill, is called by people here "The House." There are no Indians in all this part of the country, and even their beautiful names have been forgotten, and have given place to such Cockney appellations as James River, Louisa Court, Charlottesville, &c. &c. There were many signs of hard frost on the road, which was tolerable as far as Buchanan; planks were laid for that distance. When we turned off into the valley, about four miles from the rocky bridge, our carriage was much tried; the horses floundered

along the brink of a precipice, our driver calling to us to throw our weight now upon one side, now on the other, to keep a balance. At one time within half a foot of deep water, where, in case of being overturned, we must have been drowned, if we had escaped being smashed in the fall; at another, with a descent of three hundred feet, without the smallest guard upon our right. But our Irish coachman was civil and expert; he assured me he would not have anything happen to us for fifty dollars, and happily, both traces breaking within a mile and a half of our destination, I scrambled out of the vehicle, rejoiced to find my feet once more, leaving R—— to take care of the vehicle, while the driver went back to pick up the scattered boxes. I made my way on, with the help of a bright young moon, to the first little hotel (there is another, near the Bridge). It was a rough place; but I was hospitably received, and the master's son, with a negro servant, set off to aid and guide the carriage through a track which had appeared to me in some places wholly impracticable for anything on wheels. However, fortunately, it was too dark for R—— to see danger, and the three men guided her on safely in about two hours, much to the relief of my mind. No other catastrophe occurred, excepting that some of my boxes, which had been shaken off, were considerably mauled, and I hardly felt this as a

misfortune, in consideration of our own safety. The good people did their best to feed and warm us, but as their house is little prepared for winter visitors, and this night a frost occurred, seldom known in Virginia—in spite of a blazing wood fire, and a blanket hung up over our door, the water in the jugs and basins was frozen before daylight. However, I was glad to find that by rising very early there would be time to see and sketch the wonderful Natural Bridge, and to reach the canal, two miles' distance, by ten o'clock. Most fortunately, the steamboat goes down to-morrow, otherwise we might have been detained till Thursday in Lynchberg.

*January 24.*—After all that has been said in praise of the Natural Bridge, I was not disappointed: the chasm over which it passes is narrower at the bottom than at the top: beginning at fifty feet, it gradually widens to near a hundred, and is about two hundred and ninety feet in height, while the way over the top may be about twenty or thirty in width, guarded by natural walls of rock, and covered by five feet of soil, made firm and bound together by trees and shrubbery. The small stream it crosses is called Cedar Creek, which, like all the rivers of this district, is as turbid and as muddy-looking as the Ouse, in Bedfordshire. The rich soils of these lands are borne down by all these waters, to fertilize neg-

lected or worn-out farms in distant places. Looking at this bridge from a short distance, it has a magnificent appearance, and no one would guess Nature to have been her own architect. The arch is finely formed; over its centre the rock is chiselled into the appearance of a deep-set window, and on one side it seems as if supported by a gigantic buttress, backed by mountains and set in a framework of verdure. Summer must render this bridge still more beautiful; but its grandeur can even now be well appreciated. I engaged our driver and carriage of last evening to take us to the place where the Lynchberg steamer calls—most fortunately—for no conveyance large enough for luggage could now have been hired. Fine mountainous and glorious forest views extend the whole way down the Powhattan. I was reminded of some parts of Germany; but the scenery of this river far exceeds that of the Rhine, though the water has not equal clearness or volume, and these mountains are not ornamented by ruined castles. Of the Rocky Bridge I have often heard; but neither books nor travellers, familiar to me, have spoken of these forty miles of scenery passed through by a canal, which sometimes travels by one shore, then takes to the river, and once crosses over it to the other side. We passed at least twenty locks, going easily and pleasantly: our speed averaged about four miles an hour—quite fast enough, for I had time to sketch

and to enjoy the beautiful scenery, instead of being steamed along too rapidly for either pleasure. A warm sun befriended us, and, though the air was rather cold, it was clear and still, so that with an occasional visit to the cabin to warm my hands, I was able to sit all day on deck; and this passage proved one of the most agreeable and least tedious of all I have had, though it occupied nine hours. Some of the valleys traversing this mountain region are suspected to be rich in minerals and precious stones, which is very probable. From signs I observed on the blue ridge which we mounted by the railroad, greenstone passes into limestone; mica, slate, and granite frequently appear, though I am not enough of a geologist to be able to mark and describe their exact locations. Beautifully white gypsum was placed in heaps by the river-side where we first embarked on board the canal boat, but no one could tell me from whence: I saw star-looking dark spots, as large as a shilling, in one mass, having almost the appearance of fossils, though I conclude they must have been some modification of talc. There was no time to get any knocked off; and, as people here consider attention to stones or flowers a very childish proceeding, it is difficult to gain their attention to such objects. About half-way down the river there is a large manufactory of cement made from a limestone which contains iron and aluminous

matter. This is burned, then powdered, and put into barrels, which are sold for one dollar each. This is not the sole manufactory: there are other localities in the State of New York where it is made—towards the north, I suppose. This is the most firm and durable thing known for cementing stones together: it seems to become part and parcel of their very substance. An obliging gentleman on board procured me a specimen of the limestone in its natural state, and also before it is ground after burning.

Daylight had quite faded away before we landed here; the captain provided us with such an excellent dinner of turkey, roast beef, and cranberry tart, with common potatoes, sweet potatoes, fine celery, and glasses of sweet milk, that we were in no starving condition; and I recommend the *Links* canal-boat as one of the most pleasurable conveyances I ever entered, though it has no gorgeous saloon or even railed deck. The black cook, seeing me draw, came to beg 'missus would make his picture for his *ole wife*,' which undertaking was accomplished to our mutual content, Darky having evidently no vanity to wound. I cannot always tell whether these black servants are free or slaves—probably the latter. They are merry, good-natured, and easy in their manner; familiar, but in a much pleasanter way than the helps of the Northern States, who mistake an

impertinent manner for republicanism, and speak as if they thought themselves injured by serving you.

On my arrival at this, the 'Noble Hotel,' a black chambermaid took charge of us, and, though the bed-room felt warm, she insisted on lighting a fire, for fear 'missus should be cold.' 'Pray, missus, have fire; don't think of trouble, missus—don't mind trouble.' Some of these blacks are officiously anxious to oblige, and this without any motive of interest, as far as I can judge. We leave this place at half-past nine for Petersburg; stay there to-night, and next day go to Wilmington by steamboat, I believe, and then to Charles Town on Friday or Saturday, I hope.

*Petersburg, Wednesday Evening.*—We left Lynchburg at nine this morning. As far as I can judge, it is a pretty place, and the views nearly all the way upon the railroad are fine. The country, Devonian in rocks and scenery; I could have fancied myself near Haldon Hill, it is so like the neighbourhood of Exeter, part of the way: the soil as red and the land equally rich-looking, but certainly not as well cultivated, or rendered as productive by good farming. At Petersburg we crossed the Appomattox river, which falls into the Powhattan twelve miles below that place. Petersburg is evidently a growing town. I suppose the numerous railroads which now traverse

Virginia will quickly stir up the inhabitants, and make them aware that their State, as it is one of the most beautiful, has also capabilities which might render it the most rich and thriving. We came over the highest viaduct I ever crossed, one hundred and eighty feet ! I was so terrified that I could not look out for giddiness : it is built on piles ; the engineer who planned it and the bridges over the Powhattan at Lynchberg, was in the cars, and assured us of safety ; but it was difficult to feel at ease during the transit. We reached this place before five, and I intend to leave it by the train at three o'clock to-morrow morning, for Wilmington.

*Thursday, January 25.*—We reached Wilmington by eight o'clock this evening, one hundred and sixty miles, nearly all the way through pine barrens, which are not barren of turpentine and tar ; these products are extracted from the pitch pines. There are many large manufactories to procure them ; the trees have the bark taken off about ten feet up on one side, and vessels are placed to catch the turpentine. When this is exhausted, the trees are cut down, sawed into lengths, and placed in circles, with a fire in the centre, much in the way charcoal is made ; but as the tar comes out it is made to run into pipes, and the wood when exhausted is covered over, and becomes charcoal. From Petersburg, the whole country consists of poor sands and clay, like part of



Hampshire and the adjoining bit of Dorset. The sand during the greater part of the way is as white as that around Bournemouth. Not far from a place called Goldsborough, a colony of Irish appear to be comfortably settling themselves; what they cultivate I cannot judge, passing rapidly, at this time of year; they seemed healthy and well clothed; and I observed pigs of all ages, and several cows. It was a pleasant sight to see these poor people making the wilderness a springing well, and the barren land rich. I should like to bring all the 'Know-nothings' of the country to look at them. I am told this faction abounds in the South; it is evident there are men guiding this movement who ought to know better; but some are making political profit of the ignorance and mistaken patriotism of their weaker neighbours, and hope to attain power by such means. I am sorry to find a considerable party in the United States advocate openly the principle of 'doing evil that good may come,' as regards their own country; and Mr. Cushing, the Attorney-General of the States, informed me without circumlocution, speaking of the European war, that the Turks being *effete*, and a sea-board being necessary for the Russians, it was perfectly right and proper that the latter should devour the former. If it be possible for republicans to be in the pay of despotism, I should imagine this gentleman must

be one of the favoured emissaries of the Emperor Nicolas. After passing through the rich, ill-cultivated Highlands of Virginia, it is curious to observe how much more is comparatively drawn from the unthankful soil we passed through to-day; half this care and industry bestowed upon the former would be returned tenfold. I observed some few Rhododendrons and Kalmias upon the blue ridge, as we descended by that wonderful railroad; and for fifty miles, as we approached this place, the undergrowth was rich in all those showy evergreens we call American. On the trees I saw bunches of an Epiphyte, growing like our mistletoe, and the long hair-like lichen, or parasitical plant, I have so often heard described as clothing the woods in the South; it covered and hung round many trees I saw in a swamp this afternoon. I am much amused with the 'Blackies,' who act as chambermaids everywhere now; they quite take possession of us, remain in the room *sans ceremonie*, and are officious and curious beyond belief. One watched me drawing to-night with great astonishment; she said she had 'never seen any one do that before; how can you make marks that look like places? You must have a clever head!' I begged for snuffers, a tallow candle having a long nose. 'Oh, I does that with my fingers; but I'll find you an old pair of scissors.' When we asked for some warm water, she thought

the request very extraordinary, and burst into a hoarse laugh. They certainly are very unlike the white race; but everybody seems good-natured to them; they come into the cars and sit where they please. I see none of the white exclusiveness I had been taught to expect.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.



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## LETTER XVII.

CHARLESTOWN,

*January 7, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

The post for England went off to-day unexpectedly; I had only a few minutes' warning, and no time to look at my letter, so that I forget whether I wrote last from Petersburg; but as we reached Wilmington too late at night, and started too early to see anything of that place, I could not have said much about it. White sand and pine barrens made up the whole two hundred and sixty miles of yesterday's journey. It required twenty-two hours' railroad to accomplish that distance. Almost all the pitch pines are disfigured, and most probably will be killed, by the bark being stripped off, that the turpentine may drip from it into a small vessel placed on the ground. The forest looks as if it was planted with white posts; but this is occasionally relieved by thickets of *Rhododendron*, *Kalmia*, and *Phyllerea*, which must be splendid when flowering, in May; and about sixty miles from this place the

pitch is superseded by the *Pinus palustris*. It is pretty to see the long tassel-like looking leaves streaming in the wind; but it makes a very transparent looking forest, as the branches grow wide apart, and the bunches of foliage are also distant from each other. I begin to mark cotton plantations, and my compassionate feelings are rapidly changing sides. It appears to me, our benevolent intentions in England have taken a mistaken direction, and that we should bestow our compassion on the masters instead of on the slaves. The former by no means enjoy the incubus with which circumstances have loaded them, and would be only too happy if they could supersede this black labour by white; but as to the negroes, they are the merriest, most contented set of people I ever saw: of course there are exceptions, but I am inclined to suspect that we have as much vice, and more suffering, than is caused here by the unfortunate institution of Slavery; and I very much doubt if freedom will ever make the black population, in the mass, anything more than a set of grown-up children. Even as to the matter of purchase and sale, it is disliked by masters; and I find compassion very much wasted upon the objects of it. An old lady died here lately, and her negroes were to be parted with; Mrs. S——, an acquaintance of mine, knew these blacks, and shed tears about their change of fate; but when

they came to market, and she found all so gay and indifferent about it, she could not help feeling her sorrow was greatly thrown away. Mrs. Stowe's Topsy is a perfect illustration of Darkie's character, and many of the sad histories of which her book is made up may be true as isolated facts; but yet I feel sure that, as a whole, the story, however ingeniously worked up, is an unfair picture; a libel upon the slaveholders as a body. I very much doubt if a real Uncle Tom can often be found in the whole negro race; and if such a being is, or was, he is as great a rarity as a Shakspeare among whites. One particular want appears to me evident in negro minds and character: they have no consciousness of the fitness of things. I suffer now from the cold wintry weather here; and upon my begging Blackie for a better fire in my room, in the civilest, most anxious tone, he asked whether I would not like some iced water? (Knowing this to be a luxury in hot weather, he would never consider that it might be less acceptable in cold.) We have lately had black chambermaids in all hotels. They are perfectly good-natured, and officiously anxious to help us in all matters in which their assistance is not required. 'Let I do this, Missus,' and 'Let I do that,' when perhaps it is hard to induce them to do what is really wanted—to light the fire when we are cold, or to bring a little warm water when clean hands

would be a luxury. They fairly take possession of us, and unless we lock them out, they stand to watch our proceedings, and curiously to inspect our things. 'Adeline,' at Lynchberg, saw my sketch of the black cook on board the *Links* canal boat, at which she burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, 'He very like a monkey, missus—we very like monkeys.' And she appeared delighted with her own wit—not at all hurt by the idea. A pretty Southern lady arrived at the hotel, with a fair infant in the arms of his black nurse. I came out from the tea-room rather sooner than was expected, and found all the Darkies that could get away assembled round the tiny massa (they are very fond of children, and make capital nurses—tender, watchful, playful, and yet, I think, firm; but they are firm only with children), jumping and screaming their delight. Upon seeing me an elderly man came forward, with a grin and a bow—'The black population are only enjoying themselves, missus.' I said I was glad they were happy, and left them to their happiness. At one of the railroad stations I watched a young and intelligent-looking black man, considerably beyond boyhood, perseveringly keeping up a kind of Highland trot over a number of small pitch barrels with all the zest of a white child from four to six years of age. I begin to doubt whether they ever grow mentally after twenty. They are precocious children, being so imitative; they soon ripen,



come to a standstill, and advance no farther. In this respect Uncle Tom is a myth, but Topsy a reality. I mean to go and see a sale of slaves; my wish is to judge the subject fairly in all its bearings, and this I may be trusted to do even by Abolitionists; for early prejudices and my national and acquired feelings are certainly opposed to slavery; but if countenances are 'a history as well as a prophecy,' the national expression of faces in the North as contrasted with those of the South tell a strange, and to me an unexpected story, as regards the greatest happiness principle of the greatest number! Of course, it must be borne in mind that no rules are without exception; but, oh, the haggard, anxious, melancholy, restless, sickly, hopeless faces I have seen in the Northern States—in the rail-cars, on the steamboats, in the saloons, and particularly in the ladies' parlour. There is beauty of feature and complexion with hardly any individuality of character. Nothing like simplicity, even among children after ten years of age—hot-house, forced, impetuous beings, the *almighty dollars*, the incentive and only guide to activity and appreciation. Women care that their husbands should gain gold, that they may spend it in dress and ostentation; and the men like that their wives should appear as queens, whether they rule well, or ill, or at all; yet it is certain that I have made the acquaintance, and that I value the

friendship, of superior women in the North, and if I should be thought to have expressed myself with too much severity, I appeal to their candour and judgment; and being American cousins, they have the Anglo-Saxon love of Truth, and will not spurn her even in an unveiled form, or receive her ungraciously even when thus presented. I have reason to speak gratefully, and warmly do I feel, and anxiously do I venture these observations, which may seem even harsh and ungrateful. I do not yet know much of the Southern ladies; but from Washington to this place I have been struck by a general improvement of countenance and manner in the white race, and this in spite of the horrors which accompany the misuse of tobacco. If the gentlemen of this part of the country would only acquire habits of self-control and decency in this matter, they would indeed become the *Preux Chevaliers* of the United States, as their hills and valleys may prove the store-houses and gardens of the Union. May their sons and daughters look to these things, and increase in wealth, prosperity, virtue, and happiness!

In the railroad-cars the day before yesterday, when asking for information as to the name of a place, a youth sitting near offered to go and find it out for me: he had the air of a ruddy, healthy-looking Englishman, and I was struck by the frank, ingenuous manner with which he came forward; he

stood by my seat, and afterwards conversed freely, yet without conceit or forwardness. I elicited that his parents are Bavarian, residing at no great distance from Munich; that at sixteen he came out to this country alone, as a traveller, in some business; that he loves his own people and his friends, and hopes, some day, to revisit them; but that it is probable the duties of his calling will detain him in America for years. I would stake my existence upon the honour and integrity of that boy; he will prove a fine example of the advantages of early collision and of self-reliance. I have heard the Lord's Prayer quoted as an argument for keeping boys out of the indurating process of early temptation. I cannot think that the words alluded to have any other sense than of an individual petition for strength to overcome. Every boy wrapped in what the canny Scotch wife calls the 'blue blanket' may not prove vicious, but most of them 'sow their wild oats' between eighteen and twenty-five, instead of some years earlier; and those who do not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred become weak and undecided characters. It must be remembered that weakness comes nigh to wickedness, though it may not be (as the old proverb has it) worse than wickedness. The Professors at the Virginian University tell me they regret that Jefferson (its founder) placed it away from a town. I asked what their ex-

perience led them to think of home education for young men, and received the same answer as I have already from experienced heads of houses at Oxford and Cambridge: that all the care of a virtuous home will not make up for the life-training of the world, best given at an age when the temptations of vice have less strength, and its ugliness is more apparent than it will be some years later. I consider this subject as one of such overwhelming importance to the Christian and moral welfare of those concerned, that no scruples, either of affection or interest, shall induce me to conceal these opinions, or mask my own convictions.

*Charleston, January 29.*—A cold day yesterday, and wet all this morning. I have only made acquaintance with some friends of Mr. and Mrs. R—. They took me last night to what I should not have seen of my own accord in America, Waugh's Italia removed; it consists of beautiful panoramic views of all the finest sights and views in Italy. I never met with anything superior of the kind, and I hope they may some day be taken to England. This hotel is very good; much better ordered than Willard's, at Washington; or even than the St. Nicholas, at New York, in point of real comfort, although less gorgeously furnished than the latter. Of this city I have as yet seen nothing; but the streets and houses appear to be

clean and well kept. Last night I heard parties of darkies singing, as they passed the windows, those negro melodies the airs of which have become familiar in England. Music, nursing, washing, and cooking are their peculiar talents, and cheerfulness their special virtue. After dinner to-day I had the first good orange I have tasted since I came South. It has surprised me to find that fruit is more scarce and dearer in Virginia and Carolina than with us. I am not to see orange trees till I reach Florida; and throughout the United States their fruit is much less plentiful than in England—perhaps at New Orleans I may find it otherwise. Sweet potatoes and turtle are both frequent at the dinner-table of this hotel. This evening one of my pleasant Washington acquaintances, Mr. P——, came to see me, and we are to go together to-morrow, to call on Mrs. H——. It has poured all the morning, so I have not been out.

This is a fine day; several ladies and gentlemen of this place called on me, and I received Mr. and Mrs. H——, who forestalled my intention, by coming to me. Professor and Mrs. Gibbs took me to make a sketch of the Ettewan and Yamassee Rivers from the Battery, at White Point. There I saw the first palmetto I have yet met with in the open air; and, on my return to the hotel, a gentleman told me the *Isabel* steamer had just brought a cargo of oranges

from Cuba. In one garden this morning I saw a standard orange-tree, with some fruit upon it, but it was supposed not to be sweet; and since that I have found several of the same, bearing only what we should call Seville oranges. The timber-trees of *Magnolia grandiflora* all about this place are fine, and must be beautiful in summer, but this severe winter renders vegetation very backward; and I see some of the live oaks (*Quercus virens*) rather cut by the cold. The *Tillandsia usnoides* (called everywhere here by the name of hanging moss), having the appearance, at a little distance, of our hair-like lichens, dresses most of the trees, but specially the live oak, with its graceful pendulous bunches, sometimes hanging a yard and a half long; the stem is not larger than a thread, set with small, rounded, frosted white leaves; the little sweet-scented, reddish, purplish flowers come out at the end of the rope-like stems which swing about in the breeze. They steep this *Tillandsia* in water, and use its black, hair-like fibres for stuffing mattresses and pillows; the seeds being light, are carried about by the wind, and stick and fructify in all the trees around; yet it seems difficult to cultivate, for I have never seen it in our English Epiphyte houses. The temperature of any greenhouse would suit its constitution, but I imagine it requires to be blown about; and a still atmosphere is probably uncongenial

to the habits of this pretty waving plant. I have seen a live oak as large as any of our British oaks, having upon it as many tufts of *Tillandsia* as leaves ; it does not appear to be injurious like the mistletoe, but adds to the beauty of its adopted parent without shortening the life of whatever sustaining tree may support it. I drank tea at Mrs. R——'s, and spent a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. H——.

*January 30.*—Professor and Mrs. Gibbs called for me at eleven in the morning, and we had a delightful day in the open air, botanizing, &c. Dr. Gibbs knew every plant and seed. For the first time I found yarras and cactuses in the hedge-rows ; ferns, such as *Polypodium incanum*, plentiful on ancient live oaks, *Asplenium ebeneum*, and *Botrychium Virginianum*, in an English-looking lane ; the beautiful little *Houstonia serpyllifolia*, and *Mitchella repens*, with scarlet twin berries ; *Prunus Caroliniaria* ; and the Jasmine-coloured *Gelsemium sempervirens* twining up it, and through the hedges of *Ilex cassine*. I often feel in this country as if I had been removed to a new heavens and a new earth, and as if my enjoyments now are a foretaste of worlds where space and time will open out fresh delights, in a fuller comprehension of the mighty Creator and his mighty works.

At a pretty spot called Gibbs' Farm, belonging to some part of the Professor's family, we passed great

part of the morning ; in a small garden belonging to it, I gathered bundles of that beautiful paper Narcissus, so rare in England, and I knocked down what is here called a sour orange (*alias* bitter) from a fine bush thirty feet high. Then after making a sketch of that picturesque homestead, with its venerable oaks, the Tillandsia, imitating the white beard and silvery locks of age, Mrs. Gibbs placed at my feet a basket filled with oranges and bananas from Cuba, for lunch, and I made these a foreground for my drawing. We again got into the carriage and made our progress to Magnolia Cemetery. Owing to the usual recklessness of American habits, we had to cross a railroad which runs for some way along the side of the road : we had hardly passed over it a moment, when the train rushed by ; there is not even a slight fence to divide the iron from the common track, and they say horses get used to the cars, and men to the necessary caution, so that after a little practice, few accidents occur ; of course, cows and oxen and sheep are smashed now and then, but the Company pays, and that is all. I never cross these roads without a sensation of terror. Magnolia Cemetery is pretty ; it has a chapel built like a country church in England ; in style, simple perpendicular Gothic, with a light and elegant spire. The grounds are ornamented by a creek, which makes its way up from the Ettewan River, and its waters, even



here, are rather salt. I sketched the entrance and chapel, and then a fine live oak, with Charleton and the Accabee River uniting itself to the ocean in the distance; a foreground of tombs, which are here well chosen in point of taste, and without those white boundary posts which I have mentioned as disfiguring Greenwood, Hamilton, and some of the other burying-grounds in Canada and the United States, which are otherwise so far in advance of the mother country in sentiment and beauty. Republicanism forgets itself in the concerns of the grave and of immortality. Strange that when all are really supposed equal, love and truth banishes the equality which is emblematical of pride, and cultivates only the freedom of virtue! There is more love of nature evinced in the cemeteries of America, than in the arrangements for the living: life is the myth, eternity the reality of existence; beautiful flowers are cultivated for the dead; taste is pure, and feeling uncontaminated by dollars and cents. The monuments, tombs, and inscriptions are generally pathetic and interesting, free from the bombast and posthumous flattery too common in England. As the families are together in these last homes, usually the surname marks each entrance gate; within, one often sees a marble urn, or slab, marked with little more than 'our brother,' 'a dearly loved sister,' 'my wife,' 'little Addy,' 'our kind parents,' 'two

precious babes,' &c. &c. These simple words attract the sympathy of strangers and awaken the tenderness of friends far more than eulogies. I never walk through these cemeteries without a sensation of pleasure derived from the consciousness of Christian brotherhood, rather than of sorrow from that of our common fate. Here I realize *more* that we shall all be made alive again, than that we shall all die. Till sunset we remained out; there was little temptation to return home for dinner; I was most willing to exchange it for tea; and afterwards my pleasant Washington friend called and took me to a little dancing party, at the house of one of his married daughters, where I saw young ladies more natural, and more gracefully and simply attired, than in the Northern States; both the tone of voice and the choice of words and pronunciation are much more like old England as one proceeds further south; the habits simpler and more unostentatious, and the dress of every-day wear is suitable and gentlewoman like, instead of being, as in the North, unbecoming, stiff, and extravagant; the young women plastering their hair, and wearing silks fit for their grandmothers, and the middle aged spending hours in repairing the ravages of time, by studious artificial contrivances, which, after all, make themselves evident to the most superficial observers.

*January 31.*—I spent a delightful day with Mrs. H—, who took me out to her cottage, four

miles' distance; there we provisionally planted the ferns and other treasures I took up on Tuesday. She will let them grow there until I am ready to receive them at Boston, next September, to be planted in my Ward's case. Belmont is a charming spot; it is (like the Southern ladies) not over dressed; it has the Ettewan on one side, and the forest on the other; slaves who are adopted children, and Irish labourers who have adopted a master and mistress. I begged to go into a negro cottage in the wood; the parents were out, and we found only a covey of tiny 'darkies,' from two years to eight—'very like monkeys,' as Adeline would have said. The negro race never sit down to a meal if they can possibly avoid doing so; they have always some sticks burning, and a kind of *pot au feu*; in one corner of the tolerably comfortable abode was a fishing-net, and another net held an *omnium gatherum* of eatables; no great attention to cleanliness, but the appearance of everything out of doors was like that of a small farm in England—cows, chickens, &c. &c. I begin to think we anti-slavers and abolitionists are as much blinded by names as the republicans, who think they have shaken off an aristocracy because they have got rid of dukes and duchesses, and lords and ladies. I must extract some observations from a work published here, which my short experience of a slave country induces me unhesitatingly to adopt as my own.

'Slavery may not be the best system of labour, but

it is the best for the negro in this country. If it be true of the English soldier or sailor, that his condition has been ameliorated in the last fifty years, it is quite as true of the negro. Slavery is that system of labour which exchanges maintenance for work, which secures a life maintenance from the master to the slave, and gives a life labour from the slave to the master. Slavery is the negro system of labour: he is lazy and improvident; slavery makes him work, and ensures him a home, food, and clothing; it provides for sickness, infancy, and old age; allows no tramping or skulking, and knows no pauperism. All cruelty is an abuse; does not belong to the institution; is contrary to law; may be punished, prevented, and removed. If slavery is subject to abuses, it has its compensations also; it establishes permanent, and therefore kind, relations between labour and capital. It does away with what Stuart Mill calls 'the widening and embittering feud between labour and capital.' It draws close the relation between master and servant; it is not an engagement for days, weeks, but for life. The most wretched feature in hireling labour is the isolated, miserable creature who has no home, no work, no food, and in whom no one is particularly interested. Slavery does for the negro what European schemers in vain attempt to do for the hireling. On every plantation the master is a poor-law commissioner, to provide

food, clothing, medicine, houses, for his people. He is a police officer to prevent idleness, drunkenness, theft, or disorder; there is therefore no starvation among slaves, and comparatively few crimes. The poet tells us there are worse things in the world than hard labour; 'withouten that would come a heavier bale;' and so there are worse things for the negro than slavery in a Christian land. Archbishop Hughes, in his visit to Cuba, asked Africans if they wished to return to their native country; the answer was always, *No*. If the negro is happier here than in his own land, can we say that slavery is an evil to him? Slaves and masters do not quarrel with their circumstances; is it not hard that the stranger should interfere to make both discontented?

'All Christians believe that the affairs of this world are directed by God for wise and good purposes. The arrival of the negro in America makes no exception to that rule—his transportation was a rude method of emigration, the only practicable one in his case. Until this operation was interfered with and made piratical, it was not attended with the wretchedness often exhibited by the emigrant ship, even now, notwithstanding the passenger law. What the ultimate end of slavery may be we cannot presume to guess; but we can see much good already resulting—good to the negro in his improved condition—good to the country

whose rich fields he has made productive in climates at first unfit for the white man—and good to the continent of Africa, as furnishing the only means of effectually civilizing its people. Whether Mr. Clarkson or Lord Carlisle approve of the mode in which it has pleased Providence to bring this about, the result will probably be the same. There has been malignant abuse lavished upon the slaveholders of America by writers in this country and in England; they consider abuses as its necessary condition, and a cruel master its fair representative. They have no knowledge of the thing abused; they substitute an ideal for a reality. They have shown as little regard for truth and common sense, as we should do if we were to gather up all the atrocities committed in Great Britain by husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, and denounce these several relations in life in consequence of their abuses. If because of the evils incident to hireling labour, because there are heartless, grinding employers, and miserable, starved labourers, it should be proposed to abolish work for hire, it would be quite as logical as the argument for the abolition of slavery because there are sufferings among slaves, and hard hearts among masters. The cruelty or suffering is no more a necessary part of our system than it is of the other. To attempt to establish the hiring plan with Africans is as wise

as to endeavour to establish the constitutional government of England in Ashantee or Dahomey. Carlyle says that the world will not permit Cuffy to lie on his back and eat pumpkins for ever, in a country intended by Providence to produce coffee, sugar, and spices for the use of all mankind; and that he must, one of these days, resume his work for Brother Jonathan, or some other master. The blacks in Hayti have only changed masters; they are the slaves of a black chief, as in Africa. Their pagan mummeries have been resumed; they are engaged in petty wars, instead of peaceful labours. The Emperor has his standing army, and is as anxious as more important potentates to employ it in the legitimate business of cutting throats. The African cannot originate a civilization of his own; from the slave civilized and instructed by slavery can any regeneration of the African continent be alone looked for. We must believe that Christianity will at last be established in Africa, and carry there the improvement which always attends its steps. This is not to be accomplished suddenly by any convulsive movement, but slowly and gradually,—it is in this way only that Providence effects his great purposes. The black race always perishes if placed, as manumission would place it, in competition with the white. There is an obvious and irremovable dissimilarity between the white and black race.

The number of blacks in Canada and in the northern States is only kept up by the addition of freed or runaway slaves. In slavery they increase, as free they die out; therefore it is that the blacks in America cannot be made free for their own sakes, even if it were desirable they should be for their master's. Manumission would injure both.'

Alas! for distant Philanthropy! Whatever griefs and vices may be discovered in the southern States, I fear their prototypes are to be discovered in London, in Paris, and even in New York. Let us take out the beam from our own eyes before we make ourselves so busy with the motes in those of our neighbour; and instead of abusing each other, let us assist in bearing one another's burdens, and the sorrows and faults of each will be lessened by division.

*Friday, February 2.*—Yesterday I saw much of interest in the Museum, had a pleasant dinner at Mrs. R——'s, and went to an evening party at Mrs. J. de R——'s. This day we embark for Savannah and Florida, to return the 15th, and to embark for Cuba the 19th. No time for more at present. Goodbye.

Yours affectionately,

A. M. M.

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